The Saturday Evening
# POST
January 21, 1956 — 15¢

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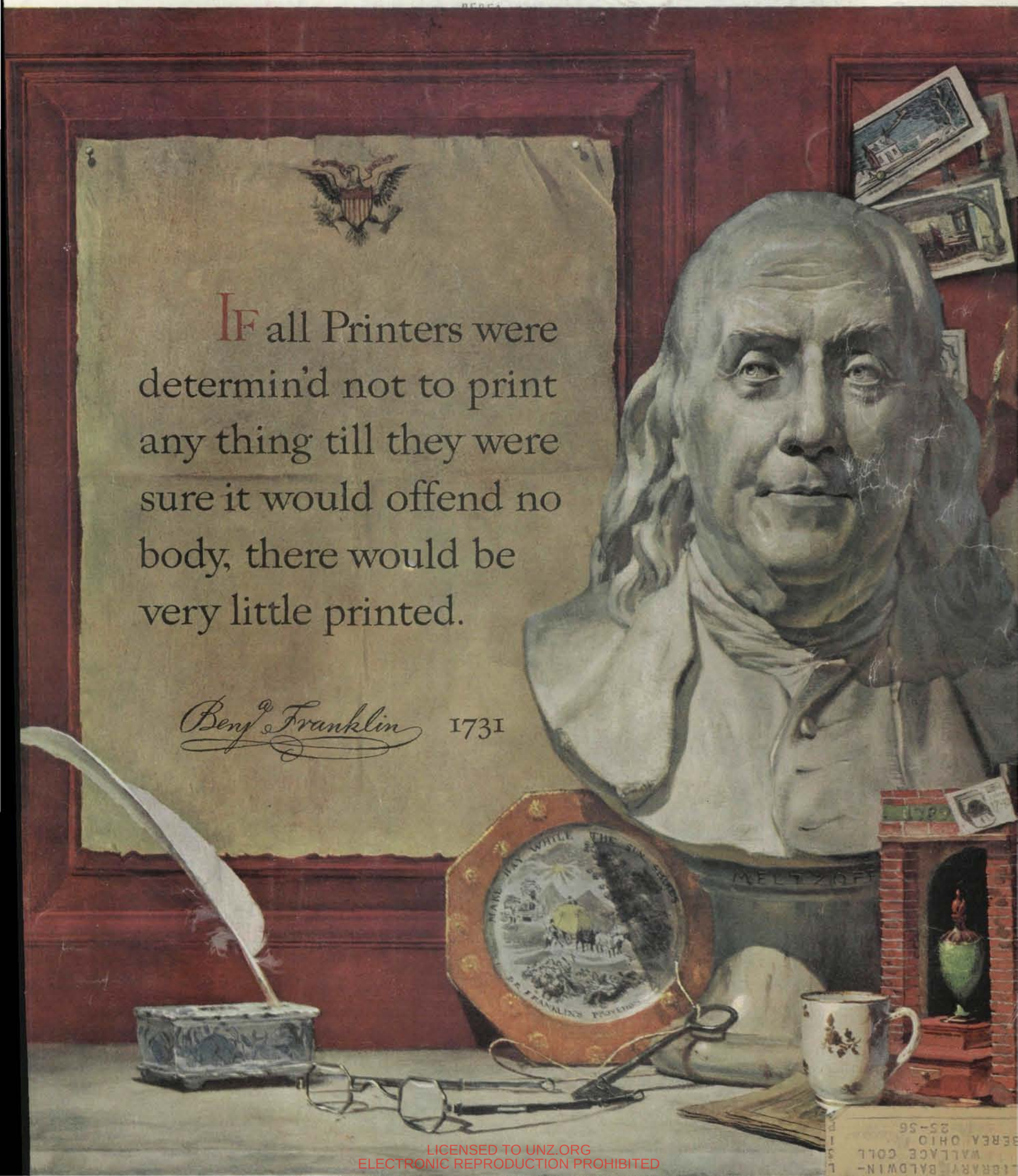
*A Fighting Man's Own Story,*

## MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE

By Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway

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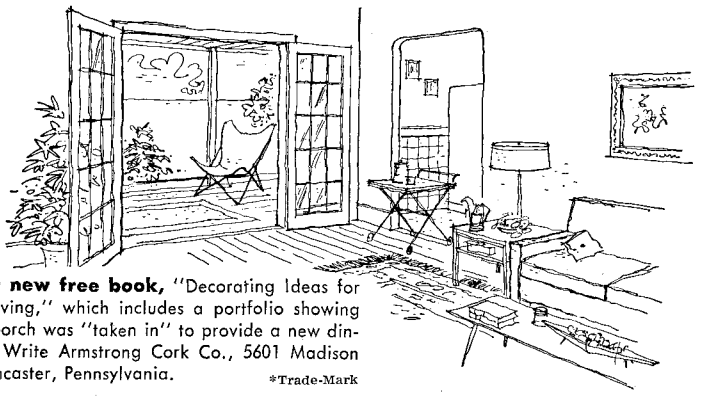
# the modern fashion in floors

You can almost always update your home with a little well-planned decorating and remodeling. For example, you can "take in" your porch, opening it up to add extra inside living space. Once this is done, it's easy to make the new area harmonize with the rest of your decorative scheme simply by running a floor of Armstrong Linoleum from room to room. This is one way to give your house that wonderful feeling of spaciousness at reasonable cost. This floor also simplifies cleaning problems. You get rid of miles of dust-catching cracks. You can clean the smooth surface of Armstrong Linoleum quickly and effortlessly. Grease won't harm it. Crumbs, spilled things, and tracked-in dirt are easily wiped up. You'll like the bonus of easy care and lasting beauty you get with Armstrong Linoleum, the modern fashion in floors.



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Miss Service Representative
"The Voice With a Smile" in the telephone Business Office

One of the nicest things about telephone service is "The Voice With a Smile." It runs all through the business.

Millions of times a day the operators send it singing over the wires. You hear it when you visit the Business Office or telephone the service representative.

The installer brings it to your home when he comes to put in telephones. The lineman has it as he works along the road or gives you the right of way at a busy intersection.

In talking about telephone people and the way they go about their work, we'd like to say a good word for you, too.

For it's your friendliness that helps us do the kind of job you want us to do. And that means better service all along the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE COVER

It seems that Benjamin Franklin printed something in his paper that made certain readers mad. His paper, forerunner of this magazine, was the Pennsylvania Gazette—"Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick." So editor Franklin defended himself from "the Clamour against me," writing that "if all Printers were determin'd . . . to . . . offend no body, there would be very little printed." Observing that "the Opinions of Men are almost as various as their Faces" (see the Post's letters column!), he laid down this philosophy of editing: "When men differ . . . both sides ought equally to have the Advantage of being heard by the Publick," for "when Truth and Error have fair Play, the former is always an overmatch for the latter." . . . Bonus: more about the cover on page 116.


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**How to read expiration dates** from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–56 or June 2, 1956; 10–56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

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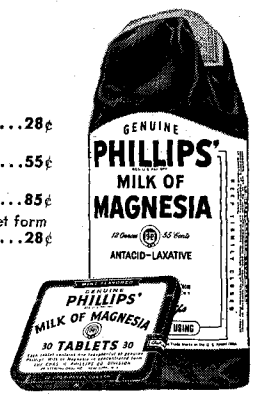



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# The "JUGGLING ACT" that ruined the speech

Joe never knew why the audience lost interest in his speech. It was well prepared, eloquently delivered, the subject was timely.

*But the "juggling act" with his glasses stole the show!*

He juggled and twisted and gnawed at his glasses because he did not enjoy comfortable vision.

That's why, unconsciously, his glasses came off . . . on . . . off . . . on . . . to the distraction of everyone. Undoubtedly, he was long overdue for an appointment to have his eyes examined.

All eyes should have a yearly check-up. Not only can corrective visual measures be prescribed . . . but the examination may also detect other unrelated physical disturbances, symptoms of which are apparent in the eye.

So make good eyesight a habit. It doesn't cost . . . IT PAYS!

**See** *your optometrist or ophthalmologist* at least once a year . . . and see *better!*

**Presented as a public service in the interest of better sight, by Shuron Optical Company, Inc., Geneva, N. Y. — since 1864, serving the professions with finest quality ophthalmic materials.**

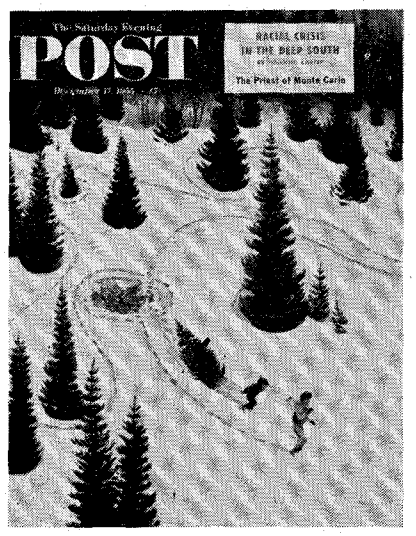
GOOD EYE CARE DOESN'T COST . . . IT PAYS!


# Letters

## Snow

Dear Sirs:

What a beautiful picture [by John Clymer] on your cover for December 17th. Snow is God's gift to humanity—absolutely free. . . . What could be more exhilarating than to climb out of a nice warm bed in the dawn's early light, get right out into below-zero weather and shovel several feet of beautiful snow off the front walk and driveway? What an inspiring pastime. What a healthful exercise for young and old alike. This kind




of sport makes the blood circulate like mad. It expands the chest. It reduces the waistline. It makes the nose and ears and fingers tingle. It puts roses in the cheeks—the kind that can't be bought in any drugstore. Yes, we have a lot of things to be thankful for in this old world of ours, and one of the chief ones is—IT NEVER SNOWS HERE.

HOWARD A. BALLARD
*Novato, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

There is only one thing wrong with J. Clymer's nostalgic cover. . . . There ought to be a dog somewhere in the picture. Obviously it is perfect rabbit-sniffing weather; since the boys are bound to have a dog, I can only conclude that Fido is giving the bunnies a rough time down along the creek.

OLIVE MARIE COOK
*Fredericktown, Mo.*

## Racial Crisis

Dear Sirs:

As a lifelong citizen of Mississippi I want to thank you for publishing the wonderful article by Hodding Carter [RACIAL CRISIS IN THE DEEP SOUTH, Dec. 17] . . . Carter has reported the facts so objectively and so clearly that anyone with an open mind can see the prejudice evident on both sides of the question. . . .

The South is going to have to rise again. We are being persecuted and ridiculed and pushed around, and we don't like it any more than any other American does. . . .

MRS. WALTER L. MCKEE
*Ripley, Miss.*

Dear Sirs:

Hodding Carter . . . has succeeded in putting down in black and white the twisted, perverted, racially angled, reactionary ideas of the too-long decadent, decrepit, all but dead South. . . . Carter has proved why the Negro does not have a chance in the South. . . .

LAWRENCE D. FAULKNER
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

. . . The Supreme Court decision can bring nothing but bloodshed on a scale never before seen in our land, and before it happens the court will have to put troops in every classroom.

JAMES E. BURNS, JR.
*New Orleans, La.*

Dear Sirs:

I wonder what Mr. Hodding Carter . . . did besides mere "rabble-rousing." He is evidently soliciting pity rather than condemnation. . . .

GLENN FLINCHBAUGH
*Hamburg, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . It was inherent and inescapable, from the day the white man in his greed introduced the first black slave into America, that a dreadful retribution was in store for him, and retribution almost without end, as someday there will be fifty million Negroes here, not fifteen. What then? . . .

A. BAXTER
*Santa Monica, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . Mr. Carter should have included in his ample report on fears the more hopeful side represented by the active and successful efforts of churches and other organizations to get people of both races to work out together a sane solution of their problems. For example, the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta and its affiliate state organizations, such as the Texas Commission on Race Relations, certainly have demonstrated this formula. . . .

I predict Mississippi will meet its unique challenge and become a model of interracial love in our lifetime. Southerners are basically too kind and polite to let meanness get out of hand.

THOMAS S. SUTHERLAND
*Executive Director*
*Texas Commission on Race Relations*
*Austin, Texas*

## Foreigncaritis

Dear Sirs:

Thank you Steve McNeil! [OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE, Dec. 17.] In 1951 we stayed at the same Paris hotel as a European acquaintance with European car, and my husband contracted a bad case of "Foreigncaritis." This disease is very contagious—papa, #1 boy and #2 boy now have foreign cars; #3 boy has all symptoms possible at age 14. I do appreciate that story.

MRS. C. A. SOUTHWICK, JR.
*Hope, N. J.*

## Wonderful Old Stoves

Dear Sirs:

Whoever wrote the editorial THE OLD KITCHEN STOVE WAS A REFUGE FOR CHILLED BOYS, Dec. 17, knew exactly what he was talking about. My grandmother always got up before daybreak and got the kitchen stove started and the teakettle and coffeepot hot, before any one else came downstairs. Many a cold winter morning I would rush down with my clothes

(Continued on Page 6

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**ELECTRICITY MAY BE THE DRIVER.** One day your car may speed along an electric super-highway, its speed and steering automatically controlled by electronic devices embedded in the road. Travel will be more enjoyable. Highways will be made safe—by electricity! No traffic jams . . . no collisions . . . no driver fatigue.

# POWER COMPANIES BUILD FOR YOUR NEW ELECTRIC LIVING

Your air conditioner, television and other appliances are just the beginning of a new electric age.

Your food will cook in seconds instead of hours. Electricity will close your windows at the first drop of rain. Lamps will cut on and off automatically to fit the lighting needs in your rooms. Television "screens" will hang on the walls. An electric heat pump will use outside air to cool your house in summer, heat it in winter.

You will need and have much more electricity than you have today. Right now America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building to have twice as much electricity for you by 1965. These companies can have this power ready when you need it because they don't have to wait for an act of Congress—or for a cent of tax money—to build the plants.

The same experience, imagination and enterprise that electrified the nation in a single lifetime are at work shaping your electric future. That's why in the years to come, as in the past, you will benefit *most* when you are served by independent companies like the ones bringing you this message—America's Electric Light and Power Companies*.

*Names on request from this magazine

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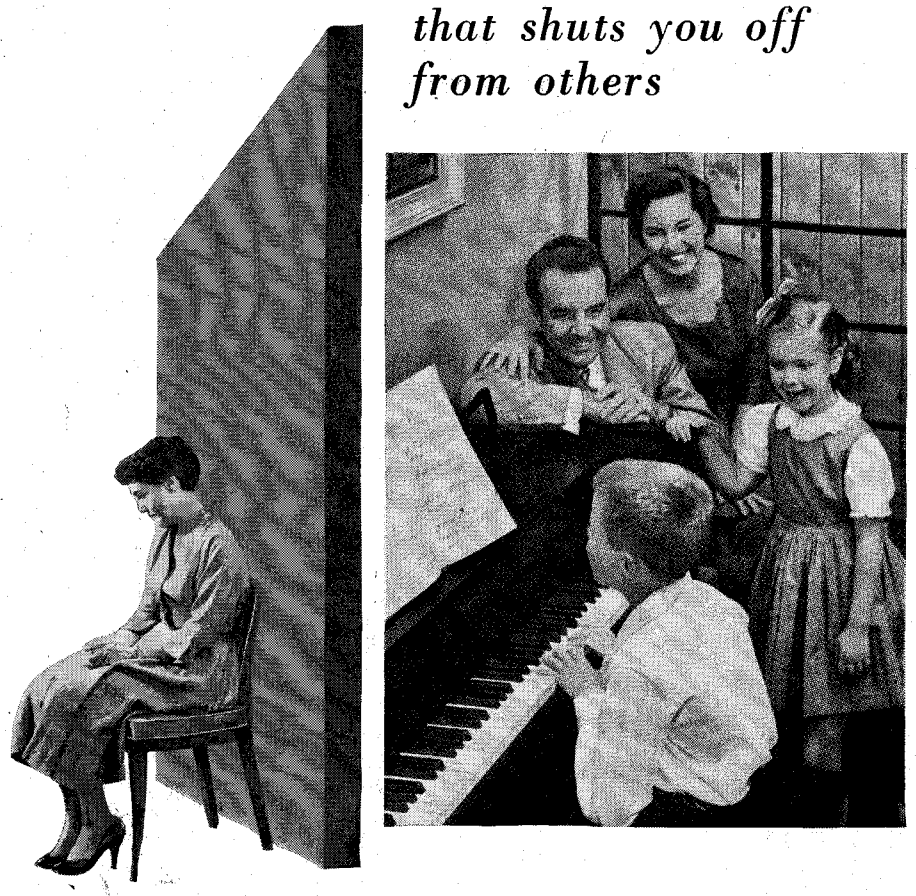
*how to raise*

# THE "IRON CURTAIN" OF DEAFNESS

*that shuts you off from others*

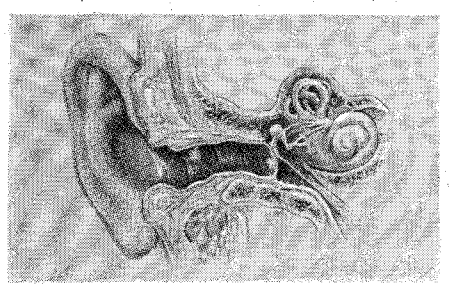


***Regain lost contact with family and friends with a BELTONE hearing aid . . . now you hide it one of 4 new ways***

YOU are no longer condemned to live shut off from other people and the active world around you. Startling new advances at the Beltone Research Laboratories may raise the "Iron Curtain" of deafness . . . help you recapture lost joys of normal, easy conversation . . . pleasures of social life . . . companionship of your children or grandchildren . . . the blessed comfort of church services . . . the recreation of radio, TV, movies.

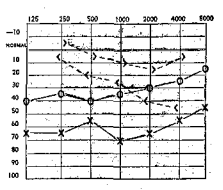
**YOUR HEARING LOSS IS AN INDIVIDUAL PROBLEM**

Any one of countless impairments inside the delicate mechanism of your ear can cause hearing loss. Your own specific loss differs from other people's in both nature and degree. Since hearing losses are as different as fingerprints, your hearing correction should be different from other people's. You may hear loudly, but not *clearly*, with a standard aid designed to correct an "average" loss. To hear as naturally as possible, you will want an individual correction for your loss. That's why Beltone offers you such a wide variety of super-sensitive hearing corrections.



**YOU DON'T RISK GUESSWORK ON FITTING WITH A BELTONE**

A trained Beltone Hearing Aid Consultant measures your hearing loss scientifically with a new advanced Beltone Audiometer. Then he uses Beltone's exclusive fitting instrument, the Selectometer, to fit you with the ONE correction that helps you hear most clearly.



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**ALL TRANSISTOR HEARING AIDS**

**Also creators of Precision Audiometers for Hearing Tests**

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*In Canada—write Dept. 4-207, Beltone Service Depot, Rosemount, Montreal, Quebec*

**IF HEARING IS YOUR PROBLEM, BELTONE IS YOUR ANSWER**


# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

on my arm and dress in front of the old stove. We didn't need gymnastics those days either; if we didn't get enough exercise running and playing, there was always a cord of wood waiting to be sawed and split.

W. WALTER DIFFENDERFER
*Martinsburg, W. Va.*

● *For more about wonderful old stoves see page 22.* *ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . was perfect, except for one word. My mother's teakettle used to *sing*.

With one's feet in the oven, a bowl of popcorn and a book, and the teakettle singing contentedly on the back of the stove—life was simple in those days.

BURTON A. PRINCE
*Westfield, Mass.*

## Tall Tales

Dear Sirs:

. . . Congratulations to the Post and Beverly Smith on the article in the December 17th issue on THE LAND WHERE LAUGHS ARE BORN. . . .

TED HIGHTOWER
*Louisville, Kentucky*

Dear Sirs:

. . . It was my everlasting good fortune to have "growed up" in the mountain region of northern Wayne County, Pennsylvania, where, forty years ago, the earthy humor that I was nurtured on rivaled anything Kentucky has to offer. . . .

Among the characters who regularly gathered for the sessions at Erk's store was one Welcome Walker. . . .

One of Welk's yarns that I recall was his account of a trip he took with a local doctor who had a sanitarium near Binghamton, N.Y. The doc was a speeder for his day as he commuted between his home at Starrucca and the sanitarium. One day when Welk was with him, he ran over a body in some deep snow. Stopping the car and rushing back to the body, he shouted, "Oh, my God, we've killed a man!" The man, who was little hurt, but a lot inebriated, raised up and said, "I'm not dead." "There, there," said Welcome, "don't dispute the doctor."

Then, there was that supercolossal embellisher of the truth, Ira Simmons. . . . One of his favorites was about the trout that he tamed. It got so tame that it followed him all about the farm like a dog. The local talent came to look forward to regular news about the antics of the tame trout. But one day the news was sad. Seems the trout followed him across a footbridge, fell into the stream and drowned. . . .

WIN HAYNES
*Greenville, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . Beverly Smith . . . says Alben Barkley fathered the story of the preacher who prayed for help in his need, but "Please, Lord, no more pepper." I heard that story under a different dress when I was a boy of twelve, *eighty years ago!* It originated in Emmet County, Michigan, during early days when homesteaders were needing aid from "outside" to get through the severe winter of 1876, and was credited to a parson praying for help, and in his enthusiasm asked for a "bar'l of pork, and a bar'l of flour, and a bar'l of sugar, and a bar'l of pepper—no, Lord, not so much pepper." . . .

WILL E. HAMPTON, SR.
*Dearborn, Mich.*

## Apaches and Navajos

Dear Sirs:

I join all Arizonans in thanking you for the excellent article on the experiences of my lifelong friend, Orme Lewis, as Assistant Secretary of the Interior [I WAS

THE GREAT WHITE FATHER, by Orme Lewis, as told to Paul Healy, Dec. 17]. . . .

I am sure, however, that neither Mr. Lewis nor our Navajo Indians would want to leave unchallenged the caption on the opening picture, which indicates that he is participating in a Navajo ceremony. These Indians are Apaches and are costumed for the Devil Dance, one of the most picturesque of all our Indian ceremonies.

BARRY GOLDWATER, *U. S. Senate*
*Washington, D.C.*

● *The boy at the right is a Navajo. The others, as Senator Goldwater says, are Apaches.* *ED.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Read across pages, then down:*

6–Gene Lester. • 17–John R. Wells. • 18–U.S. Army, Ollie Atkins, U.S. Army. • 19–U.S. Army. • 20, 21–Austin Briggs. • 22–Harry Saltzman, three from Bettman Archive. 23–Culver, Insurance Company of North America, Library of Congress, Bettman Archive, Gus Pasquarella, American Philosophical Society, three from Bettman Archive. • 24–Sam Bates. • 26, 27–Arthur Lidov. • 28–Wide World, United Press, Wide World. • 29–Wide World. • 30–M-G-M, Slim Aarons (Magnum), Larry Keighley. • 31–Robert Meyers. • 32, 33–David Lees. • 34, 35–Al Muenchen. 36, 37–Ivan Dmitri. • 41–Bill Shrout. • 43–James R. Bingham. • 48–John R. Wells. 112–M-G-M. • 116–Anonymous, Bill Shrout.

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# How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the most important insurance companies in the world.

**How come?**

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 45 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided it from the beginning.

**How come?**

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

**There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't want to lose.**

We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower insurance costs to policyholders.

**We're still "Wausau."** But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 90 cities. "A little bit of Wausau on the sidewalks of New York." And we're still good people to do business with.

**Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau**

"Good people to do business with"

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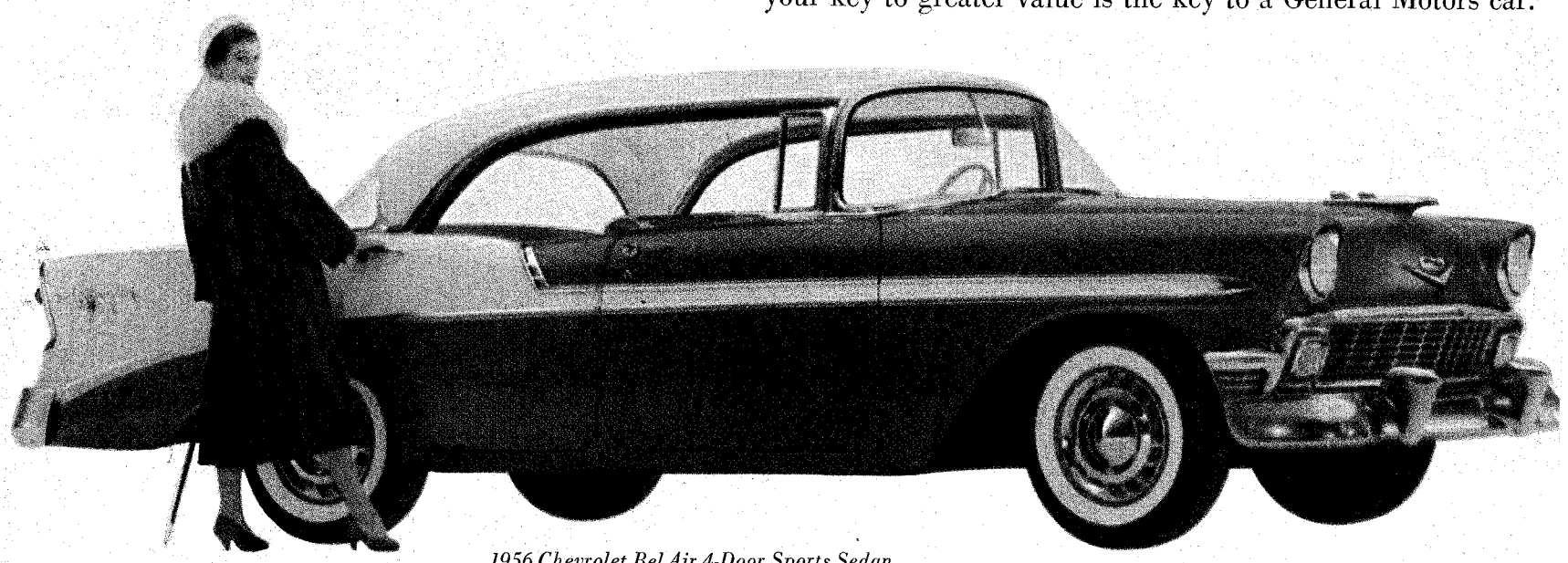
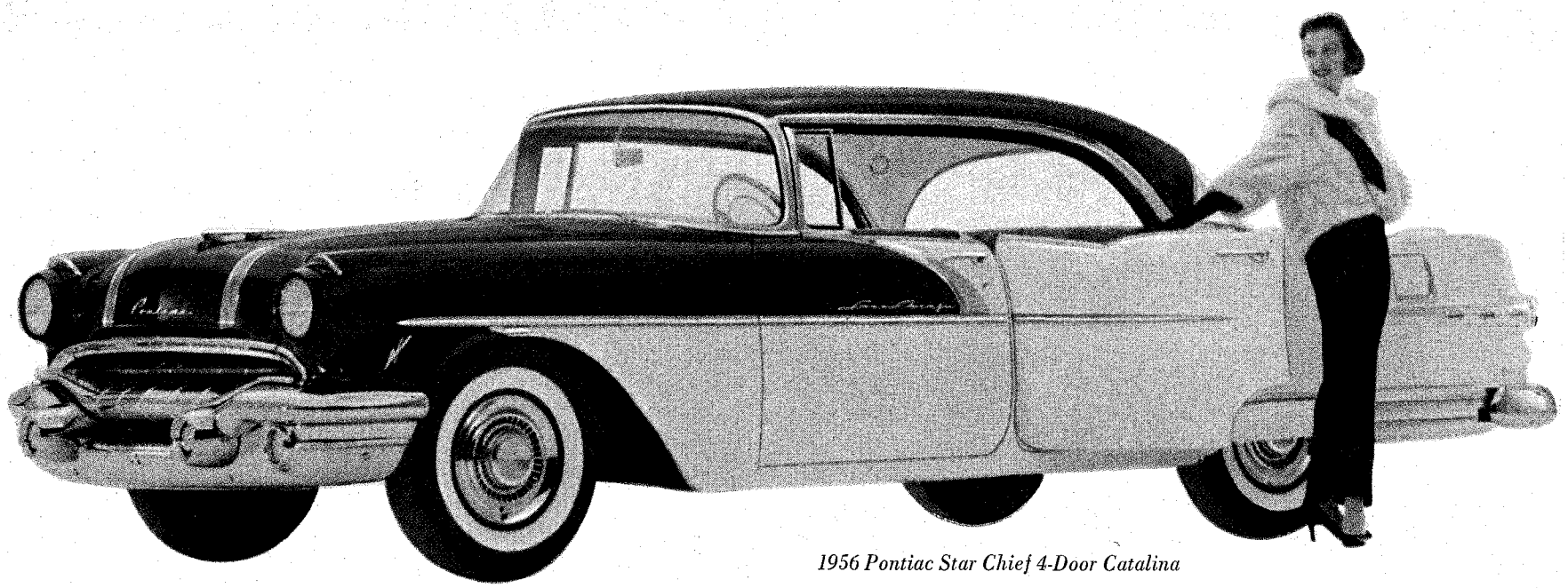
# with 4-door hardtops in all five

THIS newest and most popular of motor fashions is now offered by General Motors in '56 cars of every price class. And their dashing beauty is matched by equally thrilling advances in high-compression power in all five—coupled with even smoother, still more responsive Powerglide, Hydra-Matic and Dynaflow automatic drives. Plus extra-safety improvements like Power Brakes, Power Steering, Unisteel Bodies with double-locking door latches, safety-aim headlights and seat belts (optional) on every GM car. So in 1956, more than ever, your key to greater value is the key to a General Motors car.



*1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan*



*1956 Pontiac Star Chief 4-Door Catalina*

# GENERAL M

GM Motorama of 1956: New York, Jan. 19-24; Miami, Feb. 4-12; Los Angeles, Mar. 3-11; San Francisco, Mar. 24-Apr. 1; Boston, Apr. 19-29

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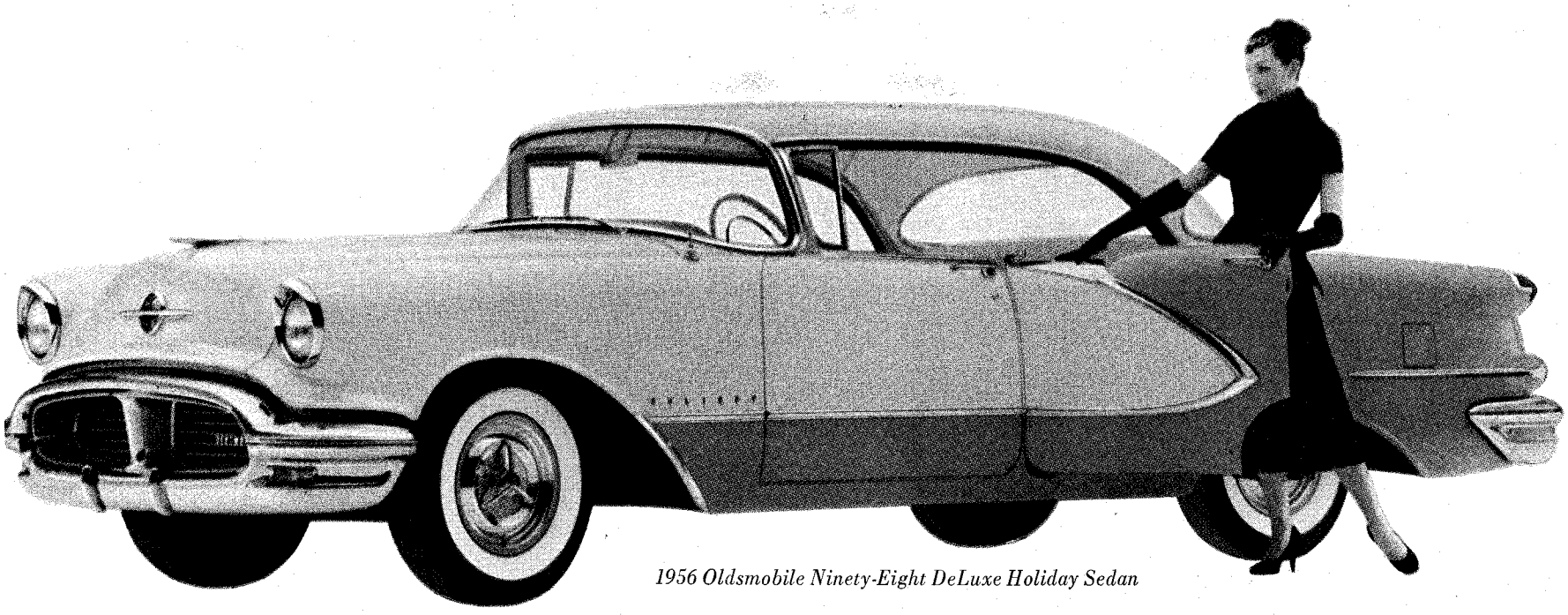
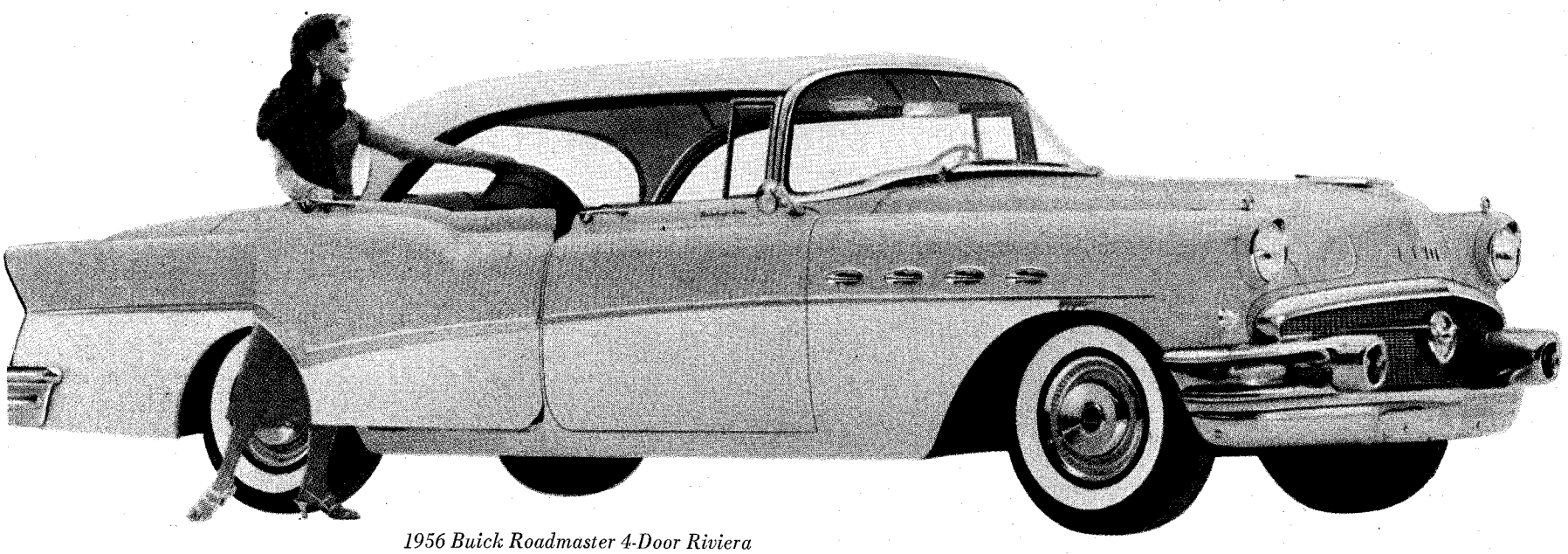
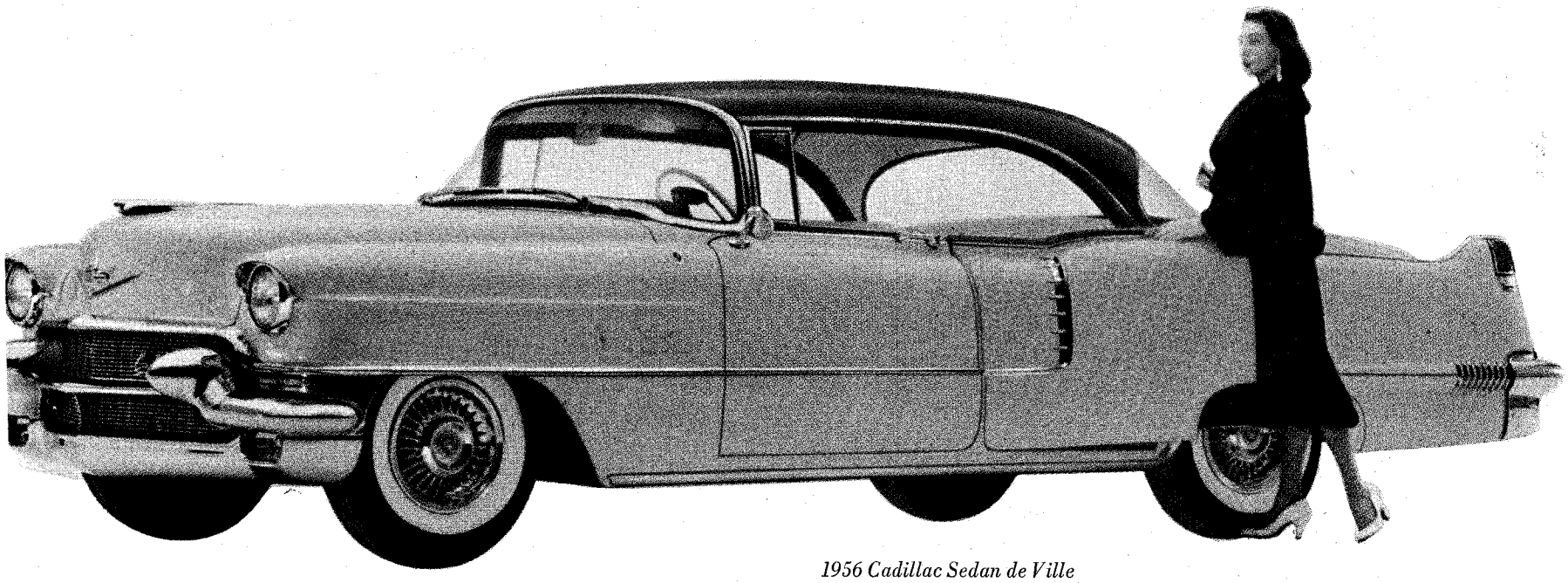


*1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight DeLuxe Holiday Sedan*



*1956 Buick Roadmaster 4-Door Riviera*



*1956 Cadillac Sedan de Ville*

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# Editorials

## We Can't Meet Phony Rubles With Real Dollars

As far as the American taxpayer is concerned, it looks as if the old one-two was being worked again. In Moscow the communists give out with glittering promises of aid for backward countries, and immediately our liberal commentators and statesmen echo the refrain, "We must double American aid to match what the Russians are doing." Actually, there is considerable doubt of Soviet ability to produce more than a fraction of the aid which the United States has been giving over the past ten years. In a letter to The New York Times, Ralph McCabe, who was formerly in Military Government in Germany and later with ECA, reminds us that to take Russian promises at face value is to assume that the U.S.S.R., after years of war, semistarvation and domestic turmoil, is more powerful economically than the United States was in 1929.

According to Mr. McCabe, "more than 130,000,000 Russian peasants are worse off than in 1925—per-capita consumption of less than $100 a year. Ten to fifteen million slave laborers are at least as bad off. Of sixty-five million to seventy million Russians properly counted as urban, consumption is probably less than $350, or approximately the Italian level." Mr. McCabe believes that we should examine actual Russian economic strength, before we put ourselves further in the red by attempting to match mythical rubles with real dollars.

The Manchester Guardian recalls that in the 1951 Indian famine "Moscow trumpeted its offer of half a million tons of wheat, but in the end sent less than 100,000 tons because the Indians could not pay with jute and other barter goods. The United States in the same period sent more than a million tons as a long-term loan and another 800,000 tons against payment." But the U.S.A. was rebuked in liberal circles for not giving more.

According to Philip Spratt, a former British communist with a long experience in revolutionary agitation in India, additional American aid to India "would quite possibly make little difference to people's daily comfort for many years. Even if it were to succeed in that respect, nobody would be grateful." Mr. Spratt expresses this view in a terrifying little book called Blowing Up India (Prachi Prakashan, Calcutta). In his view, the important thing for the West to do is establish a reputation for consistency and determination in meeting the communist threat and to support the cause of the subject peoples.

The problem of building prosperity in countries which have little experience in harnessing human energy to produce prosperity for themselves is complicated. It cannot be solved by dumping billions among peoples who have no idea how to use them—at the risk of serving Soviet purpose by crippling our own economy, upon the success of which the survival of freedom so largely depends. The current theory that the foreign-aid pipeline must always be kept full, whether or no, is certain to get a thorough going-over in Congress.

**DUFFY'S CARTOON**

His "Open That Door" Policy.

## If Gas Producers Can be Regulated, So Can the Corner Grocer

There is a shocking absence of understanding about the potentially destructive results of governmental regulation of individual enterprise. For evidence we refer you in advance to arguments made against the Fulbright Bill.

The Fulbright Bill is the Senate version of the Harris Bill passed by the House last session. Both seek to release producers of natural gas from regulation by the Federal Power Commission. In June, 1954, the Supreme Court ruled that FPC should regulate such producers, although the Natural Gas Act of 1938 had specifically stated that it should not.

This is not a remote legalistic controversy. It involves a housewife in a Chicago suburb who learns with dismay that she cannot obtain the inexpensive natural-gas service which she had expected for cooking and heating in her new house. At about the same time an Oklahoma housewife flips a switch in her house and a light glows. These two events are related. The electricity which fired the Oklahoma lamp bulb was generated in a utility plant fueled by the natural gas which had been intended for the Chicago housewife, but which she didn't get.

The reason for the diversion is simple. Oklahoma gas producers had planned to deliver to a pipeline a supply of natural gas which would have served the Chicago housewife and 265,000 waiting Illinoisans. But when the Supreme Court ruled that sales of gas by producers across state lines were to be regulated—that is, price-fixed—Oklahoma producers abandoned negotiations for the sale. Instead they sold their product within their own state, a transaction that was exempt from FPC control.

So many natural-gas producers were alarmed by regulation that the volume of gas committed to large interstate pipelines in 1954 declined approximately two thirds from 1953, a loss to prospective consumers of more than four trillion cubic feet. And in 1955, drillers completed 10 per cent fewer gas wells than in the previous year while at the same time oil-well completions rose.

Those who want regulation speak in the name of consumers who are supposed to believe that Federal regulation of producers is needed to curb monopoly and keep cost at a reasonable level.

Take cost first. The argument is that natural-gas producers, although competing against one another in discovery, production and sale of gas reserves, are in a position to hike the gas bills of city consumers unless they are controlled. Why, then, in the years 1928 to 1954, when producers were free, did gas costs in the field rise less than one fourth as much as the cost of living? Moreover, the cost of natural gas in the field on the average is only 10 per cent of the city consumer's bill. Ninety per cent lies in transmission and distribution—two services which are properly under utility-type regulation because they enjoy certain monopolies. Anyway the proposed legislation contains specific protection for the consumer from unwarranted price increases.

But aren't the producers of natural gas a monopoly? There are 8000 of them, none producing as much as 5 per cent of the total. If they constitute a monopoly, then three quarters of American industries (Continued on Page 12)

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# Why easily digested pork helps keep you going strong!

Like all meat, pork is one of our most valuable natural sources of complete protein, many minerals and the B group of vitamins. It's an especially good source of $B_1$, a vitamin essential for growth, good appetite, healthy nerves and normal digestion! Pork offers wonderful menu variety, too . . . bacon, sausage, spare ribs, roasts, chops and countless other nourishing, highly digestible cuts your whole family will enjoy.

## Pork Roast...22¢ a serving

Here's proof that wonderful-tasting meat, with its health-building nutrients, is a real economy when it's plentiful. You can serve 3 or 4 with two pounds of a bone-in cut of pork, or one pound of a boned pork cut...for as little as 22c a serving.* Every cut is equally high in vital food values, so make your pork roast with any of these:

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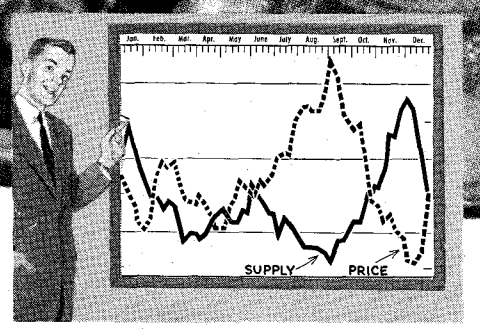
**OR BONED, ROLLED SHOULDER**

Fix your favorite way, or try the easy, new Pork Recipes now featured in your newspapers and magazines, on radio and TV.

**Based on average January prices of the last 3 years.*

**HELPS YOU RESIST MANY INFECTIONS.** Medical research shows that eating plenty of complete, high-quality protein—the kind you get in meat—not only helps shorten recovery time when you are sick but lessens the danger of complications.




**WHAT'S THE LAW?** It's a well-known law of supply and demand that makes pork cost less in winter than in summer. There is simply more of it—because most pigs are born in Spring and come to market in late Fall. You can see on the chart how price always goes down when production goes up.

**American Meat Institute**

Headquarters, Chicago
*Members throughout the U.S.*

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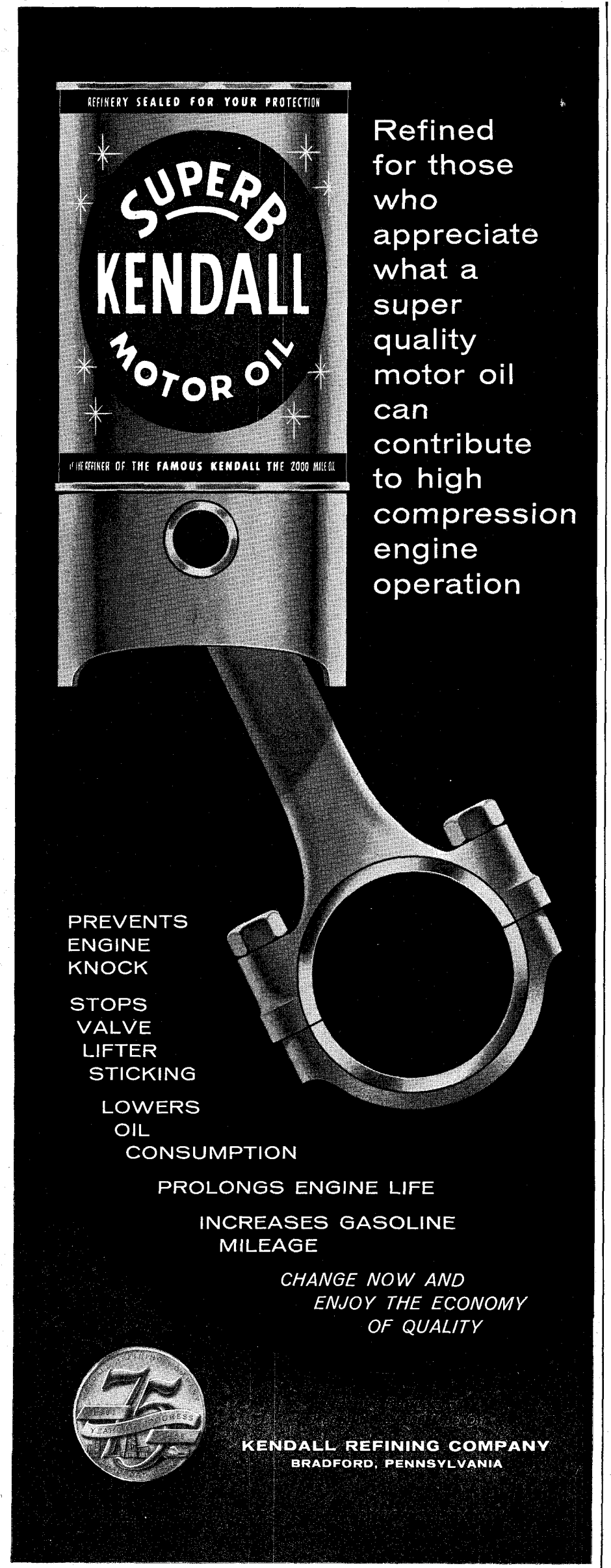
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## Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

are in exactly the same class, since natural-gas production is less concentrated in number of owners than are most industries.

It is curious that those who most violently predict high cost and monopoly are blind to the fact that regulation of producers will inevitably bring about exactly what they profess to fear. Natural gas has been cheap because it could be bought and distributed in a volume huge enough to distribute the expense of pipelines and city mains among millions of consumers. Cut down that volume and a smaller number of consumers will have to bear the transmission and distribution costs. Household bills will go up, not down, and unwillingness of producers to sell outside their own states could eventually deprive distant consumers of gas altogether.

What, then, becomes of the monopoly charge? A producer cannot gouge a consumer with whom he will not deal. The monopoly will become one of states, not of people, as producing states not only keep their gas at home but as a consequence attract industries from consumer states into their own areas. This is already happening. More than half of all natural gas is now consumed in the states where it is produced.

There is another sinister threat in this controversy. The regulation of producers of natural gas is the first example of regulation of a competitively produced commodity. It would hardly be the last. Natural gas is more often than not intermixed with oil production. Could we regulate the gas and not the oil from the same field? Then why not coal, lumber, iron and on right into a complete statist strait jacket?

Sometimes we wonder if this is not the goal which the regulation advocates have had their eye on all along.

## Britain Wants No Global Nonsense About Cyprus

Last year, Greece again asked the United Nations to take up the case of Cyprus, where an overwhelmingly Greek population is agitating for union with the motherland.

The Rt. Hon. Anthony Nutting, Britain's chief delegate to the U.N., told the Steering Committee of the General Assembly some of the facts of life. "Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, of course, have full responsibility for the conduct of affairs in Cyprus. The wording of the item implies that the Assembly should tell my Government what to do. That, of course, we cannot accept."

If Mr. Lodge, speaking for the United States, had ever bared the reality of power in such bald language, you can imagine the uproar among American One Worlders.

Blunt candor is often useful in international diplomacy. In this case, Britain made it quite clear that she has no intention of risking the only position left her in the Middle East.

On any point except defense and security for the West, the Cypriot claim to self-determination is unassailable. British sovereignty in Cyprus is a holdover from the negotiations in 1878 by which Disraeli kept the Russians out of Constantinople and Asia Minor. For thirty-seven years, up to 1915, Cyprus was held and administered by Britain while it remained Turkish in principle. Then Turkey entered the first World War on the wrong side, and Britain acquired complete sovereignty over Cyprus, confirmed by the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923.

Originally British possession of the island was a pledge that the sultan would really carry out the reforms which he was always promising and never putting into practice. The second purpose identified Cyprus as a symbol of British determination to defend Turkey against Russian encroachments in the Middle East. The rise of an aggressive communist Russia has made this purpose more important than it seemed in calmer days.

It is hard to quarrel seriously with Britain's resolve to keep the issue out of the area of hot argument and U.N. propaganda. Yet her position is an embarrassment to a number of internationalist sacred cows. There is the Greek-Turkish-Yugoslav Alliance of 1954; there is the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; there is the Council of Europe, of which all the parties at interest are members; and finally there is the United Nations Organization itself.

All these instruments of agreement and conciliation stand like so many gleaming clinics, manned by dexterous medicos and equipped with everything from diathermy to radiotherapy. Yet the patient is not handed over to any of these wonder workers. Instead, he is hauled off to a London woodshed and given a stiff dose of sulphur and molasses. It seems to presage a more traditional approach to the facts of international life.

None of this new toughness need be taken as a denial of Cypriot aspirations, over the long haul. Self-rule under the Greek flag is surely a legitimate desire for a population which has been Greek in culture, language and race for 3000 years, or about twice as long as England has been English. But the desire is far more likely to be realized under British auspices than it would be if one of the strong props of the Western position in the Mediterranean should be knocked out.

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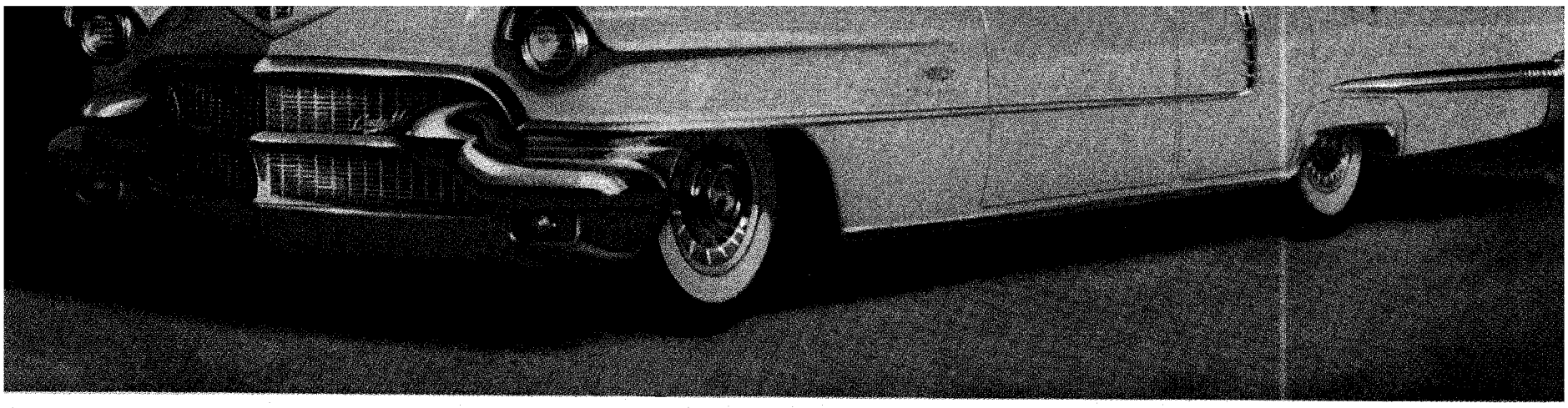

*The beautiful motor car pictured above is the brilliant climax of fifty-four years of devotion to a single purpose: to build as fine a motor car as it is practicable to produce. Only from such long and such dedicated service to this ideal could come a motor car so inspiring in beauty—so magnificent in luxury . . . and so fine in performance. For nothing great can be created suddenly. We suggest that you see and drive this new Cadillac soon. You will find, we know, that it stands uniquely alone in all the things that make a motor car good and wonderful.*

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*Jewels by Harry Winston*

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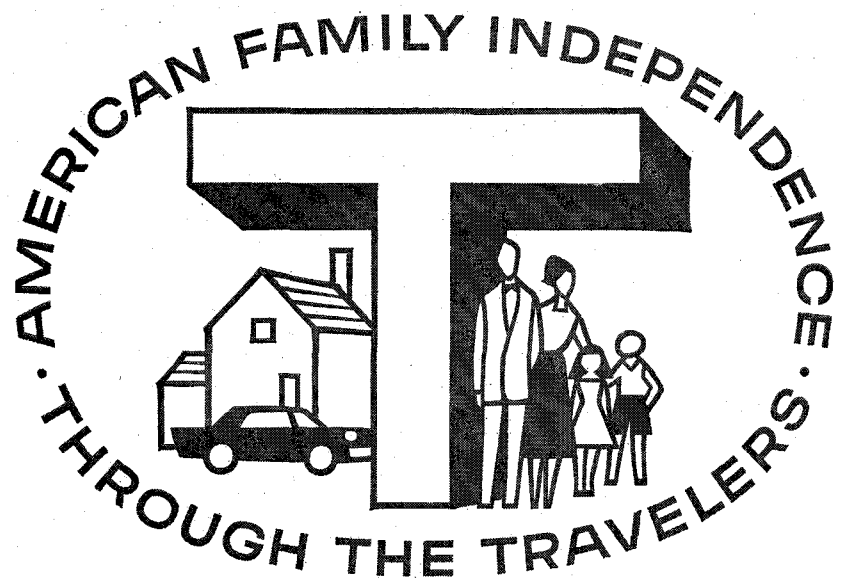
THE TRAVELERS AND ITS AGENTS AND BROKERS PRESENT

## a plan to help the average man

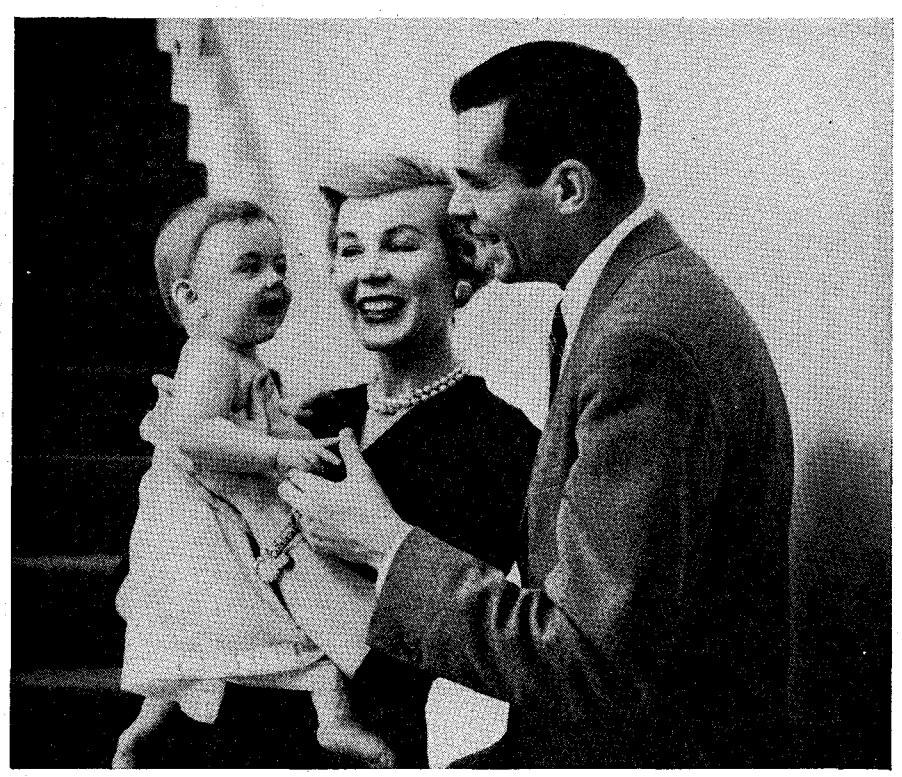
# AMERICAN FAMILY




*Of all the values of American Family Life, none is more deep-rooted than these: a home in which love dwells, and joy of living . . . with inner peace and a serene outlook toward the future.*

*Safeguarding these values is the thoughtful family man's first consideration.*

*The Travelers representative, acting as your friend and counselor, stands ready to help you, with a program that includes Life insurance, protection for your home, personal possessions, your car . . . welcome funds in case of sickness or accident . . . and a means of providing money for your children's education and for pleasant retirement years.*



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**Your Travelers agent** represents the company that actually *invented* automobile liability insurance. Let him explain how a Travelers automobile insurance policy gives you *complete* protection on your car against such unforeseen hazards as personal liability, property damage, collision, fire and theft.

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# and his family achieve

# INDEPENDENCE

YOU and your family have more leisure time today than ever before. More time to do things *together* and have fun. You travel more, have more possessions to bring enjoyment to your leisure hours.

You and your wife wisely talk about ways of safeguarding the family life values you enjoy and look forward to the day when you can retire.

As a thoughtful man you take the time to work out these personal problems—and you don't close your mind to the things that could happen in case of sickness, accident, fire or the possibility of your family having to carry on without you.

Of all the people in your town, we can think of no one better qualified to counsel you on these problems than your Travelers representative. For his is the company that offers *all kinds of insurance*—all the safeguards for cherished family values.

For example . . . he can pattern a Travelers Life insurance program for you that will secure your family's future if you should die. Such a program automatically provides cash for emergencies. And, when the time comes to retire, the plan he works out for you helps make retirement possible.

Your Travelers agent helps protect you in other ways, too. He can insure your home against fire and windstorm and burglars . . . your car against personal liability and property damage . . . and shield you from heavy expenses that can sometimes be devastating when illness occurs.

There is a Travelers representative near you who will gladly counsel you on how to secure your *family's* independence and *your* peace of mind . . . with a program that is in line with your present income. Why don't you get in touch with him—before another day goes by?

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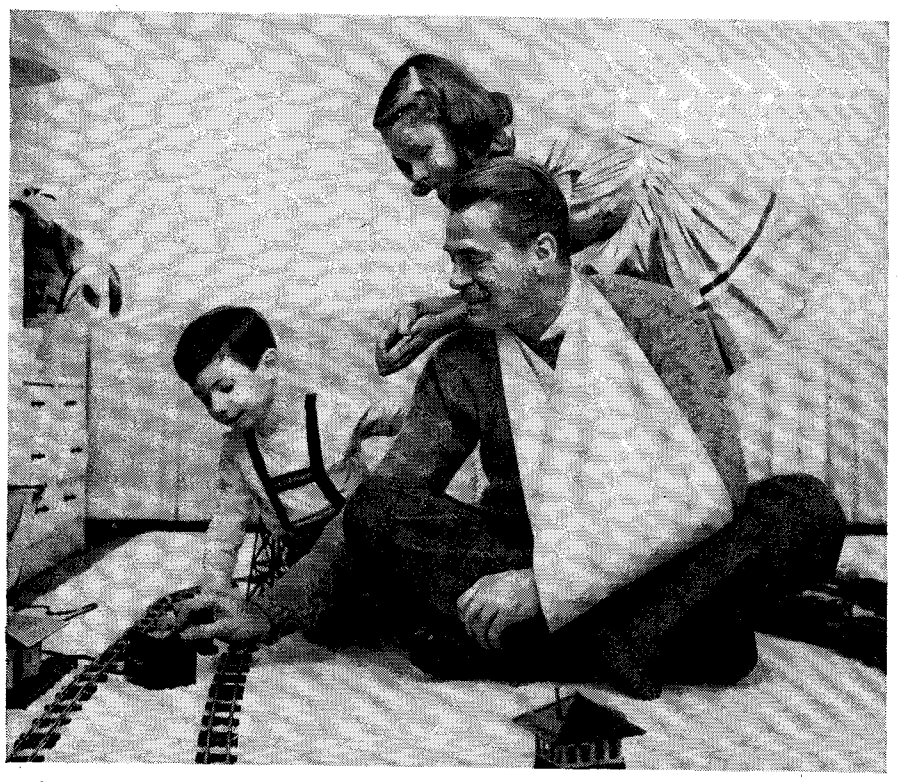

**Some people are surprised** to learn that their Travelers agent can work out a complete and balanced insurance plan for them that can include practically *every* form of protection: accidents; sickness, children's education, life, burglary, fire, personal liability, personal possessions and so on.

**Lots of men** used to think they couldn't retire until after 65. But you can set your *own* retirement age with a Travelers plan for American Family Independence. A short talk with your Travelers man will show you how early retirement can be achieved more easily than you thought possible.

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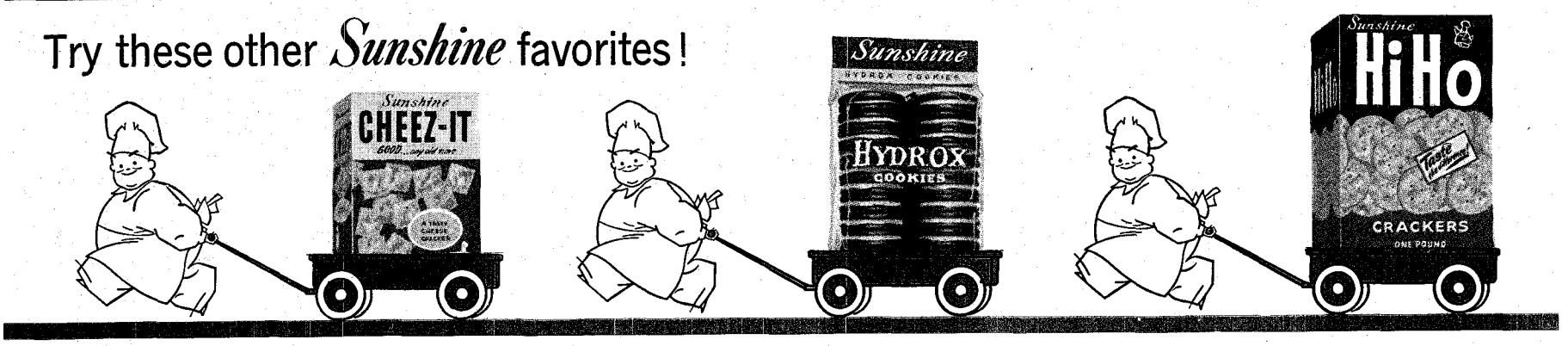


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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

# MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE

★ ★ ★ ★

## PART ONE: CONFLICT IN THE PENTAGON

On these pages a great American fighting man begins his own stirring personal story—from Army brat to Chief of Staff—and reveals his side of the famous controversy with the Secretary of Defense.

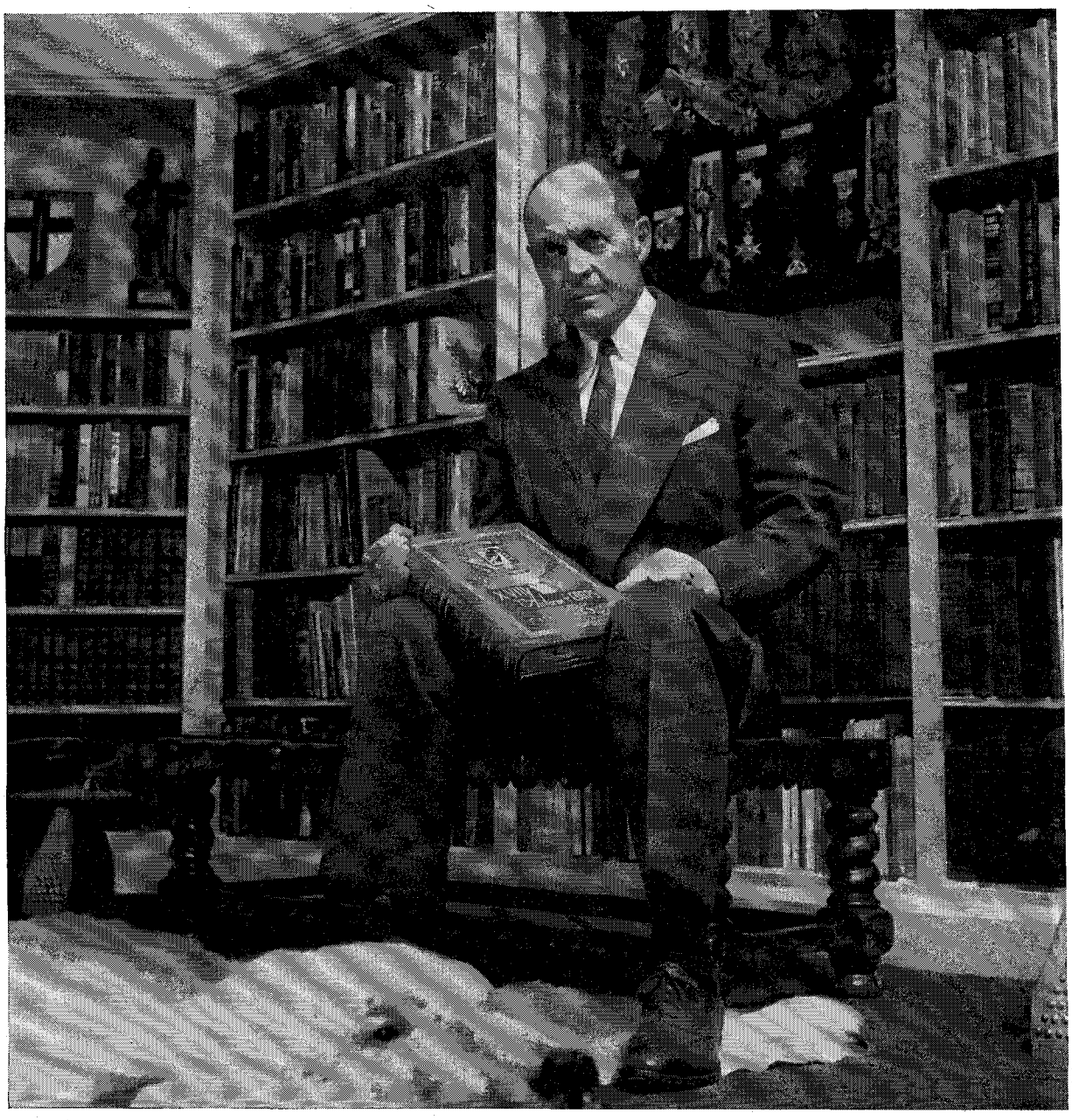
By **GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY** AS TOLD TO HAROLD H. MARTIN

Last June, when I cleared my desk at the Pentagon and turned over my duties as the Army's Chief of Staff to that brave and brilliant officer, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, for the first time in seventy-eight years there was no soldier of my name and blood wearing the uniform of my country.

My military service, and that of my revered father, the late Col. Thomas Ridgway, had spanned every conflict in which this nation has been engaged since the Civil War; had required the use or study of every weapon from the horse-drawn artillery piece to the atomic cannon. Born on an Army post, wakened as a child by the sound of the reveille gun, and put to sleep at night by the bugle blowing "Taps," my own service had included every duty a foot soldier could be called upon to perform. In command jobs and staff jobs, school duty and missions that were both military and diplomatic in scope, I had served in thirty countries around the world. In time of war it had been my high privilege to lead in combat three of the most gallant fighting units this country ever put in the field—the 82nd Airborne Division and the XVIIIth Corps (Airborne) of World War II, and the magnificent 8th Army which fought the Korean War. In time of peace, in two of the world's great military theaters, I had commanded Allied armies made up of the ground, air and naval forces of many nations.

Looking back upon it now, I cannot conceive that God has granted any man a richer, fuller, more satisfying life than mine, for it was spent in service with, and for, that finest product of our civilization—the American soldier.

Professional soldiers are sentimental men, for all the harsh realities of their calling. In their wallets and in their memories they carry bits of philosophy, fragments of poetry, quotations from the Scriptures, which, in times of



"From experience, I have learned one bitter lesson—that in the world today there can be no peace that is not based on strength." The author at his Pittsburgh, Pa., home with souvenirs of his 42 years in the Army.

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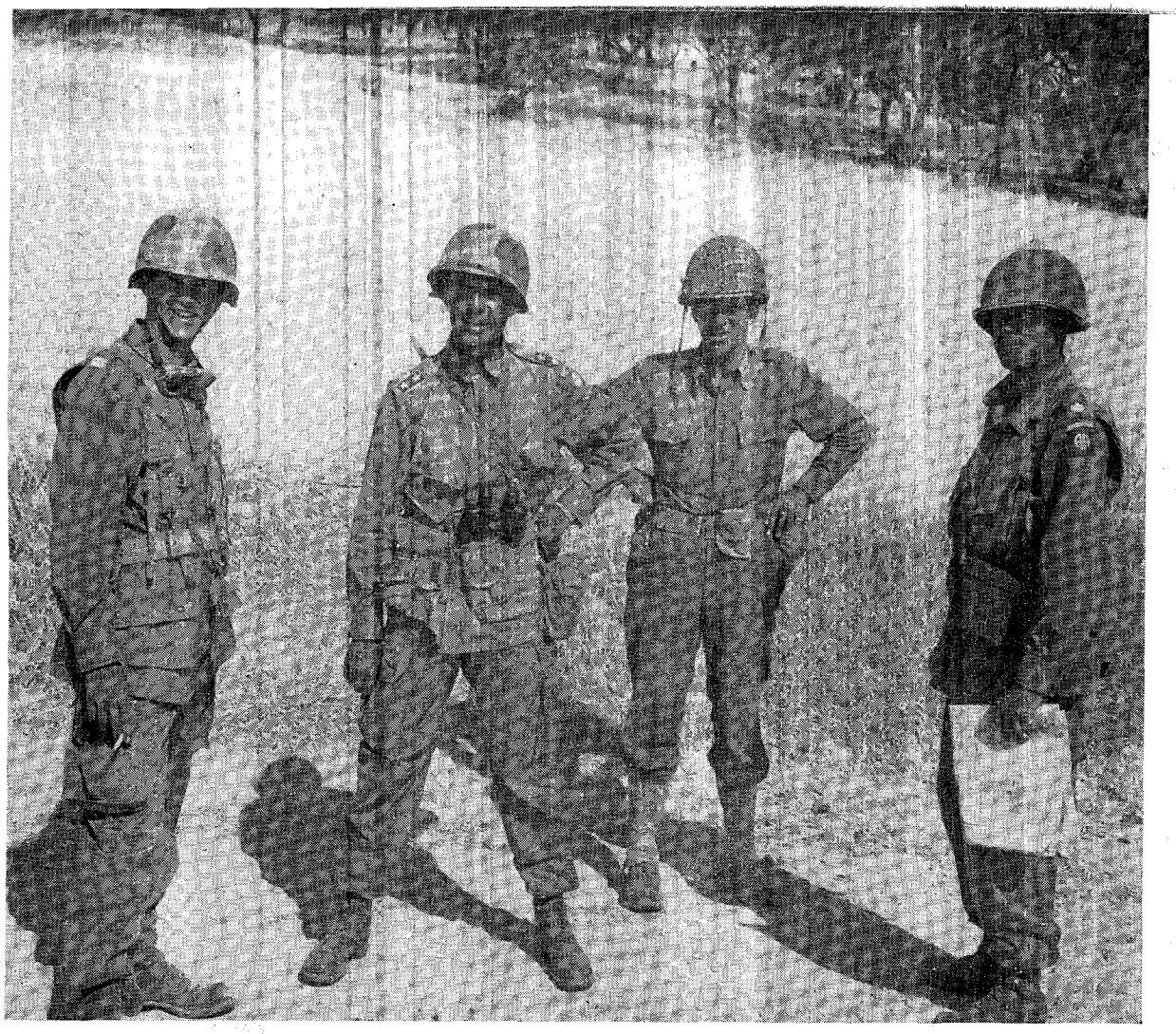

Gen. Ridgway, then boss of the 82nd Airborne Division, with some staff officers in Sicily, 1943. The next year, he jumped with his men to spearhead the invasion of France.

stress and danger, speak to them with great meaning. I have never seen men moving into battle, or resting after combat, or marching on parade, that I did not recall those lines of Kipling:

*I have eaten your bread and salt,*
*I have drunk your water and wine.*
*The deaths ye died I have watched beside.*
*And the lives ye led were mine.**

And in the hours before battle I have found great comfort in two short lines—the inscription on a soldier's monument which stands in Edinburgh. Carved into the stone below the figure of a rifleman in battle dress are these words: "If it be Life that awaits, I shall live forever unconquered; if Death, I shall die at last, strong in my pride and free."

And in the midst of battle I have heard, as if spoken by a friend, these words from Joshua: "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

It is not the dangerous days of battle, however, which most strongly test the soldier's resolution, but the years of peace, when many voices, offering many counsels, bewilder and confound him. And in those times, too, I have found in a fragment of another man's philosophy, the moral courage to stand up and defend that which I believed to be right. Somewhere, long ago, in my casual reading, I came upon a verse by A. E. Housman which, as I recall it now, went something like this:

*The thoughts of others were light and fleeting,*
*Of lovers greeting, or luck or fame,*
*But mine were of trouble and mine were steady,*
*And I was ready, when trouble came.*

As I laid down my burdens as Chief of Staff and laid away the uniform I had worn so long, the thought came to me this verse might serve as a sort of epitaph—a summing up—of the

* From: "Prelude" from DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND BALLADS and BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS, by Rudyard Kipling, reprinted by permission of Mrs. George Bambridge and Doubleday & Company, Inc.

1951: Gen. Ridgway (right) commanded the UN forces which stemmed the communist tide in Korea. Shown with him are Lt. Gen. Almond (left) and Gen. MacArthur.

As NATO commander in 1953, he greeted Sec. of Defense Wilson and his wife when they visited Europe. Later, as Army Chief of Staff, Ridgway vigorously opposed Wilson's defense policies.

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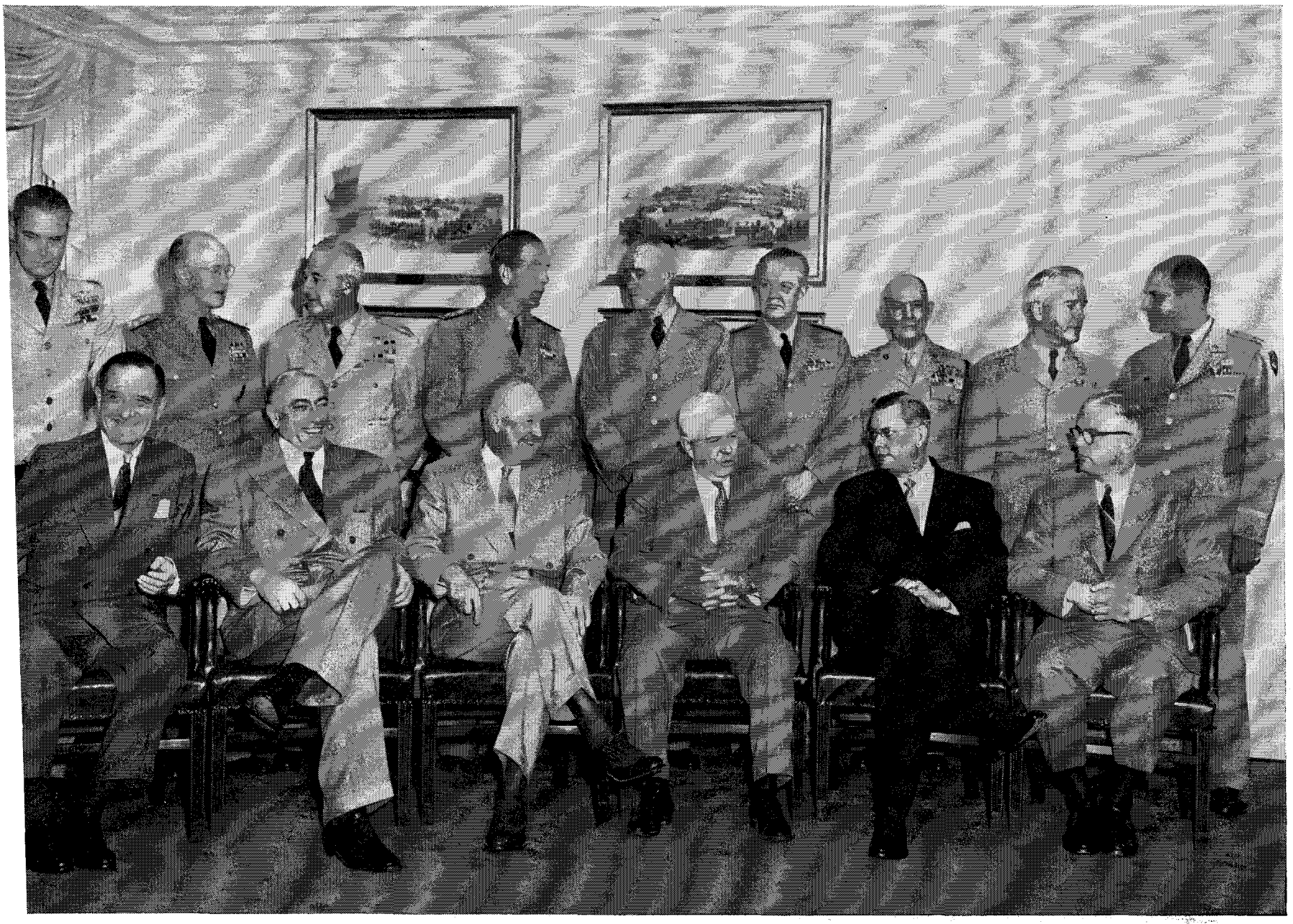

A 1953 picture shows the rapid attrition among Pentagon top brass. Front: Air Force Secretary Talbott resigned under fire last year. Deputy Sec. of Defense Kyes quit in 1954. President Eisenhower and Secretary Wilson kept their jobs, but Sec. of the Navy Anderson and Sec. of the Army Stevens returned to private life. Rear: Gen. Vandenberg (dead) and Adm. Carney (retired) served on the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1953. Gen. Twining, Vandenberg's successor, is still Air Force boss, and Adm. Radford chairman of the JCS. Gen. Bradley, Adm. Fechteler, Gen. Shepherd, Gen. Collins and Gen. Ridgway have retired or been reassigned.

long career that had come to a close. For over all the years of my service one firm resolve had motivated me—that whatever happened, I should be ready. And I would do all in my power to see that my country was ready, if trouble came.

It was not difficult, in the years after the war, for a man in uniform to recognize both the signs of trouble and the nebulous hopes to which a war-tired country pinned its faith. In the months following V-J Day it was my unhappy duty to supervise the swift and shameful dissolution of one part of that great high-hearted force that had beaten Germany and Italy to their knees. After that, as military adviser to the United Nations, it was my task to seek some formula by which the free world and the Russians could join to keep the peace. And from that experience I had learned one bitter lesson—that in the world today there can be no peace that is not based on strength.

That point was not clear to those in high places in the years just after the war. In that time we were "trimming the fat" from the military establishment, and the product of that thinking was the Korean War, in which skeleton regiments, starved by a disastrous economy policy, held the line of the Pusan beachhead until the brave men of many nations could join to fight that bloody "brush-fire" war to a stalemate and wary truce.

To me the lessons of that conflict were clear—that hope of peace rests solidly on strength for war. It also shattered, I hoped, forever, the dreamy-eyed delusion which possessed the minds of many then—that the threat of the nuclear weapon alone could keep the peace; and of that corollary fantasy, the nebulous faith that war, even a little war, could be won by air and naval power alone.

In Western Europe, on the other hand, I had seen how a small but resolute force of all arms, though weak in many of its elements, could by its presence do much to hold the Reds at bay. And it was my belief, as I turned over command of these NATO forces to my brilliant successor, Gen. Alfred Gruenther, and reported to Washington to assume my duties as Army Chief of Staff, that it was the presence of this force, and the determination of the free nations which it represented, which kept the Russian armies from storming in a gray tide across Europe to the Channel—and that our atomic capability was by no means the sole deterrent to Soviet military adventures. And I further believe that the recent sudden switch in Russian diplomatic tactics, from belligerence to bonhomie, from surliness to smiles, is a studied effort on their part to lull and soothe us, and thus to slow the build-up of that force which guards the heart of Europe.

It is not my thought that we should strike down any hand that is offered in genuine friendship, but I must admit that I am distrustful of the smiles of Mr. Bulganin, and the alcoholic amiability of Mr. Khrushchev. It may be a cliché of the editorial pages to say so, but when I see the pictures of these Russian gentlemen, and read their blandishments, I am reminded of a poem by Mr. Kipling, who urged, "Make ye no peace with Adam-zad, the Bear who walks

(Continued on Page 46)

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These two were alone in a drowned world: Beautiful, overprivileged Elizabeth Matthews, and Donavan, the convict fleeing a murder sentence.

# THE FLOODS OF FEAR

Beginning an exciting new novel by JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Spring had been late this year. In February and March, rain drenched the coastal lands of the Northwest, but static cold held the high country locked in a frozen grip. Snow-survey crews had worked through the winter, measuring the depth of snowfall in the mountains at the headwaters of the Charles River, the Black Fork, the Elk and the Clear Water. "Above average," the reports had read. "Heaviest in years." In January, the men in the various offices of the Corps of Engineers had begun to think in terms of flood.

They knew the dikes of the big river would not stand in the face of a major flood. They had said so repeatedly, in the public prints and in the carefully worded requests for funds presented each year to the Congress of the United States. But those who slashed the top-heavy national budget found the flood-control item one easy to eliminate.

Daily reports from a hundred sources came to the headquarters of the Corps of Engineers. The men who tabulated them had to go deep into the files to find a year when the big river and its tributaries had been so low in April.

By mid-May what had been probable was now a certainty. Only the date and the ulti-

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mate size of the flood were in question. Civil-defense authorities and state and city officials were alerted. But the machinery of government is ponderous and slow to move when money must be spent, particularly when those who write the warning bulletins can only say, "In our opinion, the threat of flood is valid and imminent."

May was a month of waiting. Warm rains fell in the first week of June. Temperatures rose, the freezing level lifted slowly. White water foamed in the streams on the lower mountain slopes. The Charles River began to rise, then the Black Fork, the Elk. The big river nudged at the gauge floats—lazily, as if testing its strength. The weather picture changed. A chinook wind, warm and soft, loosened the grip of the static cold. Overnight, spring came to the mountains. Everywhere in the high country, all at once, the runoff began. The Charles left its banks to drown a dairy farmer in his bed. The rampaging Black Fork swept a half dozen bridges from their piers. Flood gauges on the Elk and the Clear Water jumped wildly upward. A day later, the big river smashed a dike and wrecked a grange hall, two farmhouses and a crossroads store.

Flood! Now the word was everywhere: newspaper headlines, radio and TV. Greenfield, at the foot of the mountains, the inland terminus of navigable water, was the first city to feel the brunt of it. Houseboats and boathouses and pleasure craft were torn from their moorings. The pavement of Main Street was under water and the end was not in sight.

Greenfield was the first to be flood-mauled. Downstream, all along the big river, the machinery of state and local government was moving now, crash priority. Engineers studied maps of the big river—predicted crest, plus or minus dike-top elevation—and marked the dikes that could not be saved. Evacuation of low-lying areas was begun, with the help of Army personnel and vehicles. Construction crews with trucks and power shovels and bulldozers moved in to strengthen the dikes that might be held. Labor gangs were recruited on the streets of all the river towns and cities—anyone and everyone who could use a shovel or carry a sandbag.

Elizabeth was twenty-three, a post-graduate student at the university.

There weren't enough men available to do the work that had to be done. Below Greenfield, a ten-mile stretch of dike collapsed in a dozen places. A convoy of Army trucks was caught, still loading, in Frenchman's Glen. The known flood dead topped the hundred mark. Other evacuations, downstream, did not go as planned. Some people flatly refused to leave their homes. Others returned to guard their possessions, cutting across fields and through wood lots to avoid police roadblocks.

There weren't enough men available. Army camps and bases were emptied by the emergency. In Greenfield chaos was the order of the day. There weren't enough police to man the roadblocks, direct traffic and prevent looting. Relief agencies could not yet care for the homeless and the hungry and the cold, and the crest of the flood was still to come.

Greenfield was first, Bridgeton next. Construction crews worked around the clock. There weren't enough men, though city and county jails were opened, the most dependable prisoners thrown into the fight. Every hour was important. Hard-pressed officials in Lebannon, next in the flood's path, turned to the state prison there for help. Men from the honor farm worked beside the citizens of the town. Then the trusties were recruited. Finally, prison officials asked for volunteers from the heavy-labor gangs.

These were shock troops. Expendable, though the word was never used. The incorrigibles and those who had attempted escape were screened from the volunteers. Those remaining were told off in twelve-man crews, an armed sergeant assigned to each. Trucks rolled north through Lebannon before daylight, taking them to the trouble spots. Tom Sharkey's crew was dropped near the midpoint of the Humboldt dike, where wind and weather had damaged its earthen bulk. Greenfield and Bridgeton were above them. Lebannon was ten miles downriver. Lebannon, huddled under the ridges, was already in trouble, and the crest was an estimated thirty or forty hours away. Below Lebannon, the big river was tearing at the dikes of West Mills, Biddleford and Franklin.

Tom Sharkey's crew worked in a driving rain. Twelve men, wearing square-billed caps, brogans and gray prison denim, so mud-smeared that the numbers stenciled on their shirts could not be read. They were a fair cross-section of the population of the prison—a forger, car thieves, burglars, a safe man, a molester, a man who'd specialized in armed robbery, and a convicted murderer serving a life term. They filled and placed sandbags, watched by the silent Sharkey, who wore a slicker and rubber boots and carried a .30–30 rifle in the crook of his arm.

The big and swollen river was east of them. Drift and wreckage rode the breast of it—logs and timbers,

(Continued on Page 62)

"Why the bare feet?" Sharkey asked Donavan. "I swim better that way," the convict replied.

WHEN THE WELL IS DRY.

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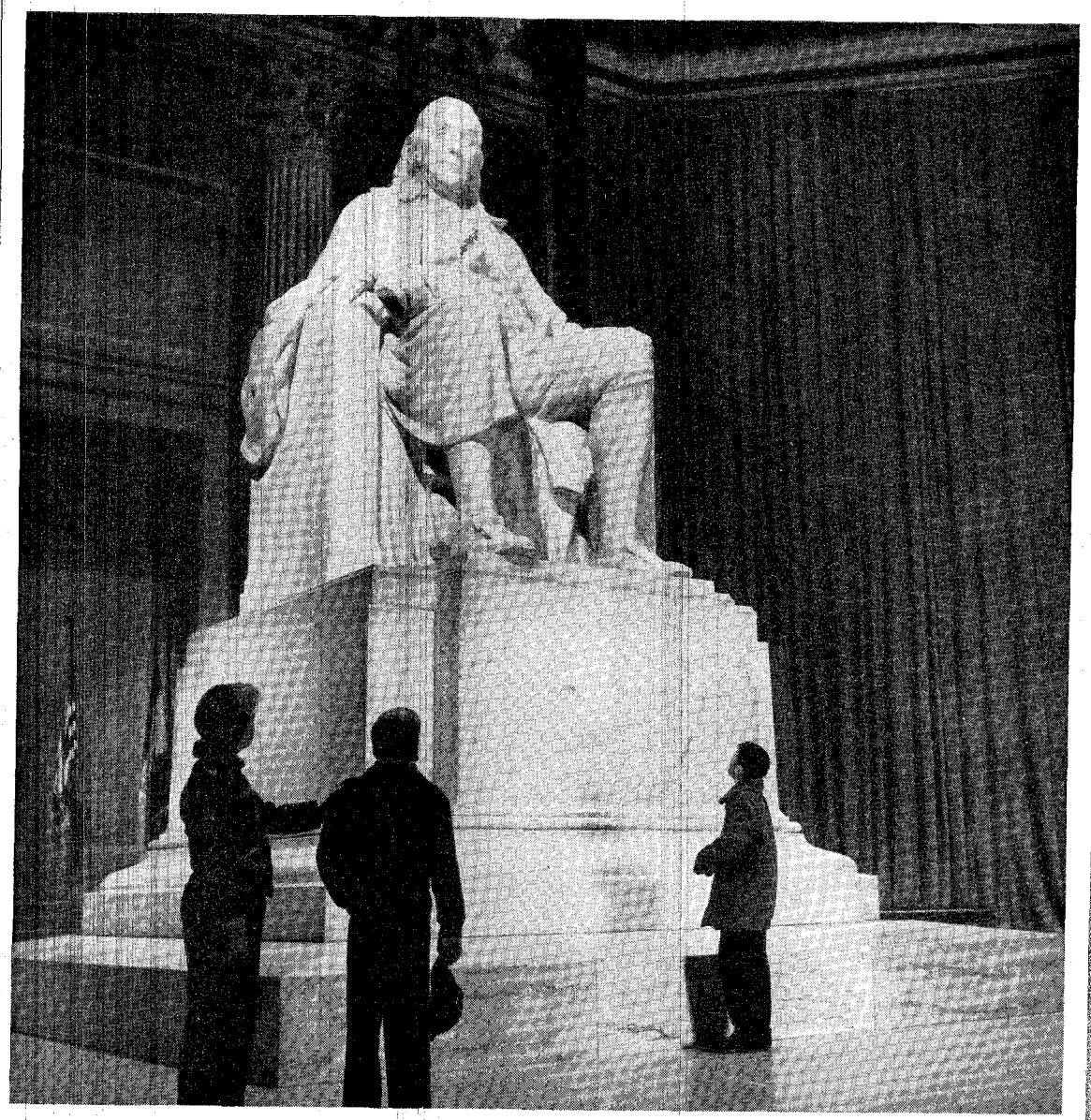
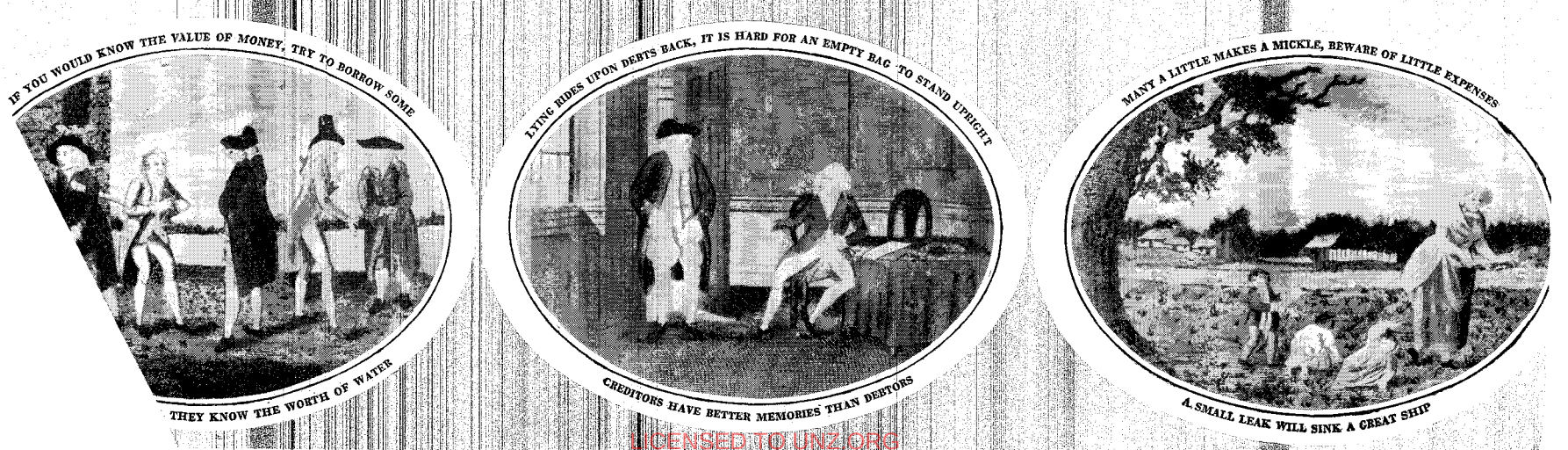


As a salesman, inventor, statesman and writer, the incredibly versatile Ben Franklin never forgot the value of laughter, nor the power of a pointed jest.

# MASTER OF WIT

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON


IF YOU WOULD KNOW THE VALUE OF MONEY, TRY TO BORROW SOME
THEY KNOW THE WORTH OF WATER
LYING RIDES UPON DEBTS BACK, IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY BAG TO STAND UPRIGHT
CREDITORS HAVE BETTER MEMORIES THAN DEBTORS
MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE, BEWARE OF LITTLE EXPENSES
A SMALL LEAK WILL SINK A GREAT SHIP

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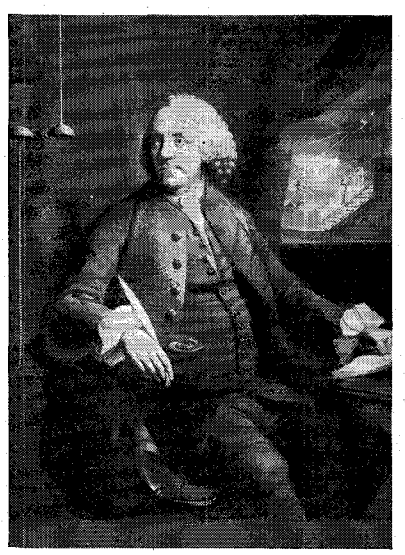
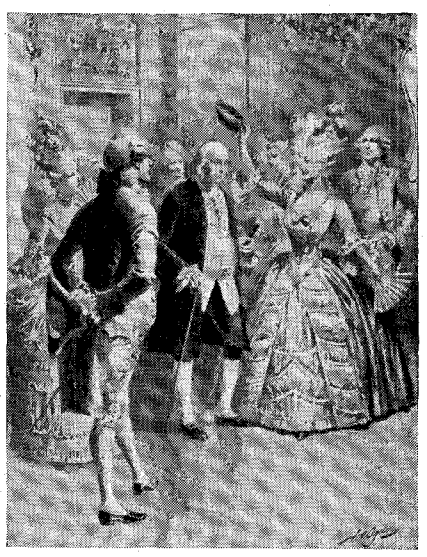
# R'S EDITOR, BORN 250 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

In 1723, young Ben arrived in Philadelphia eating "three great puffy rolls." By 1746, he had formed America's first fire-fighting company and had introduced fire insurance to the city.





As an Age-of-Reason scientist, he identified electricity (1752). As our first diplomat, he was crowned with laurel at the court of Louis XVI (1778).

## We Speak His Language

The proverbs of Poor Richard have been part of our language, used either in whole or in part, from the day Franklin coined them. Everyone knows that "Experience keeps a dear school," or that "One today is worth two tomorrows." We "wink at small faults" and sympathize with the man caught "like a fish between two cats." Those who sleep "snug as a bug in a rug" have Franklin to thank too. During his years in England, the great man from the American colonies often visited the home of Jonathan Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph's, near Winchester. The bishop's young daughters were his special friends, and Doctor Franklin had a gray squirrel shipped from Pennsylvania as a pet for the girls. When the squirrel died Georgiana Shipley wrote Franklin, asking him to compose an epitaph for the "skugg," a name as common then for squirrels as "puss" is for cats. The old philosopher wrote Georgiana, "he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or epitaph," and set it down:

*Here skugg*
*Lies snug*
*As a bug*
*In a rug.*

Ben invented the famous Franklin stove to prevent "being scorched before and . . . froze behind." It's still used today (left) in its original design (right.).

The boy was sixteen, and wanted his freedom. Four years as an apprentice had been enough to teach him the printer's trade. But the contract with his half-brother called for five additional years of drudgery in Boston. How could he break away?

Benjamin Franklin found the answer in his pen. "Suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine," he wrote in his Autobiography, "I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous letter, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house."

What he put under the door were letters signed "Mrs. Silence Dogood." They were satires, in imitation of the Spectator papers then the rage in London, but the young author's sure instincts as a journalist focused his wit on Boston affairs. Mrs. Dogood, for instance, became the first in a long line of writers to lampoon the idle rich at Harvard.

"I reflected in my mind," she said, "on the extreme folly of (Continued on Page 53)

HY BUSINESS, LET NOT THAT DRIVE THEE, SLOTH MAKES ALL THINGS DIFFICULT, INDUSTRY ALL EASY
EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE, MAKES A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE
NOT TO OVERSEE WORKMEN, IS TO LEAVE THEM YOUR PURSE OPEN
IF YOU WOULD HAVE A FAITHFUL SERVANT, AND ONE THAT YOU LIKE, SERVE YOURSELF
BUY WHAT THOU HAST NO NEED OF AND ERE LONG THOU WI
AT A GREAT PENNYWORTH PAUSE AWHILE,

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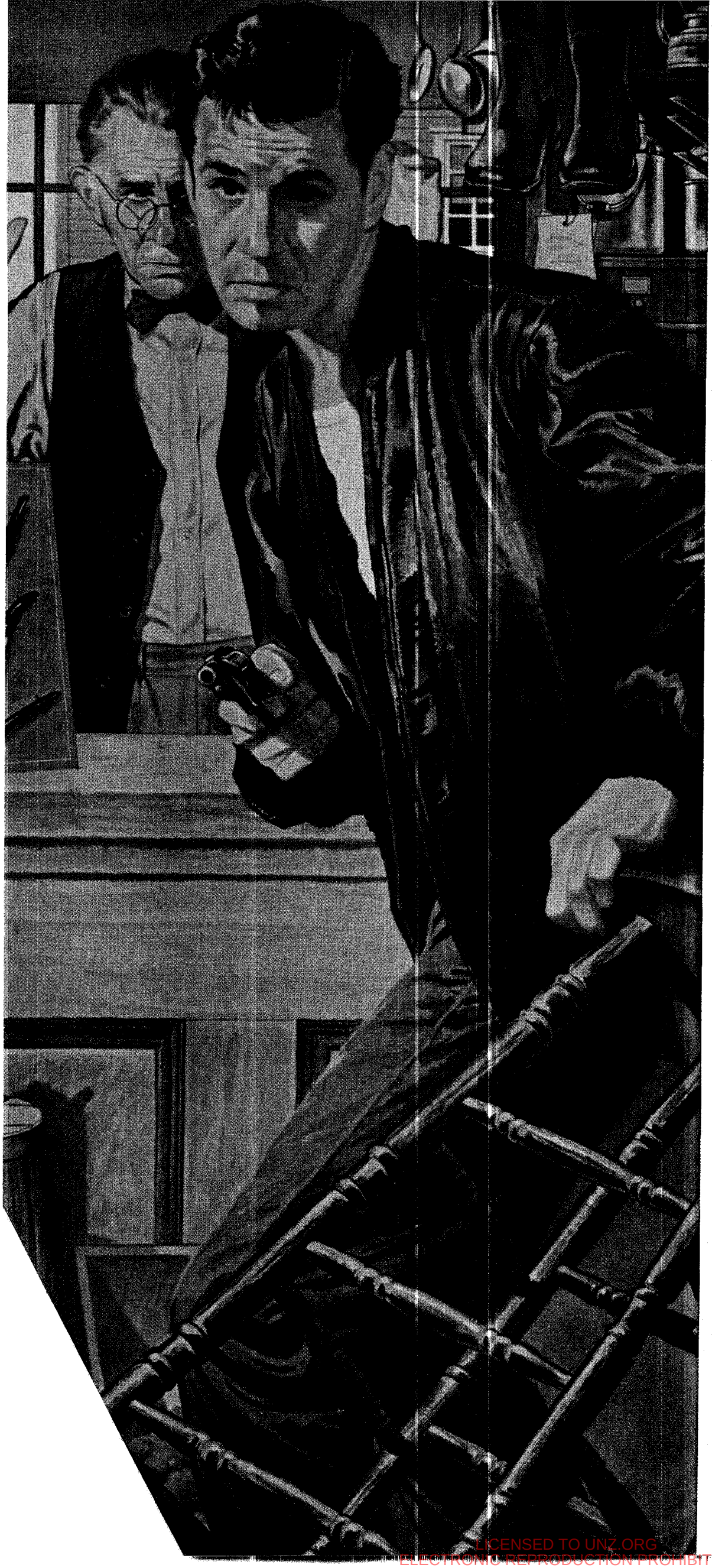

# The Boy Who Got Away

**The kid was incorrigible. Frank had done everything he could to save him, and this was the result.**

By VERNE ATHANAS

I guess there's only one thing better than coming home and that would be not having to go away in the first place. Or maybe I shouldn't say that. I learned a few things over there, and I had the luck to come through six months of combat and another year and a half of general service with nothing worse than a couple of frosted toes; it was a thing that had to be done, and now I was back and glad of it.

I got a big warm hug from Aunt Ethel, and Uncle Frank's hand, still bigger than mine, and if retirement had softened him any, it didn't show in his grip.

Then Uncle Frank said, "Willy, this is Joey. He's staying with us a while."

He was almost as tall as I; maybe eighteen. He wasn't shy, but he didn't act quite sure, and I remembered when I was about his age how it irked me when I wanted to be called Bill and everybody said Willy.

"Hello, Joe," I said, and put out my hand.

I don't know what kind of grip he had. He just touched fingers with me and said, "Hi, hero."

I really looked at him then. He was wearing jeans and a T shirt and a leather jacket. The jacket was too big and the jeans plenty snug. The cuffs were turned up six inches above his ankles and his socks were a bright yellow-and-black check. His hair was brushed back above his ears as smooth and glossy as silk, and feathered out at the back like a duck's behind. He was smiling, a small, crooked, watchful smile, but there wasn't any smile in his eyes. But he was one of Uncle Frank's boys, so it had to be all right.

I was so full of fried chicken and potatoes and country gravy (Continued on Page 73)

"Hold it right there," Joey said in a strained, high-pitched voice.

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How Federal undercover men
trapped a vicious ring which peddled "stay-awake" pills
to truck drivers—and which sometimes killed them.

# DEATH IN SMALL DOSES

By ARTHUR L. DAVIS

The fifteen-ton tractor-trailer roared through the Alabama night, a youth at the wheel fighting to keep awake. For all his weariness, the young driver was pushing the big diesel at a mile-a-minute clip. He thought he was on the last lap of a 1500-mile journey from Minnesota to Jacksonville with a load of eggs for Florida's breakfast tables. But Larry Allen Rowley fell asleep at the wheel, the truck plummeted off the road near Fayette, Alabama, and it became for him a nonstop trip to eternity.

A bottle of pills found on the boy's crushed and broken body was sent to the United States Food and Drug Administration for analysis. They proved to be "stay-awake" pills, commonly referred to by truckers as "bennies," or "copilots," and known in chemical terms as amphetamine sulphate.

Thus, in mid-1953, this small Federal agency was given one more good reason to launch into a long and hazardous investigation of what, almost unnoticed, had become a vicious, often dangerous, trade along the nation's highways.

A few weeks ago, climaxing its investigation, the Food and Drug Administration asked the United States Department of Justice to arrest forty-three persons in four Southern and two Midwestern states on charges of illegally selling amphetamine pills to agents posing as truck drivers. Federal law requires the drug to be dispensed only on a physician's prescription. The arrests marked the beginning of a nationwide crackdown by the Federal Government on illegal traffic in such drugs at truck stops and gas stations along interstate roads all over the country. Behind this drive is a story of FDA agents who in some cases risked their lives in the long undercover investigation which made the crackdowns possible.

Amphetamine sulphate was first put on the market in 1938 under the trade name Benzedrine. It and dextroamphetamine sulphate, a related version first sold in 1939 under the trade name Dexedrine, are frequently prescribed by physicians to combat depression and, in weight-reduction regimens, to cause a loss or decrease of appetite. They have been used with success, too, in the treatment of motion sickness, alcoholism and many other ailments. According to Dr. Albert H. Holland, Jr., medical director of the Food and Drug Administration, amphetamines stimulate the central nervous system and the brain, increasing mental alertness and co-ordination, and inducing a sense of well-being. But they also may cause restlessness and difficulty in concentration; and overdoses may bring on tremors, epileptic-like seizures, hallucinations and irrationality. However, a patient under competent medical supervision is unlikely to experience any of these ill effects.

Until the patents ran out in 1949, only a few firms were manufacturing the "pep (Continued on Page 89)

## From the Investigator's Viewpoint . . .

No one has a higher regard for American pharmacists than we in the Food and Drug Administration. Devoted practitioners of their profession, they are indispensable to the public-health team.

But as in other professions—law and medicine for example—a fringe minority disregards the high ethics of the group. It is the Food and Drug Administration's duty to prosecute those violators of the Federal law. In fulfilling that duty, we have the enthusiastic co-operation of pharmacy—through its state boards, and its professional organizations.

The trucking industry and truck drivers' unions first recognized the problem discussed in Mr. Davis' article, and called it to the Government's attention. Such action is part of their long-range safety program, which has already reduced the accident rate for trucks far below that for passenger cars. Their help has been invaluable in our crackdown on illegal amphetamine sales.

GEORGE P. LARRICK, *Commissioner of Food and Drugs*

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She could have married a handsome millionaire. What made her pick him?

# THE MAN WITH THE UGLY FACE

By GERALD KERSH

Without being definitely repulsive, the most appalling face I ever saw belonged to a man named Love, who used to frequent the Plumbers' Arms in Lower Belgrave Street. The Plumbers' Arms caters for what they call, in the trade, "a nice class of customer"—people who, whatever they do, carry their liquor like gentlemen and never have to be thrown out. Indeed, the only person I ever saw removed from the premises was, as luck would have it, a plumber; he came in drunk and brandishing a pipe wrench from repairing a drain. Whereupon, Mr. Robert Redwood, the landlord's son, picked him up and placed him at arm's length upon the dark velvet of the summer night. I consider myself as a nice class of customer. Robert Redwood and I went to the same school, founded by Quintin Hogg for the purpose of keeping the sons of impoverished parents off the streets; he and I have the right to wear the same tie—maroon and bottle green with a diagonal stripe. This right we waive, but we might exercise it if we chose



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Peony had to propose to him three times before he said he'd marry her.

I am entitled to wear several denominational ties: the crossed-pens-and-inkpot argent upon the field azure of the Press Club; the Old Polytechnic tie; and the red-and-blue of Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards—which last happens to be the colors of the University of Pennsylvania, give or take a certain brightness of tone here or there. So I learned from the ugly man whose name was Love.

I had put on the Guards' tie because I had to see my bank manager, and had nothing but prestige to fall back on. A great loneliness had come down upon me. My appointment was for a quarter to one, and I had half an hour to kill, so I went to the Plumbers' for companionship. The saloon bar was almost empty.

The ugly man had come out of his dark corner to get another double whisky at the bar, and I noticed that he was wearing a tie identical in pattern with my own. So I said to him, "Good morning." He must already have had several doubles, for he replied with a little song to the tune of John Brown's Body:

*Hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree,*
*Down went Maginty to the bottom of the sea,*
*She's my Annie and I'm her Joe,*
*So—listen to my tale of—*
*WHOA!*
*(Any ice today, lady?)*
*Pencil, pencil, Pennsylvania ——*

The ice being broken, he said, "Sit down and have a drink. That is, of course, if you're not ashamed to be seen sitting down with me."

I could only say, "I have a date in Sloane Square at twelve-forty-five, but I have time for a quick one. You could walk along with me, if you have nothing better to do."

"Thanks," he said. "I don't want your pity, you know. But thanks a lot."

"What do you mean, pity?" I asked.

"I appreciate it, but you don't want to be seen walking about with me in broad daylight."

"Why not?"

"Well," he said, "look at my face."

"I have."

"What d'you think of it?"

I said, "I don't. What is there to think of it? What d'you want me to say about it? If I said: 'What's the matter with it?' you'd read that two ways, and tell me either to mind my own business or not to be a hypocrite. It's a face. John Barrymore's was more regular, perhaps. It's a little unusual, as faces go, but it's not a face that would haunt my nightmares, say."

"It haunts mine," said he. "Have you noticed how people avoid me around here?"

"No," I said. "But I have noticed how you avoid people."

"So would you, if you looked like me," he said. "Funny part about it is, my name is Love. I was christened Simeon. Naturally, everybody pronounced it with an *a*—Simian: I looked like a monkey, from the start—one of those proboscis monkeys, only much more so. The first word of three syllables I learned was 'prehensile'—one of my uncles, who'd studied semantics, said he hoped, at least, that my smeller was

(Continued on Page 79)



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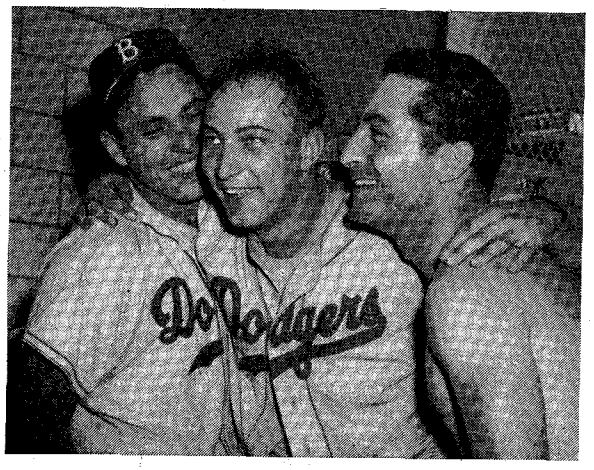
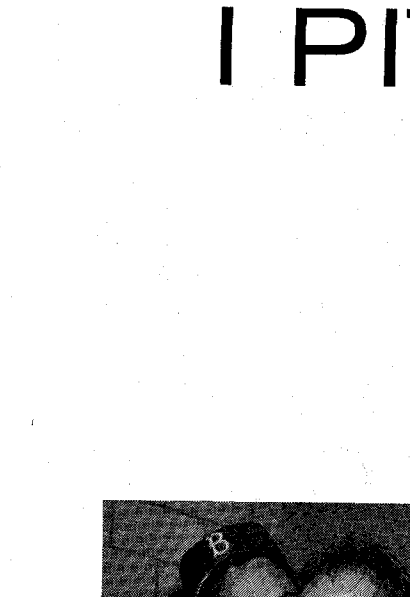
# I PITCHED AND I PRAYED

This miner's boy from upstate New York made baseball history in the 1955 Series. Now he discloses what really went on out there on the mound—including things you never saw on TV.

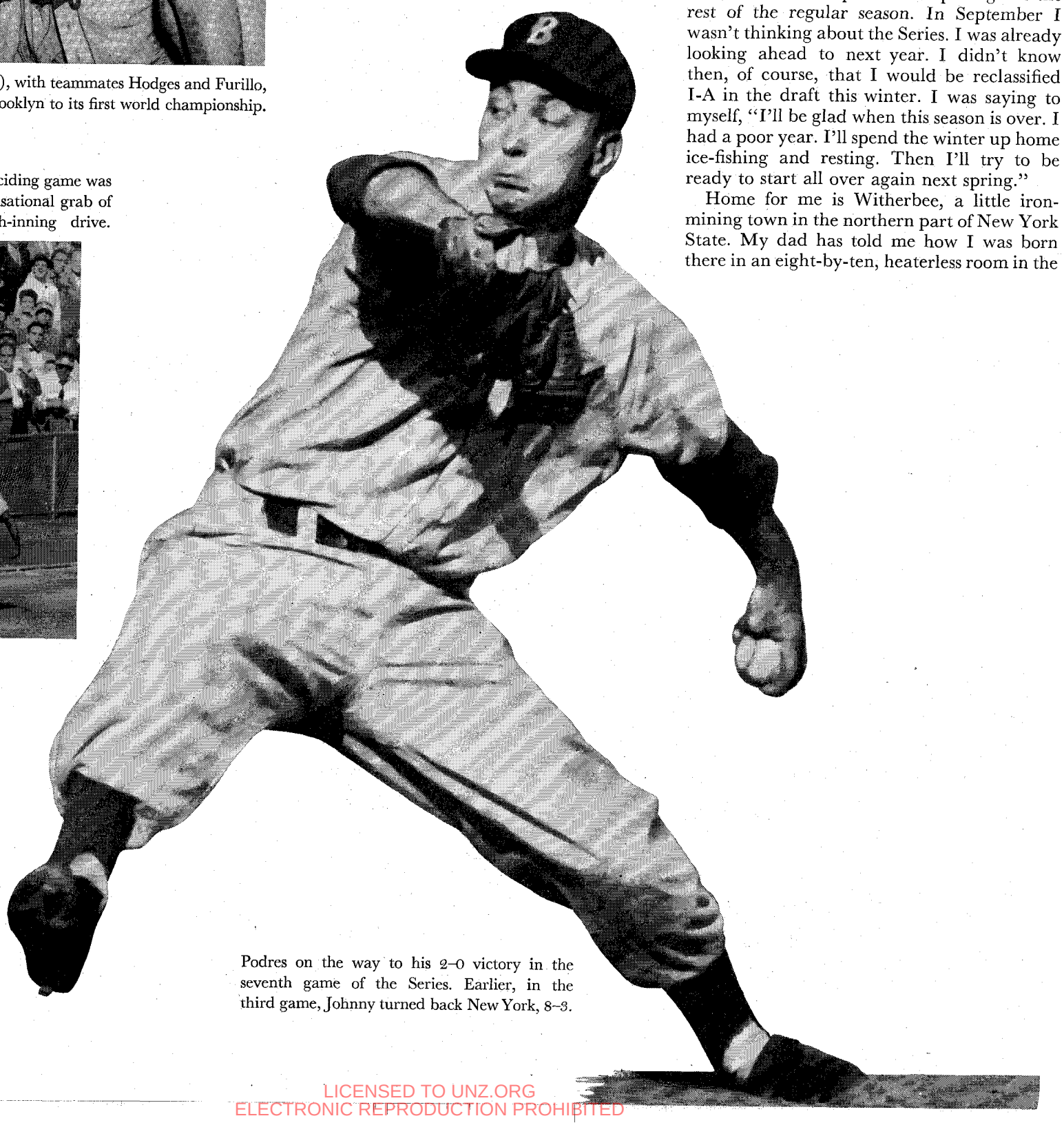
By JOHNNY PODRES AS TOLD TO FRANK ECK



The author (center), with teammates Hodges and Furillo, after he pitched Brooklyn to its first world championship.



Key play in the deciding game was Sandy Amoros' sensational grab of Yogi Berra's sixth-inning drive.



Podres on the way to his 2–0 victory in the seventh game of the Series. Earlier, in the third game, Johnny turned back New York, 8–3.

When I got lucky and won a couple of games in the World Series last fall, I know it was a big surprise to everybody. That's probably why so much fuss has been made about it. People weren't expecting me to do much in the Series. I can tell you this: I wasn't expecting it myself.

I really didn't think I'd pitch in the World Series. Back on June eighteenth I'd hurt my arm, and I didn't pitch a complete game the rest of the regular season. In September I wasn't thinking about the Series. I was already looking ahead to next year. I didn't know then, of course, that I would be reclassified I-A in the draft this winter. I was saying to myself, "I'll be glad when this season is over. I had a poor year. I'll spend the winter up home ice-fishing and resting. Then I'll try to be ready to start all over again next spring."

Home for me is Witherbee, a little iron-mining town in the northern part of New York State. My dad has told me how I was born there in an eight-by-ten, heaterless room in the

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There stood Jerry
with a girl in his arms–
the wrong girl,
of course.

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

By STEVE McNEIL

Mr. Horace Cooper stopped at the drugstore on his way home and bought a bottle of aspirin in anticipation of the crisis. He did not, at the moment, know the nature of this crisis, but he knew that it would be waiting, like an acre of uncut grass, and it would be as momentous as his wife, Betsy, and his daughter, Susan, chose to make it.

Mr. Cooper had reached his forty-sixth year with a negligible number of scars, both mental and physical. Well into the foolish forties, he did not leer at young ladies, the bank could attest his solvency, he was a church member and gave regularly to the blood bank. But there was the matter of the aspirin.

Horace did not like to attempt an alteration of the status quo too abruptly. He was not a shouter and a table pounder, but at times he had tried, tactfully, to point out to his wife and daughter that a fuse blowing out did not call for yelping and hand wringing and a ten-minute dissertation on the exact status of the household at the time of the untimely demise of the fuse. And he did not feel that a slight cut on the finger warranted sterile bandages and a proposed trip to the Mayo brothers.

He sometimes felt that Betsy and Susan stored these crises all the day long, so that he could be hit with them, like a handful of rock salt, when he came home at the end of the day.

And now that Jerry, his son, was engaged to a young lady by the name of Sandra Blackstone, the crises seemed to be coming faster than ever. Horace approved of Sandra, of course. Not to approve of Sandra Blackstone was akin to denouncing J. Edgar Hoover. The entire community of Multnomah Heights, if it didn't exactly spread a collective red carpet for her, did the next best thing. They turned off their television sets when she came to call.

And it wasn't only that David C. Blackstone, of Blackstone and Gibbons, Investments, had his pockets stuffed with vice-presidents, either. After all, you had to admit that the girl didn't just sit around the country club counting her father's (Continued on Page 104)

Suddenly the pool was illuminated. Molly was getting Jerry's suit wet, but he didn't notice.



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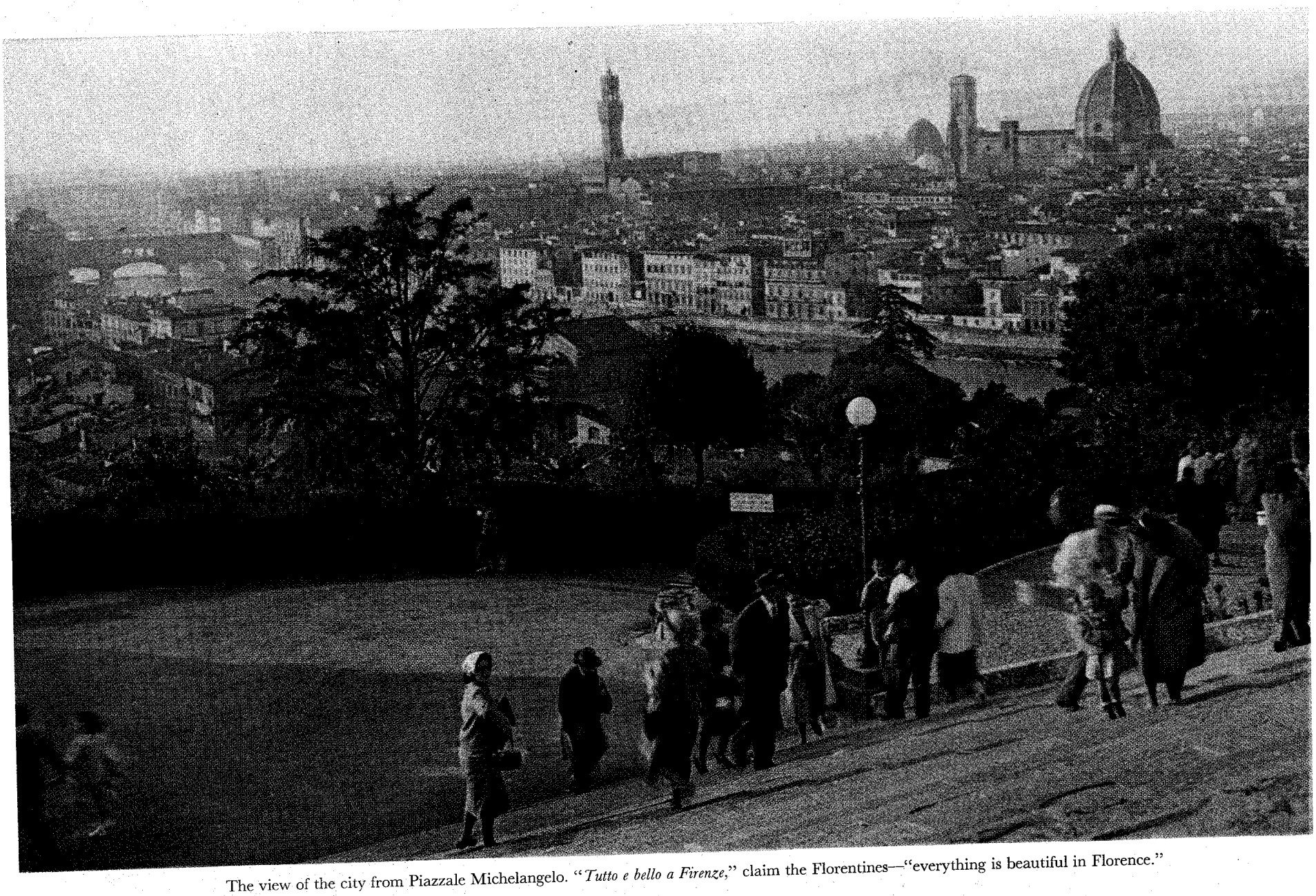
CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 16

# FLORENCE

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Here centuries roll back and the Renaissance comes to life in all its splendor,
where Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci,
Cellini and the Medici still survive in spirit.



The view of the city from Piazzale Michelangelo. "*Tutto e bello a Firenze,*" claim the Florentines—"everything is beautiful in Florence."

Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled Florence during the city's golden age, 1469–92.

This is no easy town. Not like luxurious Venice, the hussy by the sea who throws herself around your neck the minute you arrive and stays with you through dreamlike days and nights. And not like Rome, where you can lose yourself, between the temples and the churches, in the attractions of the here-and-now metropolis. Florence wants you to put your mind to work. She wants to be explored the hard way, and only when she feels you've fathomed her, will she reward you with more than a fleeting smile.

"All of Florence must be regarded as a work of art." Such was the warning issued, during World War II, by Gen. Dwight Eisenhower to his armies as they moved up the boot of Italy. Unfortunately, the art-loving Germans showed themselves slightly less respectful. When Allied units reached this ancient city, halfway between Rome and the Alps, they found that the retreating enemy had blown up all but one of the bridges across the River Arno which bisects the town—including the superb old bridge of Santa Trinita—along with some of the most venerable medieval quarters along the quays. That autumn, if you wanted to enjoy the panorama from the riverside, you had to pick your way across a sordid mass of rubble; and those of us who had a love affair with Florence before she was so badly bruised were idly wondering what part of his Inferno Dante, the

(Continued on Page 99)

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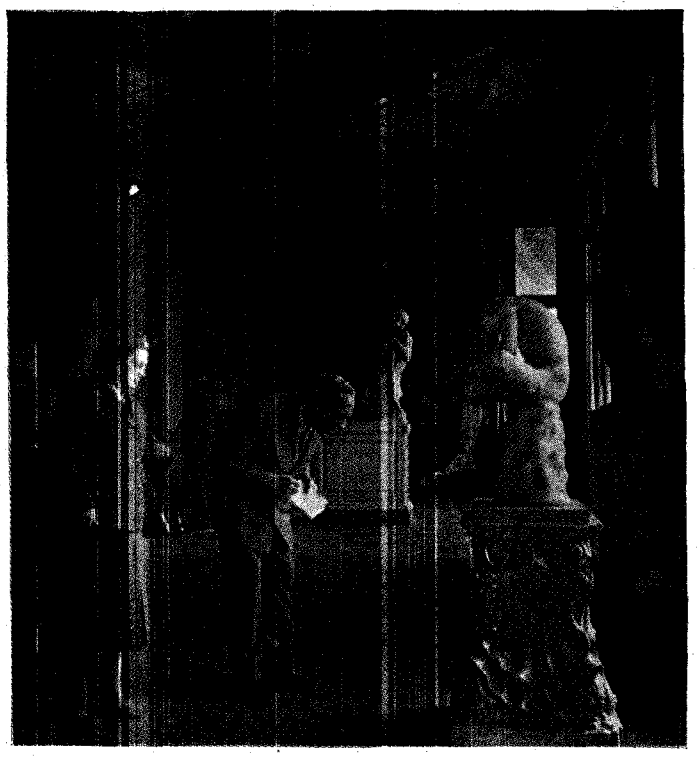
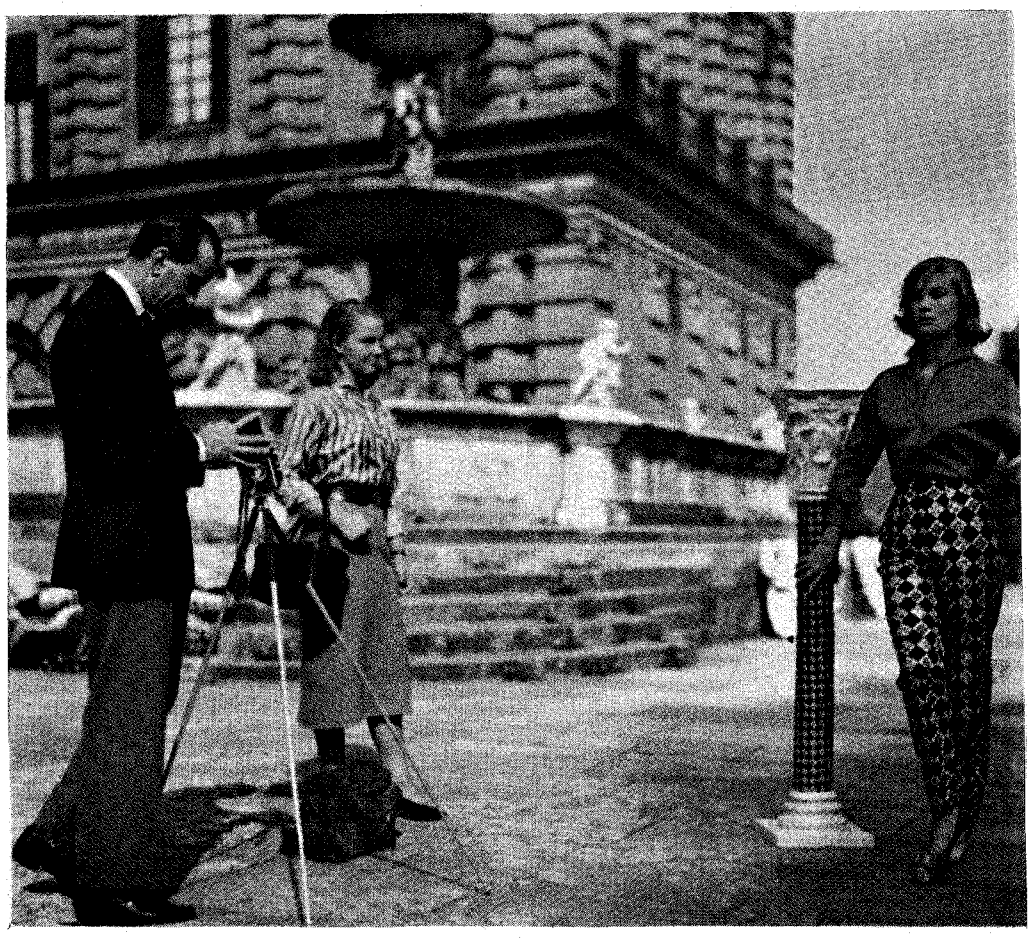
Tourists in Piazza della Signoria: Here stand two of the world's most famous sculptures, Michelangelo's David (left) and Cellini's Perseus.

Art lovers contemplate works by Giovanni Bellini at the Uffizi gallery, a must for the tourist throngs who visit Florence each year.



A conscientious pilgrim in the Uffizi makes a note on the "Child Pulling a Thorn Out of His Foot," a copy of an old Greek work.



Emilio Pucci, a marquis and a *couturier*, photographs one of his Capri numbers at Palazzo Pitti.

Much of the Arno River water front was badly scarred in World War II, but the 1000-year-old bridge called Ponte Vecchio was left intact.

Carole Stevens, a New York fashion stylist, chooses a hat in the open-air straw market.

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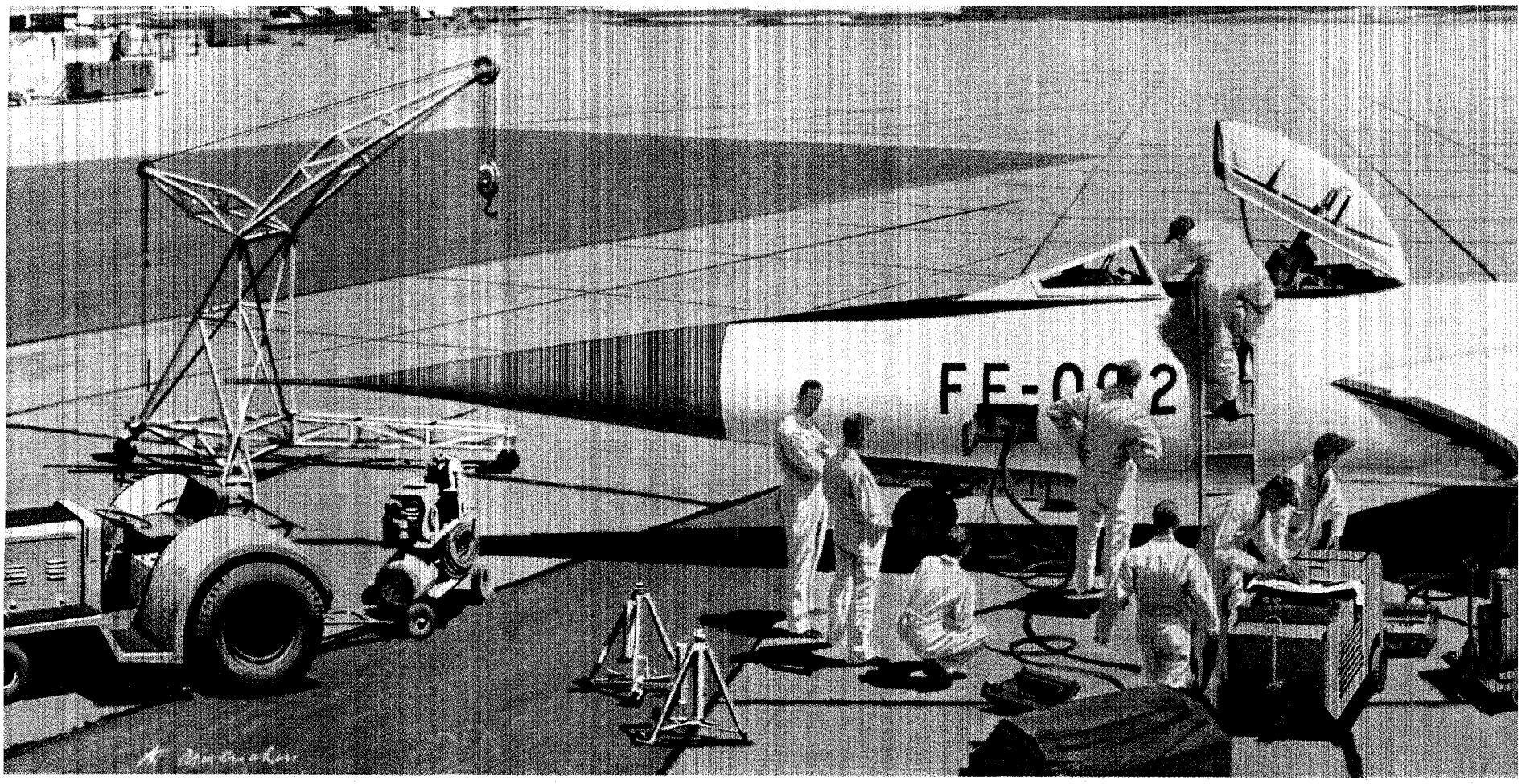

The new plane seemed to be just what the Air Force needed. Only one man knew it was really a

# SUICIDE SHIP

By RICHARD STERN

The flight lasted not quite an hour. Nancy, sitting next to him, said, "First a permanent and a manicure, and then the shops. I'm going up one aisle and down the next."

He could smile at her, and mean it; always he could smile at her. "Sounds interesting."

"Oh, I may buy a few things, too, so you needn't be smug. And I'll carry them back and wear them in the sagebrush and make eyes at the Gila monsters while you're inside that—that place, building your daydream. You and the Air Force."

"Other people dreamed up most of it."

"Don't be modest." And then, "You'll see both Murph and Mr. Gordon at the plant?"

"They're waiting for me." And this was no more than plain truth.

"To pat you on the back." She paused. "Will they transfer you back, Mark, one day—soon? Back to civilization?"

"Could be."

"I'm not complaining, mind you. But it would be nice to get the sand out of my hair. Permanently. And I've seen my jack rabbits."

"I'll bear it in mind."

"You do that."

He left her at the factory gate, and he watched her walk off, slim and straight and wonderful. And he waited, but she didn't turn to wave. He went on inside. *Murphy first*, he thought. *It may be easier that way.* Although he doubted if it would be.

Murph was in his office, amidst the carpeting and the paneling and the deep leather furniture. He was leaning back in his chair, one foot on the bottom drawer. He didn't bother to take the foot down.

"You," he said.

And so now he knew, Mark told himself. He sat down and put his brief case on the floor. "Go ahead. Get it off your little mind."

"I thought the old man would flip his lid when he saw your letter."

"You showed it to him." It was a statement, no question.

"I work for him, boy."

"Yes." And it made, after all, he supposed, no real difference. *I'm not a salesman*, he thought; *all I can do is give facts.*

Murph said, "Have you told the Air Force? That resident—what's his name?"

"Colonel Armstrong," Mark said. And then, "No, I haven't told him yet. I thought we ought to talk about it first."

"At least," Murph said, "you played that smart." He flipped the switch on his intercom. "See if Mr. Gordon can see us now. Mr. Wayne, and me." He closed the switch. "There's such a thing as being too honest, chum. You almost upset the whole applecart."

Mark said, "I don't get it. We ran a test ——"

"I'll say you did."

And the door opened then, and the secretary said, "Mr. Gordon is waiting." She disappeared.

Murph took his foot down. He stood up. "If I were you, boy, I'd do a lot of listening, and speak only when you're spoken to."

Mr. Gordon's office was larger, and it had two exposures instead of one. Mr. Gordon was behind his desk. "Gentlemen," he said, and that was all. He nodded to chairs and watched them sit down. He was a big man, and hard,

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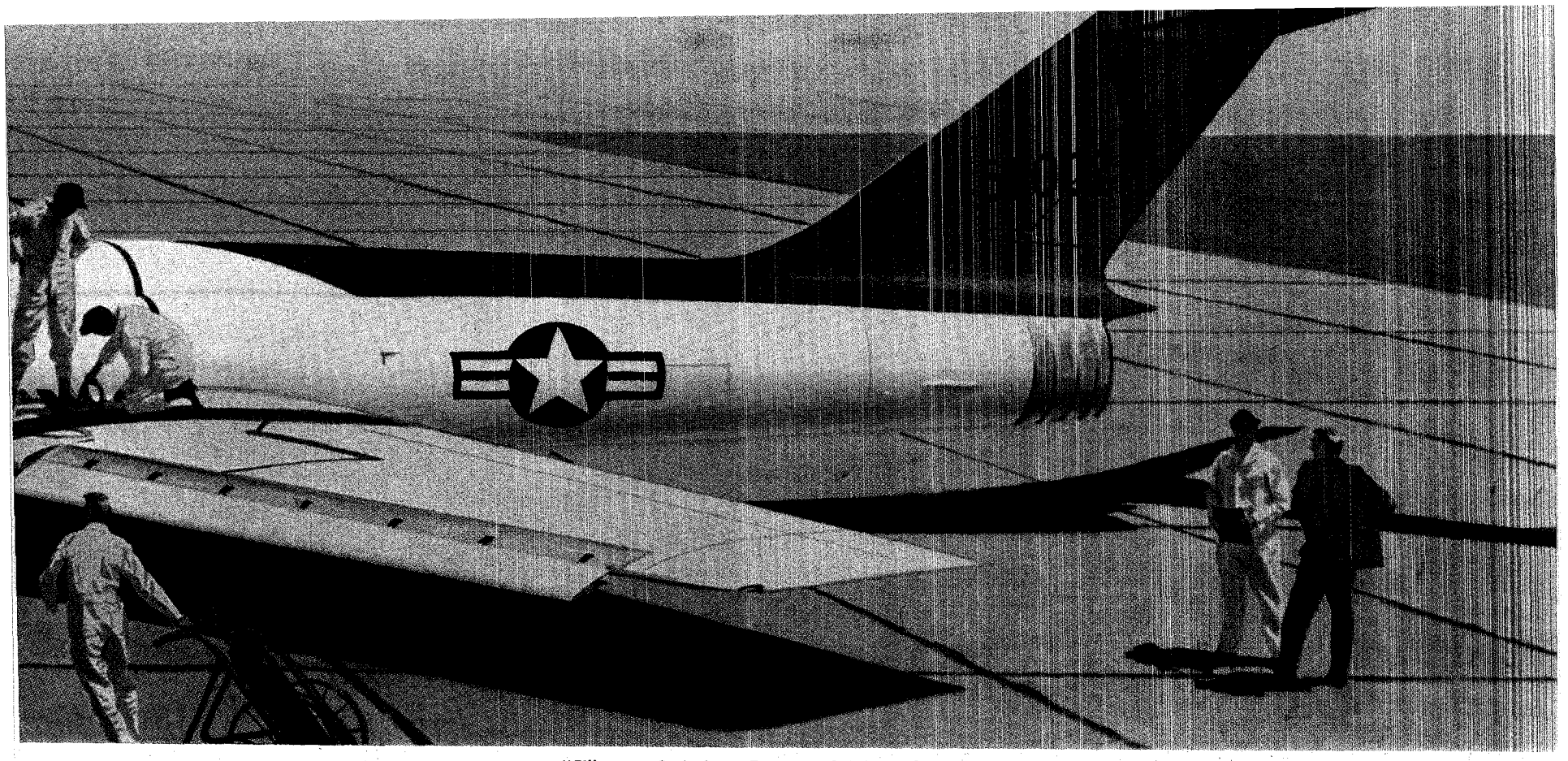

"I'll never fly in her," Benny said, "thank God."

with eyes that studied you dispassionately. They studied Mark now. "You've done a fine job out there, Wayne."

"Thank you, sir."

"Maybe you've done too good a job." There was a single sheet of paper on the big desk. He picked it up and glanced at it and set it down again. Mark could recognize his own signature at the bottom.

Murph said, "The Air Force doesn't know, sir. Mark hasn't told them." And a little, but not much, of the tension went out of the room.

Mr. Gordon said, "Our business is manufacturing aircraft, Wayne. The Air Force gave us definite specifications for this one, and we designed it and built it. I repeat, you've done a fine job. Now it's finished."

He was conscious that Murphy was watching him, and he knew what he ought to do. Instead, "The ejection seat doesn't work, sir, as I said in that letter. We rigged a test, and at the pressures we expect at the speed the aircraft will fly, the seat may not eject, and that means the pilot couldn't get out if he had to." Out of the corner of his eye he saw Murphy lift his shoulders and then let them fall.

Mr. Gordon said, "Is that our concern, Wayne?"

He opened his mouth and then shut it again. "I don't understand."

"Then let me explain," Mr. Gordon said. "The Air Force supplies us with the seat. It is their design. They developed it and they're proud of it. We install it, just as we install the guns they give us, and there our responsibility ends."

"But ——"

"There our responsibility ends."

"But we can tell them, warn them."

"Perhaps you didn't hear me," Mr. Gordon said, and his voice was a soft purring rumble now, somehow ominous. "Perhaps you weren't listening." There was silence in the room.

*Like a small whipped dog*, Mark thought, *with my tail between my legs.* He sat silent, looking down at his hands thinking this, flaying himself with it. And then, at last, he looked up. "I hear you, sir." And that was all.

He came out into the hall with Murphy, and together, in silence, they walked down to Murphy's office, went inside and closed the door.

Murphy said, "You hoped to accomplish what? Arguing with him, I mean." He was leaning against his desk, and his eyes, on Mark's face, were cold, almost angry.

"Let it go," Mark said.

"No. We won't let it go. I told you you almost upset the whole applecart. You did. The Air Force is happy about that plane. They didn't really think it could be built; they drew up their specifications and hoped, that was all. We designed it and we built it, and they're turning back flips. They have the appropriation, and there's going to be a factory, a brand-spanking-new factory in Texas to put the thing in production."

"Even before it's tested?" Mark said.

"Even before it's tested. They want it and they need it, bad. And now you want to tell them their seat's no good, start them doubting the whole thing." He paused and some of the coldness disappeared. "They'll find it out, boy; don't think they won't. They'll find out that there are a lot of little things that need changing; they expect that."

"It isn't a little thing," Mark said, "if the pilot can't get (Continued on Page 108)

"Your ejection seat's no good," Mark told the colonel.

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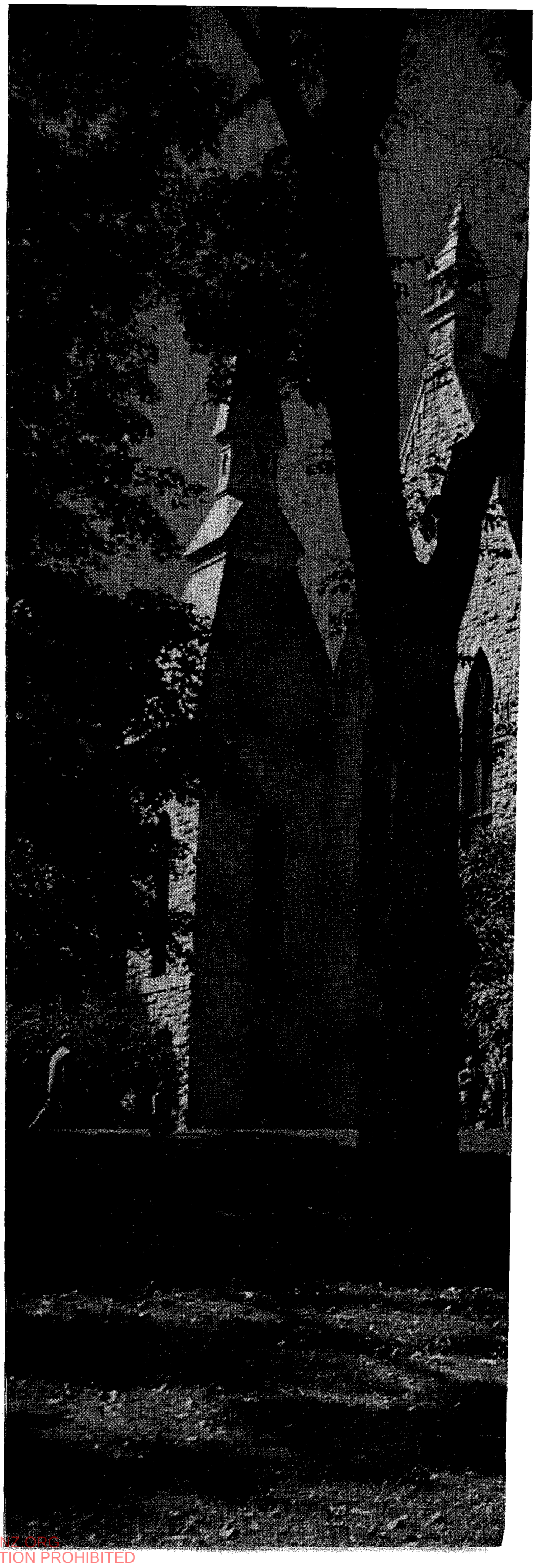
The Face of AMERICA

# CAMPUS PROCESSION

Eager youngsters are swarming to the campuses in increasing numbers. There are some 2,800,000 collegians now; by 1960 there'll be over a third of a million more. Colleges and universities everywhere are struggling with the problems of absorbing more students. Take 102-year-old Cornell College, at Mount Vernon, Iowa. Traditionally small, Cornell last year lifted its enrollment from 600 to 750 and began hunting for funds. They've got a new fieldhouse, a new health center. The Olin Foundation donated a 183-man dormitory, promised to pay for a new library-social center too. The Ford Foundation gave $211,000 to help boost teachers' salaries. But foundations can't do the job alone. Private citizens, parents of students, alumni have to help. That's the situation at Cornell, the situation almost everywhere. Shown here, the procession from Cornell's King Memorial Chapel on Parents' Day last October, when the new dorm—named for gunpowder king F. W. Olin—was dedicated. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



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# Post Scripts

## Wilbur and the Musical Evening

Our local orchestra had announced a program of classical music to be given in the high-school auditorium, and I thought I would take Wilbur, my twelve-year-old nephew.

I found him sprawled out in the library, wearing a football helmet.

"Wilbur," I said, "I have two seats for this evening's concert."

"Good," said Wilbur. "You will be able to put your hat and coat on one of them."

"You have something else planned for this evening?"

"No. But I certainly hadn't planned to spend the evening listening to the works of Fitz Kreisler."

"Fritz," I said. "Actually, the principal work this evening is The Swan, by Leicki."

"Leaky?"

"No. Leicki. The concert begins at eight o'clock, but we'll have to be there by seven-thirty in order to get a good seat."

"One in the back row, you mean," said Wilbur.

The Swan, by Leicki, begins with a long roll on the drums, signifying that Jove has transformed the princess into a swan. I leaned over to Wilbur. "The princess has just been changed into a swan by Jove," I said.

"Has she, by golly?" said Wilbur.

"To remain so either until death or until released by ——"

"Hush!" said the lady behind us.

We were silent for some time.

"What's happening now?" said Wilbur. "Sounds like they're killing somebody."

"The prince has gone to ask Vulcan the Forger if he can do anything."

"But all he can do is make counterfeit money, eh? . . . You told me there were two hoboes in the orchestra. Would you point them out? I think I see one of them."

"Oboes," I said. "Two oboes."

"Hush!" said the lady.

"If you have any comments, Wilbur," I said, "you must whisper them to me in a low voice."

"I have a comment," whispered Wilbur.

"What is it?"

"I don't think I can sit here much longer."

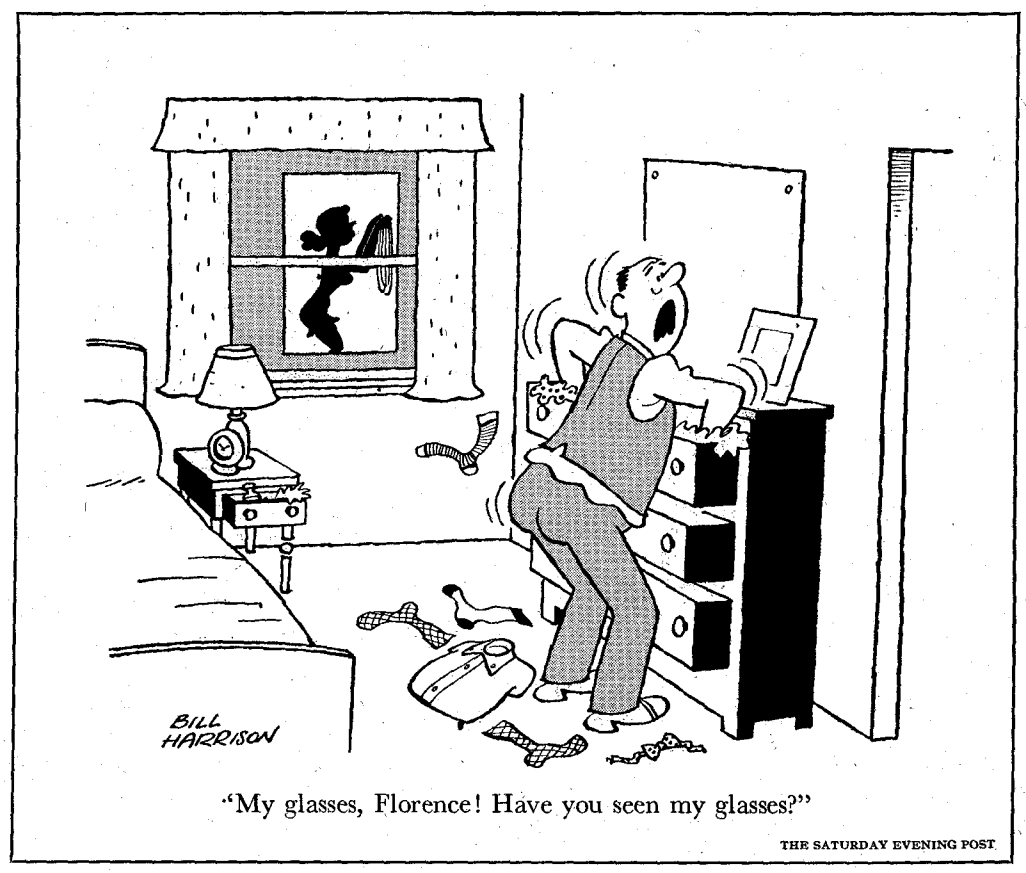
"The swan is dying," I said as the strings took up the *leichenmusik*, "but now the swan is magically changed back into ——"

"Will you shut up!" said the lady.

"Well, Wilbur," I said as we joined the departing throng of music lovers, "you wouldn't call the evening a total loss, would you?"

"Not if we're going to have ice cream," said Wilbur.

JOHN BAILEY




"My glasses, Florence! Have you seen my glasses?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Winter Wonderland, or, Hand Me a Lap Robe and Turn on the Heater

We'll take a brisk walk in the morning;
Get ready your boots, dear, and mine;
We'll tramp where the snow is adorning
The trail of the lonesomest pine.
Our talk will be pleasantly pally
And breezes refreshingly sweet;
Each street and each alley,
Each hill and each valley,
Will challenge our frost-bitten feet.

In mittens delightfully furry
And temperature bitingly low,
We won't have a want or a worry
As onward we blissfully go.
Our home is man-made obscurer
Of scenes as they actually are;
The wind in this weather is purer,
There's health on the pathways afar.
Our blood streams demand it,
So now that I've planned it. . . .
O.K., dear, we'll go in the car.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

## Ideas I Never Should've Had

"Why, it'd be absolutely ridiculous to buy a new extension cord, just because this thing at the end of it is a little loose. Just leave it to the old fixer. A few prods with this pocketknife and——"

"Tell you what; being's we can't get the stepladder over that far, we'll let it go ahead and lean. You stand there and sort of brace it. By placing the bucket of paint over here and hanging onto the roof guttering with my left hand, I'll be just about able to——"

"O.K., dear, you sit there and steer the car, while Joe and I push it. Here we go—one—two—three——"

"I'll more or less hoist the thing onto my back. As I do, you grab there at one side and give it a quick twist, in order that it'll clear the——"

"You act as though removing one little screw is going to cause the entire camera to fall to pieces. In order to put your fears to rest, I'm removing this one insignificant little screw from this circular thing, and I'm——"

"Need a little help removing your clothesline pole, eh, neighbor? Wait a second, while I vault the fence here, and we'll have that pole out of there in a——"

"Just to prove to you that drying the dishes isn't any bowl of cherries, I'll wash for a change, and you dry."

"I know I already have two, but I think I can manage another. Hand me that other sack of groceries there in the back seat, will you?"

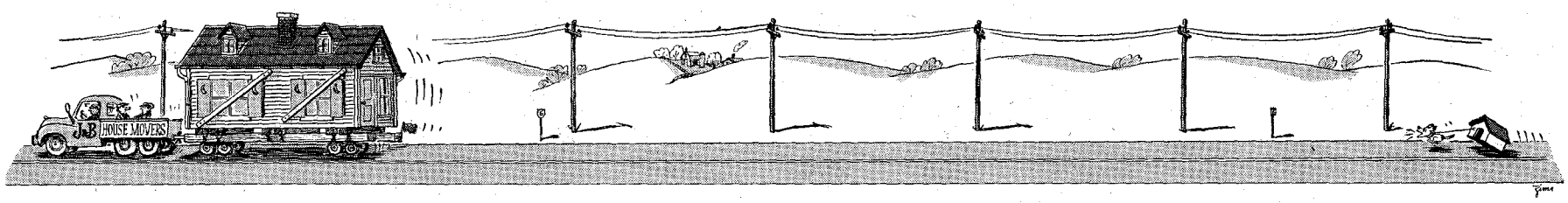
"O.K., kid, burn one in to me! Put 'er right there in the old mitt, kid—right in the old——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

## Seesaw of Expenses

When the water bill dwindles,
The heat bills ascend.
It's time to buy ice skates
When pool lessons end.
And when not one foot in the
family needs shoeing,
The tires need renewing!

VIRGINIA BRASIER

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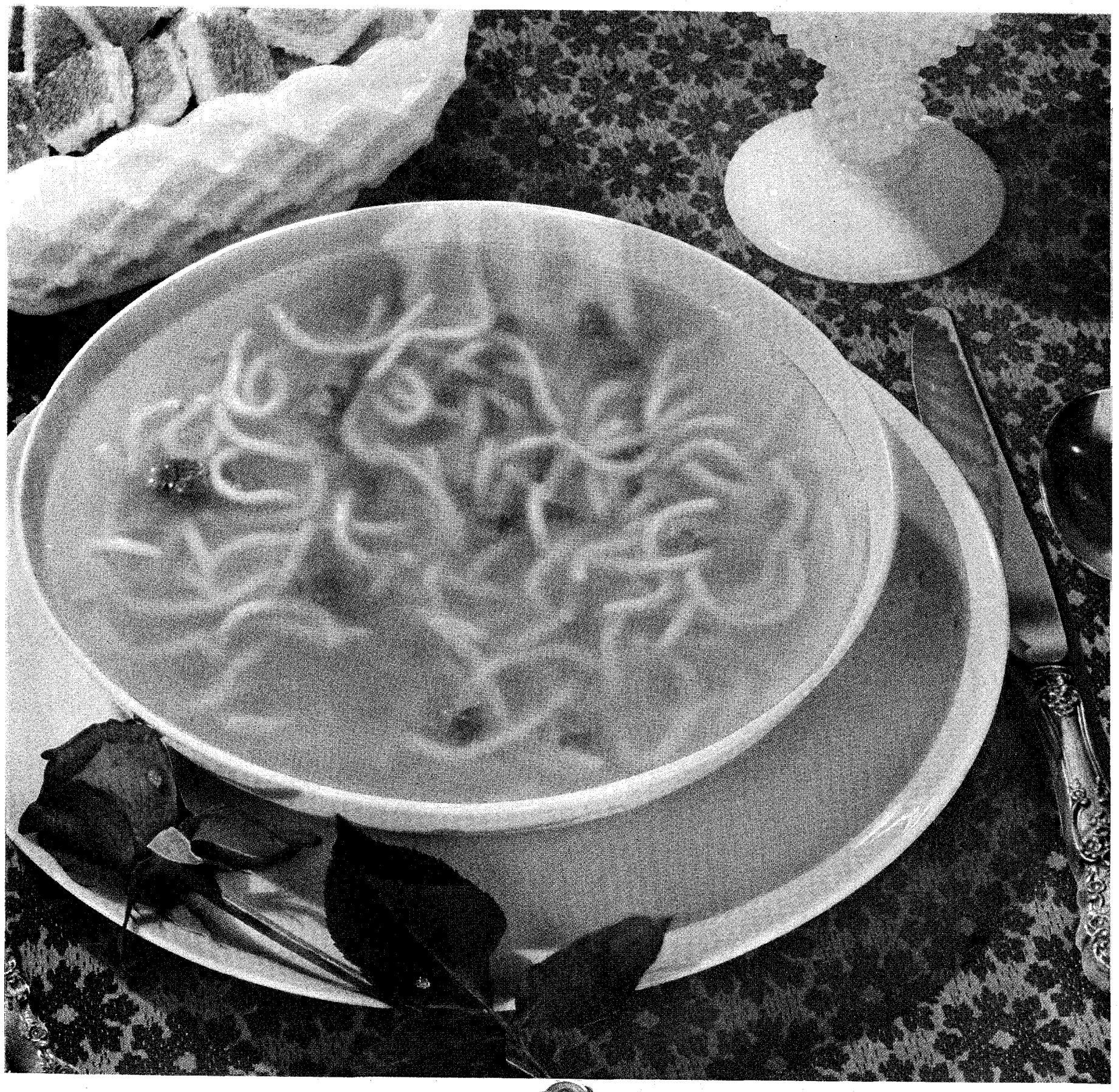


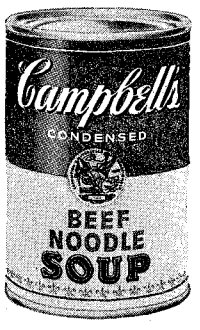
# "Pin a rose on Mother Beef Noodle Soup today!"

Mother has the family's best interest at heart whenever she opens any can of Campbell's Soup. But Beef Noodle—that's *especially* special. There are firm brown pieces of beef, smooth egg noodles, a rich beef broth — for the kind of eating *everybody* likes.

Put them all together and they spell more than just good eating. Beef Noodle Soup brings you body-building proteins, protective vitamins, active energy. And when you start your meal with good hot soup, you're helping your appetite and your disposition.

There's another Noodle Soup you probably know — Campbell's Chicken Noodle. Try them both . . . try *all* of Campbell's 21 great soups. Cream Soup one day, a vegetable soup another.

One pleasant way to balance your diet is to be sure every day to eat a different soup. Today . . . how about Beef Noodle?




SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

LIQUIDS—for digestion

## Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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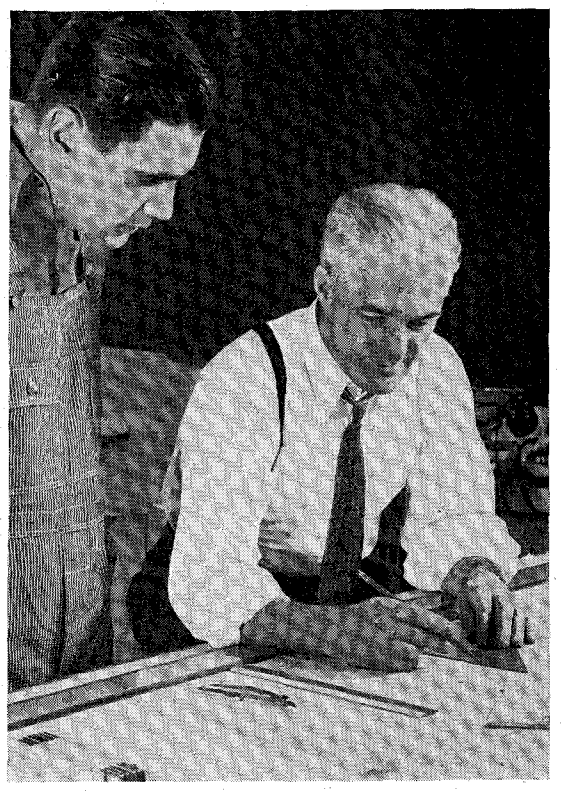
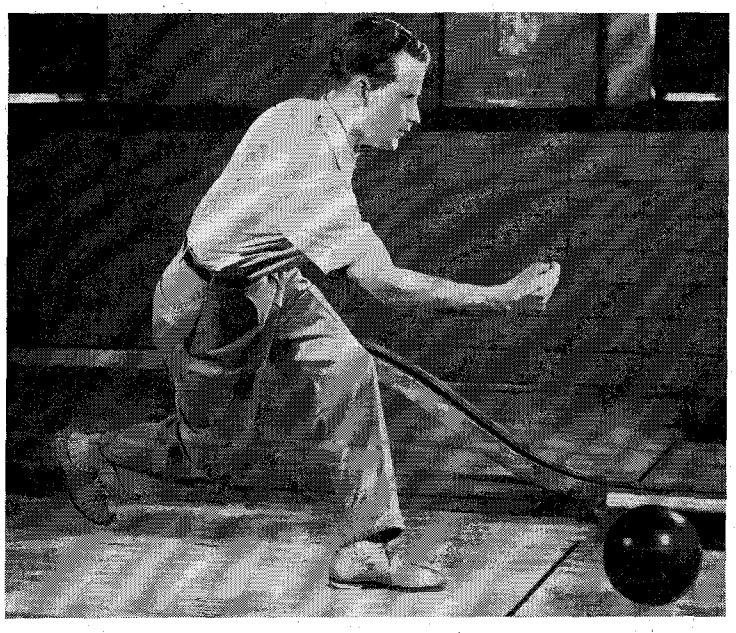
# Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions
# FEEL BETTER FAST!

**FIRST AID FOR COLDS**—Winter weather means fun for the whole family. It also means that adults and youngsters alike will be catching more colds. That's why on winter days it's important to have both regular size and *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin handy—to use whenever one of you feels a cold coming on. Bayer Aspirin quickly relieves cold discomforts and reduces fever, too. It makes you feel better—*fast!*



**HEADACHE GONE**—There have probably been lots of times when a headache or some other common pain threatened to spoil your day. Bayer Aspirin works wonders when this happens. It relieves headache, backache, neuritic or neuralgic pain almost before you know it. That's how Bayer Aspirin *saves* the day for you.



**WHEN MUSCLES ACHE**—Whenever you get too much exercise, or use muscles you don't ordinarily use, you're likely to suffer from muscular aches and pains. Bayer Aspirin relieves this distress quickly and effectively . . . helps you to feel "as good as new" again.

**SORE THROAT SOOTHED**—There's no need to let minor throat irritations make you uncomfortable. Just dissolve 3 to 5 tablets of Bayer Aspirin in a third of a glass of water and gargle every two hours, as long as necessary. This soothes your irritated throat membranes . . . makes you feel better . . . *fast!*

## You can take Bayer Aspirin any time . . .

because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain relieving agent. It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—without stomach upset!

## Feel Better Fast—Get BAYER ASPIRIN

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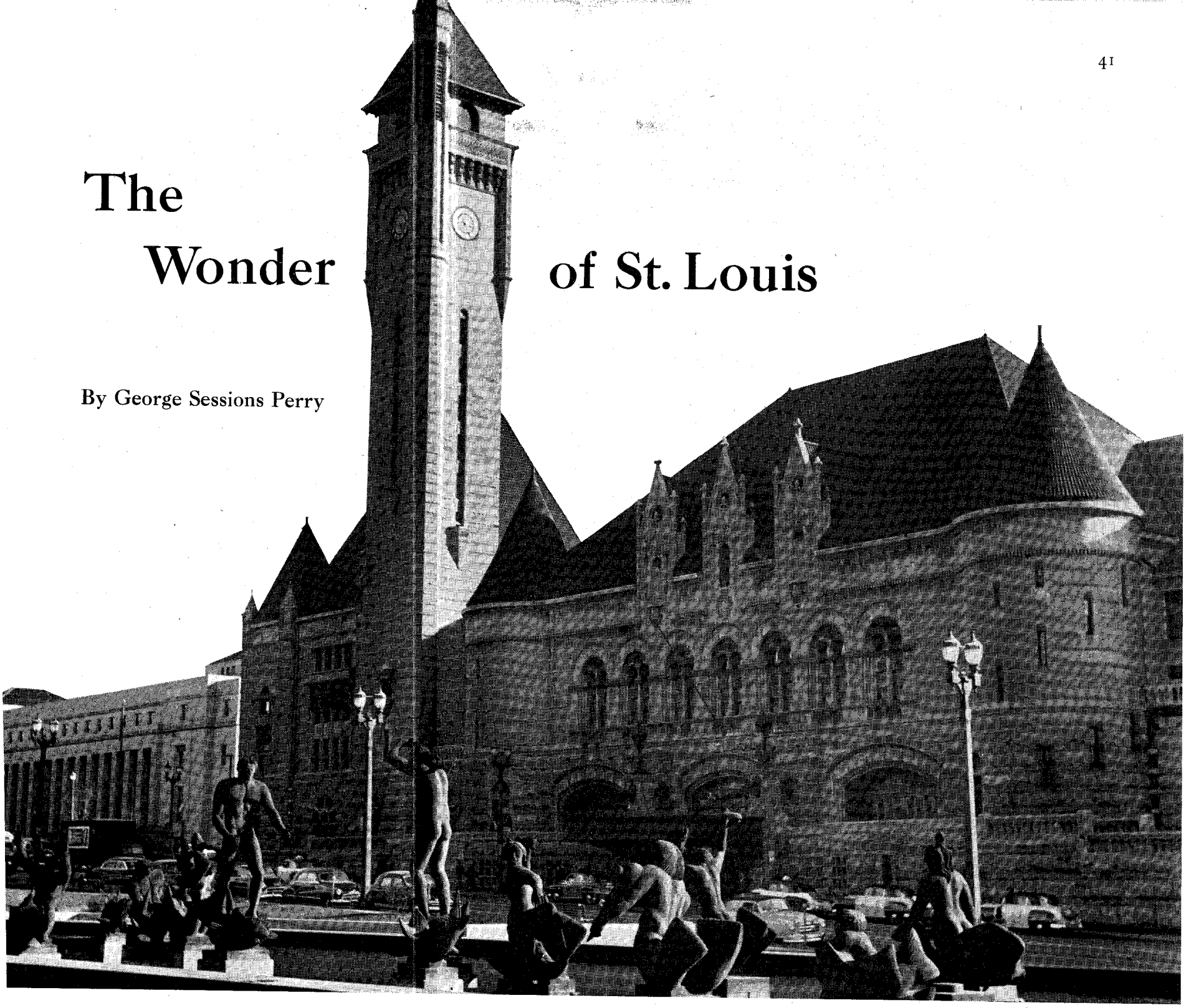
# The Wonder of St. Louis

By George Sessions Perry



**Ugly and magnificent is this remarkable station where 13 railroads terminate and some of the world's richest redcaps carry your bags.**

Station Master Ray O'Neill, an ex-redcap, with William Wagener, head of the terminal's railroad cops.

The first time I ever saw the Union Station in St. Louis, Missouri, I considered it one of the wonders of the world. As I'd been raised in a town of 1800 people, and had never laid eyes on a city larger than Waco, Texas, the great arches, spires and hordes of people in this big-city terminal took my breath away.

I was five years old at the time. Perhaps it was my mother who informed me that two full-grown men were exclusively engaged in the business of scraping chewing gum off the tile floors. Well, right there was all the proof I needed. Our whole town was kept tidy by a single patriarchal Negro man named Zeke Polk.

Between that time and this, I have been in many railroad stations, but the St. Louis station remains to me the American traveler's version of the Taj Mahal. During the heavy-traffic days of World War II it accommodated 100,000 people per day. As far as anybody in St. Louis knows, theirs is the only station in the world where as many as thirteen roads terminate. It is also the only station in the world that has forty-two stub-end tracks coming into the station on the same level. The station, freight yards and coveys of switch engines are worth more than $70,000,000.

Since my first visit to the St. Louis station, I have passed through it more than a hundred times. Recently I was coming in from the Northeast on the Penn Texas, a Pennsylvania Railroad train which brings the through cars from New York. In St. Louis these cars are attached to other trains going on to Houston, Dallas, San Antonio,

(Continued on Page 50)

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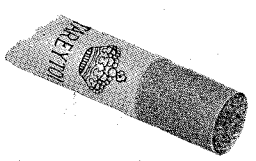
# The TAREYTON Twosome

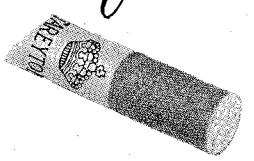
©A. T. CO.

## *the perfect choice for better smoking*



### HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



### FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

**Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration**

PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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# The Case of the Missing Poison

## Perry Mason was in a jam. The law accused him of planting phony evidence in a murder case.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

At the time of Mosher Higley's death, his physician, Dr. Medley Granby, had given the cause as coronary thrombosis. The case was reopened when Nadine Farr, Higley's so-called niece, revealed that she poisoned him.

Nadine made her confession to her psychiatrist, Dr. Logbert Denair, while under the influence of truth serum. Doctor Denair asked Perry Mason to investigate Nadine's story.

According to Nadine, she had obtained the poison to commit suicide because Higley refused to let her marry John Locke, a young chemist. Nadine said that she unintentionally put some poison tablets instead of a sugar substitute into Higley's chocolate. She'd thrown the bottle containing the tablets into a nearby lake. Mason recovered the bottle. Nadine seemed clear of guilt, for the bottle contained only the sugar substitute.

By that time, news of Nadine's story had leaked to the police. They issued a warrant and seized the tape recording of Nadine's talk with Doctor Denair. The police also recovered a second bottle from the lake. This one contained cyanide. District Attorney Burger accused Mason of having planted the first bottle, compounding the murder.

Jackson Newburn, whose wife was Higley's heir, told Mason that he planted the bottle Mason found, to protect Nadine. However, Newburn absolutely refused to give this information to the police, for fear of incriminating himself.

After finding the bottle of cyanide, the police arrested Nadine and charged her with murder. Doctor Granby was the first witness at Nadine's trial. As District Attorney Burger moved in for the kill, Perry Mason knew that his own professional reputation, as well as his client's life, was at stake.

### VII

"I saw Mosher Higley. He was my patient. He was dead. I noticed a certain redness of the skin. I saw fragments of a broken cup on the floor. I saw chocolate spilled on the floor and on the nightgown which covered Higley."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said, "were you present when the body of Mosher Higley was exhumed?"

"I was."

"Did you assist in performing a post-mortem on that body?"

"I did."

"Did you, as a result of that autopsy, reach a conclusion as to the cause of death?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"I decided that Higley had died of poison."

"Did you reach a conclusion as to the type of poison?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"Cyanide of potassium."

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly.

Mason said, "Doctor, at the time you saw Mosher Higley you noted all of these symptoms that the district attorney has outlined?"

"I did."

"You considered them carefully?"

"Well, no. I saw them. That is all I can say."

"You didn't consider them carefully?"

"Not at that time."

"Why?"

"Because the full possible significance of those things had not as yet dawned upon me."

"You were called as a physician?"

"Yes."

"You knew you were going to have to certify as to the cause of death?"

"Yes."

"Therefore you examined the body and the surroundings for the purpose of determining the cause of death?"

"Well, yes and no."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I made what I would call a cursory examination."

"And as a result of that examination you reached a decision at that time as to the cause of death?"

"Well, I signed the death certificate."

"Doctor, don't avoid the question. I am asking you did you at that time reach a decision as to the cause of death?"

"Well, yes."

"And you decided the man had died as the result of a coronary thrombosis?"

"I did."

"And you signed the death certificate attributing that as the cause of death?"

"Yes, sir."

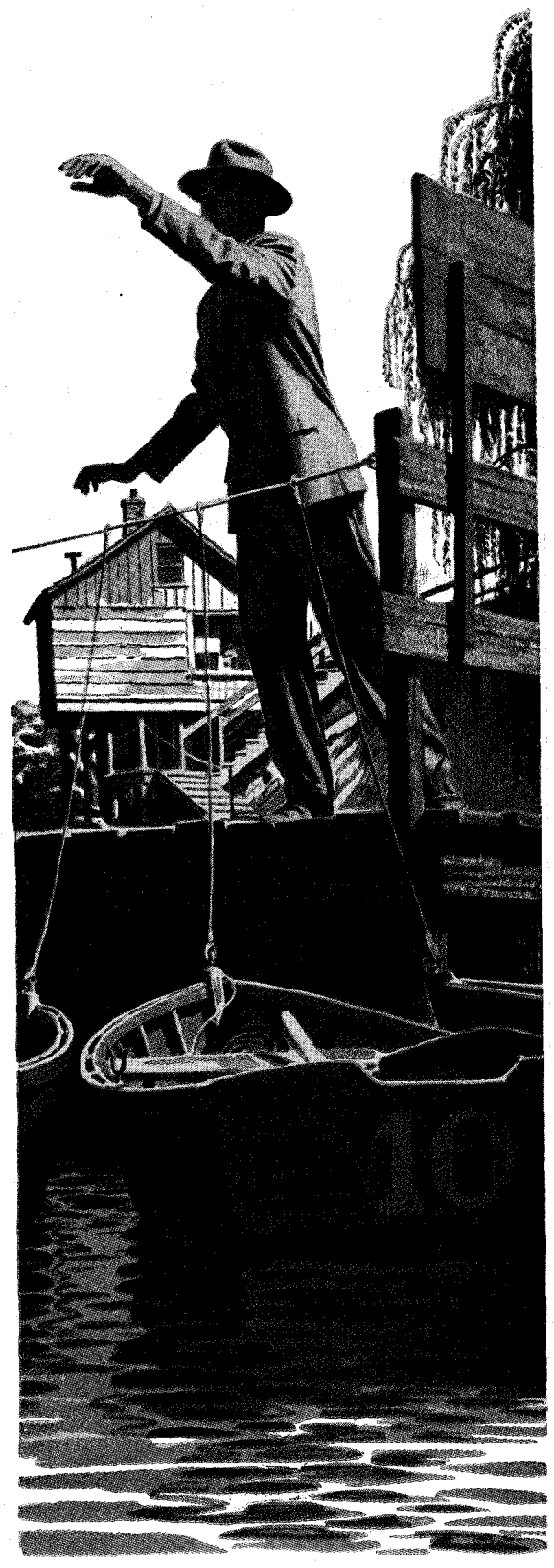
"And you now think you were mistaken when you signed that death certificate?"

"I know he did not die as a result of coronary thrombosis."

"You know, therefore, that you made a mistake when you decided that was the cause of death when you first saw him?"

"Yes, sir, and I want to tell you my reasons."

"I'm not interested in your reasons at the present time," Mason (Continued on Page 93)



The D.A. said he could prove that Perry Mason was seen throwing an object into the lake.

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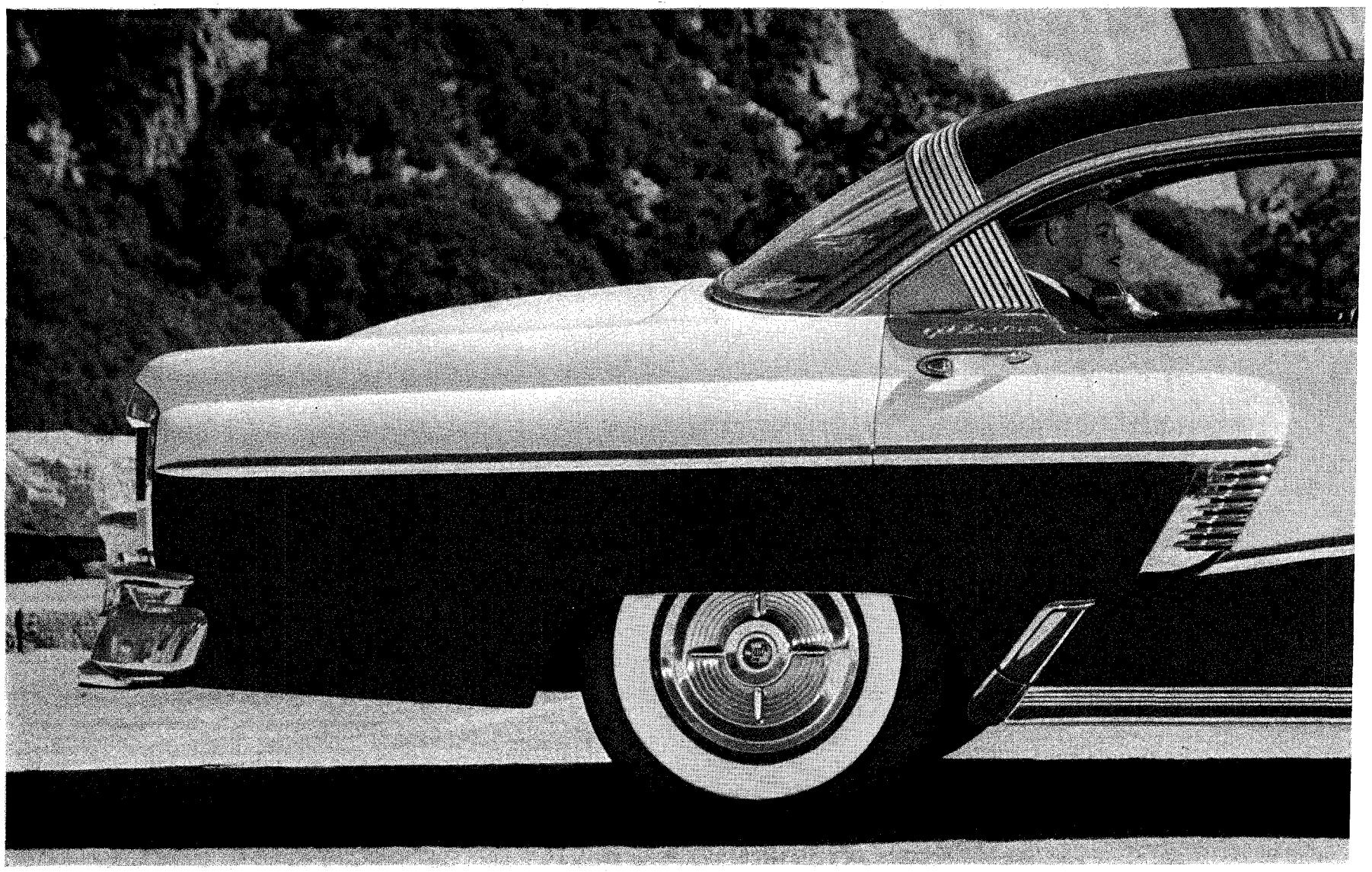

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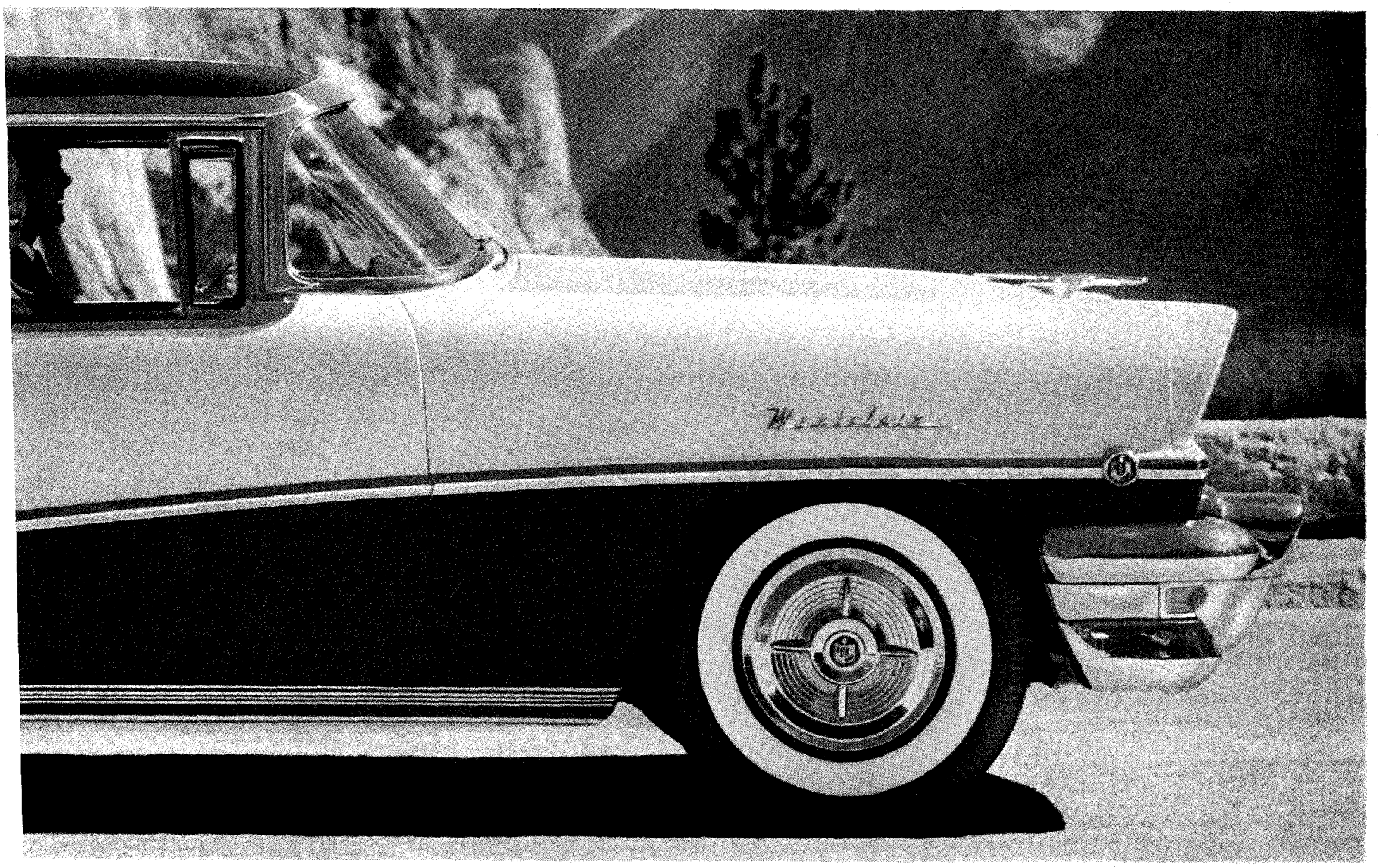

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# My Battles in War and Peace

(Continued from Page 19)

like a Man." Particularly of these lines which go:

*When he stands up as pleading, in wavering,*
*man-brute guise,*
*When he veils the hate and cunning in his*
*little swinish eyes,*
*When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws*
*like hands in prayer,*
*That is the time of peril—the time of the*
*Truce of the Bear!**

I support from the bottom of my heart President Eisenhower's efforts to determine what genuine desire for peace and concord lies beneath the Russians' new attitudes of amiability. And no man would be happier than I to see a genuine easing of the nerve-straining tensions and distrusts which have divided the postwar world. In that way, and only in that way, can we justifiedly hope that human sanity may yet assert itself; can we begin the long march toward a world free of the frightful scourge of war. But smiles and friendly words are cheap, and the support of great armies in the field is expensive. And I cannot forget that confronting NATO's slim divisions in Europe are Soviet and satellite armies ten times as strong. As any soldier knows, this is no defensive force, but an army organized for attack, poised and ready astride the old invasion routes that lead to the heart of Europe.

I have been asked since I retired whether my service as Supreme Commander in Europe, charged with the responsibility of molding the land, sea and air forces of eleven NATO nations into an effective fighting force, was not the most arduous and vexing duty of my career.

My answer to that question must be an unequivocal "No." The vexations and frustrations I encountered in Europe, though they were many and great, were in no way comparable to the vexations, the frustrations, the sheer travail of spirit which were my final lot in my two-year tour as Chief of Staff.

As Supreme Commander in Europe I felt that I was building an instrument which could contribute to the peace, that I was slowly but surely helping to shore up the defenses of the free world. In my job as Chief of Staff, I say in all earnestness and sincerity that I felt I was being called upon to destroy, rather than to build, a fighting force on which rested the world's best hope for peace. Day by day, by order of my civilian superiors, I was called upon to take actions and to advocate policies which, if continued, in my judgment would eventually so weaken the United States Army that it could no longer serve as an effective instrument of national policy; it could no longer feel confident of success in battle; it could no longer fulfill its many and varied commitments around the world.

I am well aware that what I say here may be interpreted by some as the bitter grousing of a disgruntled old soldier—as special pleading for outmoded special interests. In order that the record may be clear on that point, I would like to put down here, as briefly as I can, the thoughts and attitudes which motivated me as I took over my dual duties as Chief of Staff and member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in August of 1953.

In the three years preceding my assumption of that post, I had served as commander in chief in two of the world's great military theaters of operations—the Far East and Western Europe, and in the Caribbean. And from firsthand observation on the ground, I knew that the forces available to the Army in those areas were barely adequate to carry out the local missions assigned to them. In the month preceding my taking office, I, along with the other new members of the Joint Chiefs, received a personal briefing from President Eisenhower himself, in his study in the White House, as to the global commitments each service was required to carry out. And it was clear to me then that the force available to the Army, which was roughly 1,500,000 men, and the appropriation available for an army of that size, were no more than barely adequate to support the missions assigned to it. It therefore was equally obvious that any drastic reduction, either in force levels or appropriations, would render the Army incapable of performing its basic functions—which were, first, to deter aggression by virtue of its strength and readiness, and, second, to fight and win, in minimum time and minimum cost in lives, either a global war or a local war in the event aggression did occur.

As Chief of Staff of the Army and as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, it was my duty and obligation to advise the Department of Defense, the National Security Council and the President on military matters. This advice should be based on my honest, fearless, objective estimate of what the Army needed to serve the national interest, and it should have no reference to the impact my recommendations might have on the national economy, on domestic politics, nor on administration policy at any particular time. In this view I was guided by President Eisenhower himself, who, as Chief of Staff in 1947, had told a congressional appropriations committee:

"I appear before you only as a professional soldier, to give you a soldier's advice regarding the national defense. I am not qualified to proceed beyond that field, and I do not intend to do so. It is my duty to tell you gentlemen what I believe to be necessary for national security."

As objectively as I could, I, too, as a professional soldier, gave to my civilian superiors my best judgment on what Army forces I believed to be necessary for the national security, in the light of global commitments and enemy capabilities. Nor was it my single opinion independently reached, but a synthesis of the considered judgment of my commanders in the field and of an able and highly efficient professional staff. The result of my efforts was that in the two years I served as Chief of Staff, policies were adopted which by summer of 1956 will have reduced the Army from 1,500,000 men to slightly more than 1,000,000, and will have decreased Army appropriations from 16.2 billions to 8.9 billions. At the same time, as these resources dwindled, there was a constant multiplication of the Army's missions, an enlargement of some, the addition of others, further widening the gulf between what we were required to do and the strength available with which to do it.

To a soldier, in this situation, there were two courses open. I could point out to my civilian superiors what I believed to be the consequences of these policies. Then, if their decision remained the same, it was my duty loyally and faithfully to make the best possible use of whatever was available to me. This I did, to the utmost of my ability, right up to my last moment in office.

Every man who has commanded troops in battle has been assigned missions which he sincerely felt his unit lacked the strength to carry out, and has exercised his right to point out the possible consequences of such an order. When, in combat, these issues arise between superior and subordinate, each party can assume that the other's reasoning is based on purely military considerations—a game whose rules both fully understand.

As Chief of Staff, I quickly learned that though my own recommendations were made on a purely military basis, the decisions of the Defense Department were based on considerations other than clear-cut military needs. They were based on budgetary considerations, on political considerations, on the advantage to be gained in the field of domestic politics by a drastic reduction in military expenditures. I learned, too, with a certain sense of shock, that sometimes I was not expected to present my reasoned military judgment to Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. On the contrary, incessant pressure was brought to bear on me, seeking to persuade me to make my views conform to a preconceived politico-military "party line." I also learned that no matter how strongly my views might differ from those of higher authority, it was not expected that I would let my nonconcurrence publicly be known. It was essential, I learned, that the policies of the Defense Department should be presented to the public as being the unanimous recommendations of the nation's top military men.

As a combat soldier, I have been shot at from ambush and bombed by planes which I thought to be friendly, both of which are experiences that are momentarily unsettling. I do not recall, however, that I ever felt a greater sense of surprise and shock than when I read in President Eisenhower's State of the Union message in 1954 that:

"The defense program recommended for 1955 . . . is based on a new military program *unanimously recommended* by the Joint Chiefs of Staff." (Italics by author.)

As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who most emphatically had not concurred in the 1955 military program as it was presented to the people, I was nonplused by this statement. The fact is, the 1955 budget was a "directed verdict," as were the Army budgets for 1956 and '57. The force levels provided in all three were not primarily based on military needs. They were squeezed within the framework of preset, arbitrary manpower and fiscal limits, a complete inversion of the normal process.

The pressure brought on me to make my military judgment conform to the views of higher authority was sometimes subtly, sometimes crudely, applied. On one occasion, when force levels were under discussion, Secretary of Defense Wilson pointed out to me that the forces recommended were approved by the President, who was himself a former soldier of wide experience, and that for me to express opposing views would place me in the position of taking issue with my Commander in Chief. "And that," he added bluntly, "would not be good."

My reply was that I had a profound respect for the President's military judgment, and I would hope that my views on military matters would always be in accord with his. However, I added, if my deep convictions led me to take an opposite view, I would adhere to that judgment until purely military arguments proved me wrong. I would not be swayed by arguments that what I advocated would be politically detrimental to the administration or that its cost was greater than a "businessman's" administration felt the country could afford. As a professional career soldier, these were matters beyond my purview.

I also pointed out that there is no one in the world today better qualified to judge what are the minimum needs of the Army in the atomic age than the Chief of Staff, who has available to him the best professional judgment of the entire Army command. Whatever their past experience might have been, all military men stand today on the threshold of a new and unknown world, and no human being can clearly foresee the form the wars of the future will take.

(Continued on Page 48)

"Sold!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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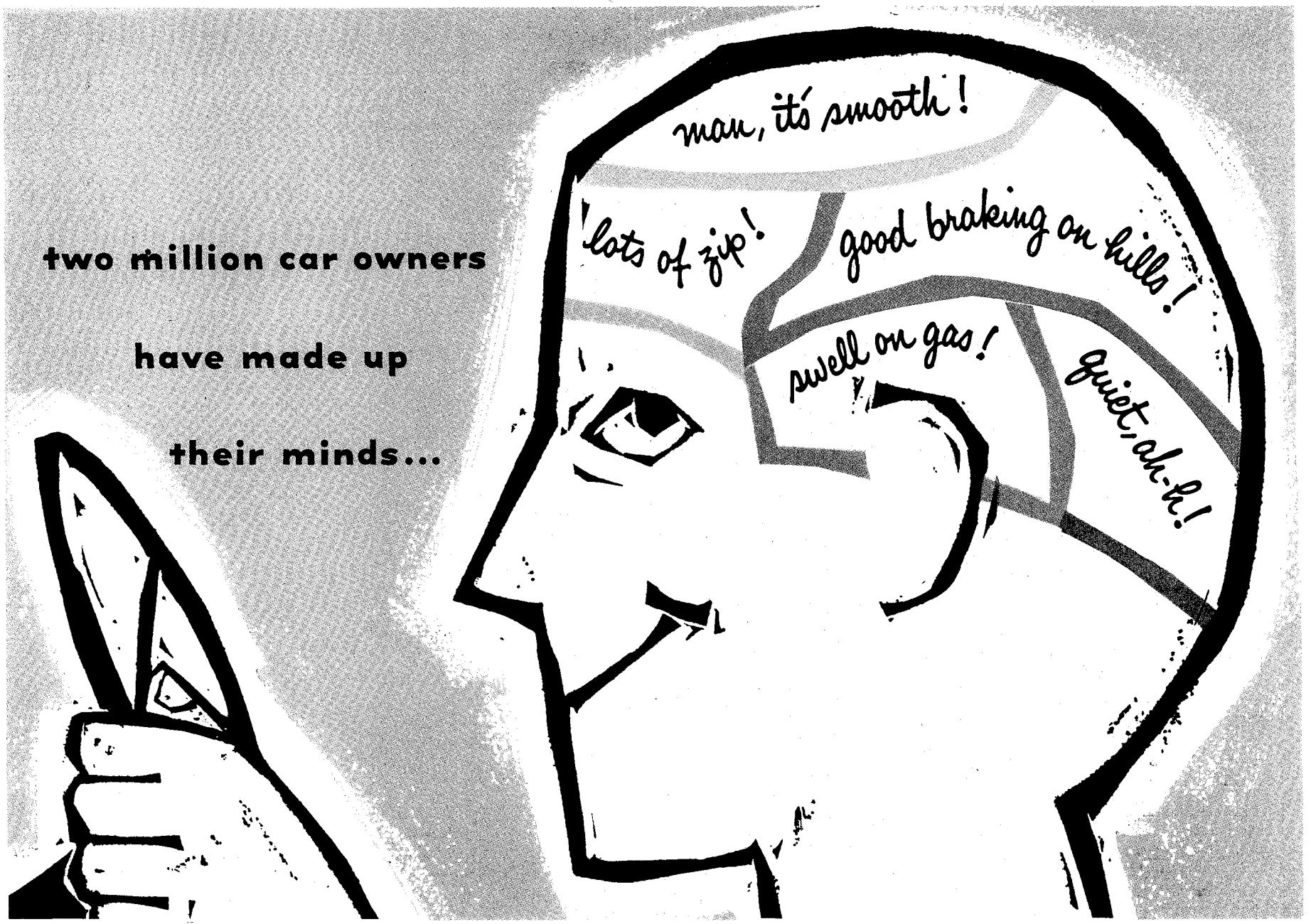


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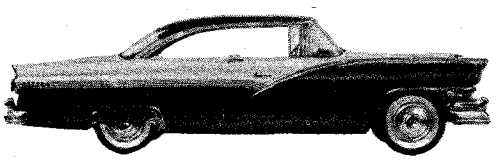

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(Continued from Page 46) Throughout most of the period when decisions were being reached to make these drastic cuts in the total strength of the Army—and consequently in its major combat units, the divisions—three principal reasons were advanced by those advocating the cuts. They were, first, the availability of the new weapons, which enormously increased firepower; second, the new reserves; and third, the new West German armed forces.

These, to my mind, were specious arguments, which could only deceive the public. Let us consider the first one—that the new weapons so enormously increased the firepower of a unit that we could get along with fewer units. In the first place, except for atomic weapons deliverable by air, the Army, as all the world knows, has an extremely limited number of these weapons. We have in Europe today, as the Russians are well aware, five battalions of the 280-mm. atomic cannon, and a limited number of the Honest John rockets that can carry an atomic warhead. The Corporal, a guided missile, has been deployed overseas in combat readiness. But it is perfectly obvious to the whole world that five battalions of cannon—a total of thirty guns—distributed uniformly along the 400-mile front line from the North Sea to the Alps, plus a few guided-missile units, constitute a rather thin line. And these are vulnerable weapons. They are not easy to conceal. They would be the object of the enemy's most intensive intelligence efforts. He would go to any lengths to locate them and destroy them. And the destruction of one gun would leave a gap of some twenty-five miles in our line, even if they were equally spaced.

As for the second point, the new reserves: We simply do not have these reserves in being and ready to move with the speed that the next war will demand. In the past it has taken us from ten to thirteen months to convert reserve forces into battle-ready divisions. Under the most optimistic estimates, we cannot expect to have that much time again. Those rosy dreams of a great ready reserve, based upon legislation submitted by Secretary Wilson with the full approval of the White House, did not materialize at the last session of Congress. The bill was drastically modified, and even if it had been enacted as it was submitted, it would have been five years before it would have provided an adequate reserve structure.

There was also the argument that, to the degree that you increased your reserve force, to that degree could you cut down on your active components. To my mind, that is preposterous. The forces that the United States will need in the initial stages—say the first six months—of another war, must be active forces, in being on D day. To say that men who have had one or two years' training and have thereafter taken some forty-eight two-hour drills a year, plus fifteen days in a summer camp, can be quickly welded into major units of a combat field army is to me ridiculous. Nobody who knows anything about getting a unit ready for combat would claim that it could be done.

The third point had to do with the German forces, the argument being that with a half million West Germans under arms we could drastically reduce our own combat forces. My answer to that is a question: "Where are they?" We have seen the unfolding of history in regard to those German forces. It was only last July, after years of effort, that authorization was granted for West Germany to put in uniform the first increment—6000 men—of the half million we hope to have under arms eventually. And by the Germans' own estimate, it will be at least three and a half years before the whole twelve divisions are ready.

These three principal reasons for saying the Army could, and should, be cut down drastically do not stand up under impartial analysis. They were, of course, not the real underlying reasons for the cuts. These reasons, though never publicly stated, have been almost entirely budgetary.

It is my sincere conviction that by measuring our country's security in terms of dollars, instead of in terms of the men and guns needed to carry out the solemn pledges we had made to our allies around the world, we are falling again into the error which cost us so much blood and agony in Korea—the delusion that the foot soldier is obsolete, and that naval power and air power alone can insure a peaceful world.

Soldier at peace: Gen. Ridgway, wife Penny, and their son, Matty, at home in Pittsburgh, where the retired Chief of Staff is chairman of the Mellon Institute.

In the final days of my tenure as Chief of Staff I submitted a report to the Secretary of Defense in which I summarized my concepts regarding the security of our nation, and the consequences to that security which I felt in my heart current policies in the Defense Department would entail in the event of war. I had the statutory right to express these views, and I felt that, as a professional soldier whose life had been dedicated to his country's service, it was my duty to express them. I felt also that I had the duty to set the record straight before the people of the United States.

On this latter point Secretary of Defense Wilson did not agree. The report went to him as an unclassified document. It came back with the request that it be classified, and as a "confidential" paper it was laid away in the Pentagon's restricted files. Some weeks after my retirement, by means unknown to me, it came into the possession of the press. Shortly thereafter, Secretary Wilson himself released it to the press with the remark that it was "not very important."

Important or not, it was an expression of my heartfelt views, and I set down the high lights here. Addressing my remarks to the secretary, I pointed out that, despite recurrent peace offensives, the United States and its free-world allies still are faced by communist armies, navies and air forces formidable in size, modern in matériel and techniques, and deployed threateningly along the periphery of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains from the North German plain to the maritime provinces of Eastern Siberia.

This force possessed, I pointed out, as we possess, the capability to conduct a nuclear war. Its greatest strength, however, lay in the overwhelming numbers of its land forces, and for this reason it might well refrain from initiating the use of the nuclear weapon. In this event, we would be faced with one of two decisions—whether we should loose the nuclear weapon first, with the moral recrimination which such an act would bring down upon our heads from all the world, or whether we should meet the Soviet on terms of its choosing—with land forces supported by sea and air.

I further pointed out that to meet this threat, whatever the form it might take, the United States has sought and signed compacts with allies around the world. For purposes of the common defense it has entered into numerous commitments, some vague and some specific, to take action, to deploy forces or to provide matériel support to Canada, twenty Latin-American and Caribbean countries, Berlin, West Germany, Spain, Yugoslavia, fourteen NATO nations, Libya, Ethiopia, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Australia, New Zealand, seven Manila-pact nations, Pakistan, Korea, Japan, the republic of China and the United Nations organization.

No one, I added, can know when these ominous sight drafts may be presented for payment. No one can foretell their form and shape. But they obviously may involve action by United States military forces in many different types of climate and terrain, from the hills of Greece and Korea to the jungles of Indochina.

Those are the pledges we have made, the burdens we have chosen to bear. They express our intent to meet force with force; to be prepared to meet and defeat the Soviet bloc, in local or global wars, with or without the use of nuclear weapons.

Then, in all earnestness, I told Secretary Wilson that in my view, the present United States military forces are inadequate in strength and improperly proportioned to meet these commitments.

My reasons were these:

(1) Sometime between 1958 and 1962 Soviet nuclear development will have reached the capability of inflicting critical damage on the United States' war-making potential. During the same period Soviet air-defense measures against our own nuclear bombers will be greatly improved. When that occurs, the nuclear-air superiority which the United States currently enjoys will have lost most of its present significance.

(2) The military forces of the free world, deployed around the perimeter, other than those in Western Europe, are military detachments only. If they should come under heavy attack they would be destroyed, for they cannot support each other, and we lack the truly mobile and adequate reserves with which to reinforce them.

(3) While published statements on military policy refer to a "mobile ready force," no adequate mobile ready force now is in being and the actual creation of such a force must compete with increasingly emphasized continental defense and with overemphasized nuclear-air requirements.

These requirements, I pointed out, apply in the main to general war, whereas we are committed not only to general war but to the stamping out of local, or so-called brush-fire wars. On such commitments, to nations both large and small, does our present diplomacy rest. Yet present forces in being cannot support America's diplomacy fully, for if military power is to be an instrument of diplomacy it must be real, and apparent to all concerned, and it must be capable of being applied promptly, selectively and with the degree of violence appropriate to the occasion.

Summing up, I said that, in my view, the commitments which the United States had pledged to keep created a positive necessity, not for a great standing force of all arms, capable of engaging in global war tomorrow, but for a fast-moving, hard-hitting, joint force in which the versatility of the whole is emphasized and the preponderance of any one part is de-emphasized.

In conclusion, I wrote: "Both as Chief of Staff of the Army and as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, it has been my duty to advance the interests of United States security over and above service interests. While disavowing any Army claim to an excess of national interest, I would specifically point to the Army's long record in fighting the wars of the United States with all forms of military power. For 180 years it has served to keep America secure. It will continue under new leadership this proud tradition of loyal and dependable performance. I am proud to have had the privilege of being a member of that magnificent institution in the profession of arms."

With the transmittal of this final report my job was over, my work was done. I left, bearing no rancor in my heart toward any man who might have differed with me. I left, feeling in my heart the deepest admiration and respect for that magnificent officer corps I left behind, men who, loyally and faithfully, with whatever means are granted them, are building the Army of tomorrow.

*This is the first of six installments by General Ridgway. In the second, which will appear next week, the general reveals just how political pressure hampered his work as Chief of Staff.* —The Editors

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# The Wonder of St. Louis (Continued from Page 41)

El Paso or Denver. As we approached, I saw again the modest houses facing the Mississippi, each with a kitchen garden, at whose back fences we zipped along. Then the huge MacArthur Bridge loomed up ahead; once more I was going to cross the Father of Waters.

The diesels began to dig, hauling the train up the steep incline. By now people were tucking little last-minute things into their suitcases and gaping at the view. Soon the train was across the main span, and beginning its serpentine descent.

Finally we passengers stepped down onto the ground-level platform. As we walked through the train shed, we no longer had to play hopscotch with tractor-pulled caravans of mail wagons; they have been almost entirely replaced by a $4,000,000 conveyer-belt system.

We emerged from the train shed into the hurly-burly of the two-block-long Midway, or main promenade. After so many journeys through this spot, I was inclined to dwell upon earlier times when the train shed was so full of acrid coal smoke that steel girders were eaten away. On those very first visits I was, in a sense, a courier. The friends who'd said good-by to my mother and me before we left home had earnestly requested that when we got to St. Louis we drop by the Harvey House restaurant and say hello to Mamie Hale, who was hashing there at the time.

You see, Mamie Hale had left our town and made good in one of the big cities to the north. Our people, upon their arrival in the St. Louis Harvey House, always encountered a homesick Milan County girl who was a whiz as a waitress, even though she had had to start from scratch. It was Mamie who, on making her debut as a waitress in the big time, brought an order of bacon and eggs to the silent-screen star Barbara La Marr. As Mamie stood beside the table, she saw that the platter in her trembling hand contained only the eggs.

"I'm so sorry, Miss La Marr," Mamie stammered. "You ordered bacon, too, didn't you?"

"Honey," said Miss La Marr, "if you're looking for the bacon, all you've got to do is reach down the back of my shirtwaist. You'll find it there."

Each year, as soon as my mother and I arrived at the St. Louis station, we made a beeline for the Harvey House, with its marble-topped counters and its Harvey Girls in their black poplin blouses, ankle-length black-serge skirts and starched white aprons and bibs. When we caught Mamie's eye, what ensued was less a greeting than a rally. Since we were always catching the Wabash for Indiana, there was usually a five- or six-hour wait. Mamie knew we had time on our hands and were ideally situated to deliver the news from home. Finally, when we were hoarse and Mamie's ears were drooping, my mother and I walked about through the station.

My favorite spot was the Grand Hall on the second floor, which resembled a very Grand Opera House, complete with two tiers of loges and a crystal chandelier. At that time, I was full of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, and wished I'd pulled into town aboard the Natchez, wearing a ruffled silk shirt, with a set of marked cards up one sleeve and a derringer up the other. But the time of the steamboats even then was long gone. Its official end had come in the late 1860's, when Capt. James Buchanan Eads, a riverman who'd built seven ironclads for the Union forces in sixty-five days, had foreseen the inevitable dominance of the rails and set about to span the Mississippi River in St. Louis.

He built the bridge, dropping his caissons on the east bank through a 100-foot sand bar. Many of his men excavating beneath the river worked in compressed-air chambers which were being pioneered on the job. These were the fellows who were stricken with a mysterious malady, then called "bridge disease," which we know today as "the bends." After the bridge was completed, in 1874, legal obstacles were placed in the way of the Eads Bridge Company by such local interests as the ferry companies, whose principal business was floating rail cars across the river. A whole year passed before a train rolled across.

Before the bridge company went bankrupt, Jay Gould, who controlled the Wabash and the Missouri Pacific, advanced the company $3,500,000. Competing roads raised such a ruckus, on the ground that Gould's railroads received preferential treatment, that the Terminal Railroad Association, a nonprofit co-operative, was formed in 1889 with six charter members. The association's first bond issue was for $7,000,000, of which $5,000,000 went to buy back Jay Gould's hold on the bridge and related properties. At the first meeting of this group a decision was reached to build the present Union Station.

Eventually the number of lines feeding into the station would more than treble. But never mind the future. The present was glorious enough as, in 1894, the new station was opened with a huge dance and celebration in the Grand Hall.

Then it was decided to hold the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition in St. Louis in 1904. Soon the words on everybody's lips were "Meet me in St. Louis." The whole nation packed its valise and poured into St. Louis' magnificent new Union Station. It had everything. It was built of many kinds of stone from half a dozen states and countries, and was said to possess every type of arch known to architecture. Rich mosaics ennobled the walls. As St. Louis architect Theodore C. Link had seen fit to build it in the Romanesque style—which was all the rage just prior to the Dark Ages—many windows were mere slits. Where windows were large, they were often frames for cathedralesque stained glass.

Naturally, there'd be differences of opinion as to the aesthetic value of such a widely discussed edifice. In 1939, when Frank Lloyd Wright, America's famous designer of modern houses, visited the city, he found the Union Station and the Wainwright Building to be the finest buildings in town. Irvin S. Cobb took another view: "The ugliest examples of architecture ever tossed up by man are the derby hat and the St. Louis Union Station."

The great chandelier was sold for scrap in World War II, but the station is still in many ways a traveler's delight. In the first place, all the tracks for passenger trains lie under the train shed at ground level. Instead of bothering with elevators or moving stairways, you just get off the train and step into the station. There you find a city within a city. So complete are the services it offers that it is easier to point out the few things you might expect that aren't there. There is no manicurist in the barbershop; the management kept one for years, but it didn't pay. There is no ladies' hairdresser. There is no longer a bank in the station. Finally, there is no movie such as the one I attended thirty years ago, a jury-rigged outfit, one wall of which was composed of a wagon sheet. Why is that fountain of dramaturgy no longer there? According to William S. Wagener, Chief Special Agent, which is to say, top hand of the Terminal Association's police force: "Too much smooching."

Everything else is there. There are three grades of eateries—an inviting restaurant, a cafeteria, and the eat-and-run, hot-dog-and-orangeade stands on the Midway, which do the biggest business of all. There is even an old ninety-four-room hotel smack-dab in the middle of the station. The hotel is largely occupied by trainmen, and its lobby, spick-and-span with paint, suggests the public rooms of a resplendent steamboat. The fellow who runs it, Theodore Leontsinis, earlier ran a hotel across the street until the city of St Louis cleared the two blocks in front of the station and built Aloe Plaza, with a set of fountains replete with statuary.

This group symbolizes the merging of the Missouri with the Mississippi. When it was unveiled in 1940, many St. Louisans gave outraged yips because the two principal figures, a handsome young man and young lady, were jay-bird naked. They demanded that the figures be sent straight back to Sweden, along with their sculptor, Carl Milles. But Mr. Milles won the day, and your visit to St. Louis will be brightened by his art and his victory.

The man you'll hear most about in the station, as people are paged over the loud-speaker system, will be the stationmaster, to whose office such persons are usually requested to come. The stationmaster, a white-haired Irishman named Ray O'Neill, worked as a redcap before he donned the blue uniform and gold braid of his present job fifteen years ago. He is in command of the information booth, the parking lot, all gatemen, and the corps of seventy-two redcaps, officially known as ushers.

The redcaps have their own beliefs and jargon. The traveler they dread most of all is a man smoking a pipe, wearing rubbers and carrying an umbrella. They say, "He's closer than the next second." Ancient, oversized suitcases, battered and roped, or huge cardboard boxes which seem to be packed with lead are known as "Arkansas Gladstones." In the old days, before there was any fixed charge for a redcap's services and when some people would not tip, one sweating redcap disgustedly reported to a colleague, "I just met the L. and N. Number Fifty-six. Carried two Arkansas Gladstones—and they gave it to me smooth." That, in redcapese, meant he'd received nothing at all for his drudgery.

The Harvey Girls, now brightly clad in pink cotton uniforms with white collars and tea aprons, have good stories too. They will tell you about the Indian cow hand who ate a steak, walked out without paying, and was amazed when overtaken by the cashier. "But we don't have to pay anything for eats at the ranch," he said. He gave the cashier his silver spurs and disappeared into the crowd.

Over in the drugstore, where booze, gifts and patent medicines are the big items, the clerks always know that a customer is from Oklahoma when, in the late afternoon, he buys a half case of liquor and asks that it be wrapped to look like something else. Oklahoma is dry, and most of the fast trains for the Southwest leave between five and six P.M.

Upstairs, at the station's USO headquarters, Mrs. R. K. Irwin still marvels at the almost nonexistent cost at which this part of the station was furnished. Chairs and divans were a gift from the Hotel Men's Association; a linoleum-tile floor was donated by a local company, and installed without charge by members of a local union. "All that floor cost us," Mrs. Irwin says, "was two pounds of coffee and six dozen doughnuts."

If you are a civilian and in a jam, you'll probably wind up talking to Miss Mary Alice Messerley, director of the Travelers Aid. This is the first such unit ever to be substantially subsidized by a local citizen. That happened back in 1851, when Bryan Mullanphy left $500,000 the interest of which, according to his will, was to be used for the assistance of "emigrants going bona fide to settle in the West."

When I was there recently, a ten-year-old boy came in followed by a taxi driver. The lad was in St. Louis attending a school for deaf children. Each Friday afternoon the school called a taxi which brought the boy to the Travelers Aid, where the cab driver was paid and tipped. The child's ticket was bought by one of the Travelers Aid workers and he was put on the train to go home for the weekend. On Sunday night he'd be met when he returned and put into another cab that would take him back to school. At the end of each month the Travelers Aid bills the boy's father for its disbursements—an arrangement which has been in effect for a couple of years.

Ordinarily, something like 100,000 people come to the Travelers Aid each year, perhaps in search of information, or a meal, or a place to take a bath. Some want to leave the baby in the Travelers Aid nursery for an hour; some come looking for a quiet place where they can have a baby in the next three minutes.

As my visit went on, my watch told me that before long my train would be pulling out. There was just time to buy a fresh supply of reading matter in the book store, a task at which I was engaged when I heard myself being paged over the loud-speaker system. As I went into the stationmaster's office, I saw an attractive blond woman in a trim suit and a pert hat.

"Well, honey," she said, "I've got to kiss you." She did, too, right there in front of everybody. I must have looked startled.

"You don't even recognize me," she chided. "The girls in the restaurant sent word you were in town, nosing around the station. I just had to drop everything and come see you. I'm Mamie Hale."

It was the woman whom I, as a child, had regarded with such awe as she floated about Harvey's restaurant in the St. Louis station—back in the days when the elite of the city came to lunch every day and brought their whole families on Sunday.

"Well, Mamie," I said, "come get on the train. We've still got a few minutes to visit."

In those minutes we talked over changes that had occurred during the last thirty years in the station where, though no longer on active duty, Mamie still spent Friday evenings shooting the breeze with the Harvey Girls. We talked of the station's endless fascination for the people who work there; of how Jack Dempsey and Harry Truman loved to hang around the stationmaster's office and do their phoning from there; how old Bojangles Robinson always wired his friend, then chief usher, Joe Banks, to meet him at the train, and how Cactus Jack Garner loved that old station barbershop and always got a haircut, whether he needed it or not.

By now the conductor was calling "All aboard!" Mamie said good-by and stepped off onto the platform, and stood waving as the train snaked out into the yards, away from the station and its people. Soon we were picking up speed from forty to fifty to sixty and then some. One more visit to the old St. Louis Union Station, and this a particularly happy one, had come to an end.

THE END

## Cliptomaniac

By M. M. PARRISH

What pages I've stripped,
What hours I have wasted
On clippings I've snipped
That never got pasted!

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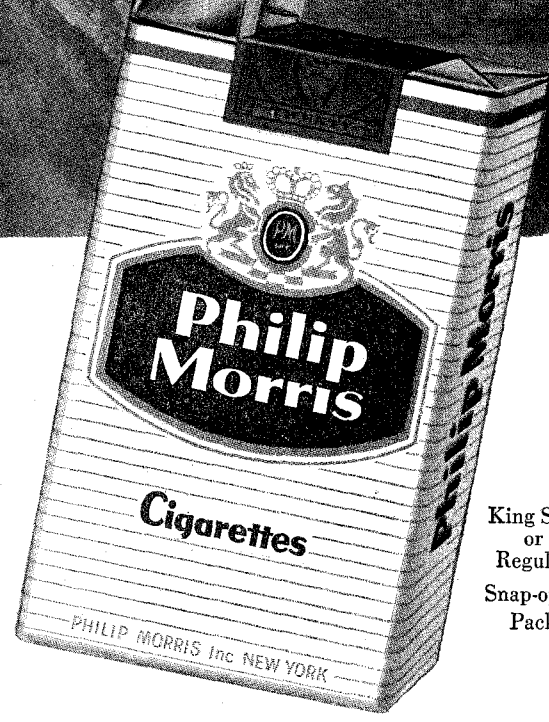
# Loved for gentleness

SOME people are known—and loved—for being gentle. So is this new cigarette. New Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, is winning new friends everywhere—especially among our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*—of new Philip Morris. Now in the smart new package.




King Size or Regular Snap-open Pack

## *New* Philip Morris...*gentle for modern taste*

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# "Competition gives us better values

## – *we got a good buy on our TV set!*"

**Inquiring Reporter:** What do you folks think of the proposals in Congress that would give *regulated* forms of transportation more freedom to price their services in competition with each other – and with unregulated trucks and barges, too?

**Husband:** Well, we've just bought a new TV set at a very good price – with every store in town competing to give us the best value. Competition always gives us more for our money.

**Wife:** Isn't there competitive pricing in transportation, too?

**Inquiring Reporter:** Not always. Present government regulations frequently require regulated carriers, such as all railroads and some trucks, to make freight rates higher than would otherwise be necessary – just to protect competing forms of transportation.

**Husband:** I read about that. Didn't a Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommend a change?

**Inquiring Reporter:** Yes. The Committee says that if each form of transportation were given the right to make rates related to its own costs and needs, everybody would benefit – including consumers like yourselves.

**Wife:** I should think so. After all, freight charges are part of the cost of everything we buy.

**Husband:** Like our new TV set, for example. Yes indeed, you can say we favor competitive freight rates!

For full information on this vital subject, write for booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

*Association of American Railroads*

*941 Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.*

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# Wit Was His Weapon

(Continued from Page 23)

those parents who, blind to their children's dullness, and insensible of the solidity of their skulls, because they think their purses can afford it, will needs send them to the Temple of Learning, where, for want of a suitable genius, they learn little more than how to carry themselves handsomely, and enter a room genteelly (which might as well be acquired at a dancing school), and from whence they return, after abundance of trouble and charge, as great blockheads as ever, only more proud and self-conceited."

Boston, and James Franklin's literary friends, welcomed Mrs. Dogood, and young Ben eventually "discovered himself" to them. The praise he received, as he had foreseen, irked James, who "thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain." The brothers quarreled.

James also got into trouble with the town fathers, and was told he no longer could print The New England Courant. He got around the restriction by naming Ben the printer. "To avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it." A new and secret indenture was signed, but "a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming he would not venture to produce the new indentures." Thus Ben departed for Philadelphia a free man, and only seventeen.

The scratch of his pen, amplified and broadcast by the printing press, had shaped a new world for the boy, and it forecast a career for the man. "Prose writing has been of great use to me in my life," he testified, "and was a principal means of my advancement." This was the estimate of a thoughtful elder compiling his only book—the Autobiography—which Franklin began as a personal history for his son. Young Poor Richard dashed it off better in his Almanack for 1738.

That year, the sixth of publication by Richard Saunders, Philomath, was a particularly salty one for the seer and proverb maker whose real name was Franklin. His comment on debt was not entirely disapproving: "He that would have a short Lent, let him borrow money to be repaid at Easter." He was cynical about the weaker sex: "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards." And he was prophetic: "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, write things worth reading or do things worth the writing."

Franklin here penned the recipe for his own fame. No one, in the 250 years since his birth, has equaled him as a writer and doer combined. And the full story of Franklin, the journalist, who publicized and furthered the aims of Franklin, the tradesman, the scientist, the leader in public affairs at home and first voice of America abroad, has yet to be told. He sketched early chapters in his Autobiography, revealed much more in letters and conversations exchanged with friends, but left the balance for posterity to piece together from his surviving papers and anonymous articles in the press of his day.

Much of his skillful propaganda was either overlooked or misunderstood by early biographers. Some, in their search for qualities to match the stature of the man, were repelled by Doctor Ben's lack of elegance—the very vigor and wit that made him so effective as a journalist.

Franklin had no illusions about elegance. "That is best wrote," he said, "which is best adapted for obtaining the end of the writer." And for this purpose, he told his friends, "The words used should be the most expressive that the language affords, provided they are most generally understood . . . smooth, clear, and short, for the contrary qualities are displeasing."

This was a tall order for eighteenth-century scribblers, devoted to allegory and involved, rhetorical prose. Franklin could, and did, pen fashionably wordy paragraphs, but had more fun with phrases "clear, and short." A classic example wound up his letter offering Advice on the Choice of a Mistress. He enumerated, one by one, the reasons why an older woman should be the young blood's choice. "8th and lastly," he concluded, "they are so grateful!"

Timid editors excluded this letter from collections of Franklin's writings until only a few years ago, just as his grandson, William Temple Franklin, rephrased early editions of the Autobiography because he thought the language too coarse. As his grandfather said of one editor: "He has drawn the teeth and pared the nails of my paper, so that it can neither scratch nor bite. It seems only to paw and mumble."

Poor Richard never mumbled. His sayings scratched and bit their way into the language for all time. "Little strokes fell big oaks." "Lost time is never found again." "Fish and visitors smell in three days." "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Some of Franklin's phrases were original, others were rewrites, invariably sharpened by his wit. A joke was his delight. Poor Richard, for instance, converted a popular quotation of the time—"Good wits jump"—to "'Great wits jump,' says the poet, and hit his head against the post." The mischievous sixteen-year-old who jibed at the Temple of Learning—and who later published and pushed through a plan for Pennsylvania's first college—was setting the pattern for a lifetime of literary spoofs and hoaxes, usually at the expense of the high and mighty. Franklin, himself, was careful to stay in the camp of the common man, cultivating "the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence." If you would "Write with the learned, pronounce with the vulgar." The world-renowned statesman and man of science began his will: "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, Printer," maintaining to the last his identity with those who labor and trade. It echoed the epitaph he wrote *nearly sixty years earlier:*

The Body of
B Franklin Printer
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering & Gilding)
Lies Here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost:
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author

The epitaph was never inscribed on Franklin's grave, though he circulated it widely and several copies in his own handwriting still exist. It's a fair guess that the clever young man wasn't thinking of posterity, but only of amusing and impressing his immediate audience.

Franklin's world, at twenty-three, was Philadelphia. He had found a partner and the money to set up a press, and planned to establish a newspaper. He was bucking two printers already in business. One of them, named Bradford, had a newspaper, "a paltry thing, wretchedly manag'd, no way entertaining." The other printer, Keimer, was Franklin's former employer. A young friend asked Ben for work, but:

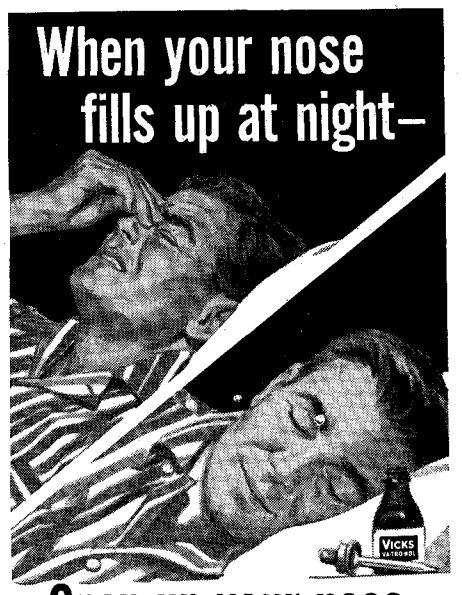
"We could not then employ him; but I foolishly let him know as a secret that I soon intended to begin a newspaper, and might then have work for him." The friend talked to Keimer, who immediately announced that he would publish a paper too. Franklin "resented this; and, to counteract them, as I could not yet begin our paper, I wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper under the title of Busy-Body. . . . By this means the attention of the

(Continued on Page 57)

"How's the world treating you, Sam?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When your nose fills up at night—




Open up your nose—

BREATHE AGAIN -SLEEP AGAIN!

Stop tossing and turning on those nights when a stuffed-up nose keeps you from falling asleep. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose Drops! A few drops up each side of your nose, as directed in package, and... your nose opens in seconds. You can *breathe* again!

Nothing works like Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops to open a stuffed-up nose. Use it! Breathe again! Sleep again!

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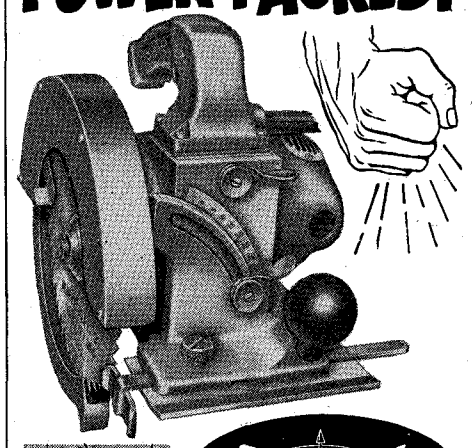
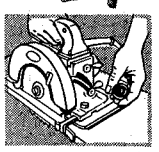
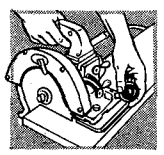
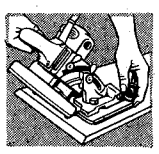




RIP SAWING



CROSS CUTTING



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There's no substitute for power. Don't send a boy to do a man's job.

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# Queen of the SHOW

*The dashing new Bel Air Convertible, one of 19 new Chevrolet models all with the distinctive style and quality of famous Fisher Body.*

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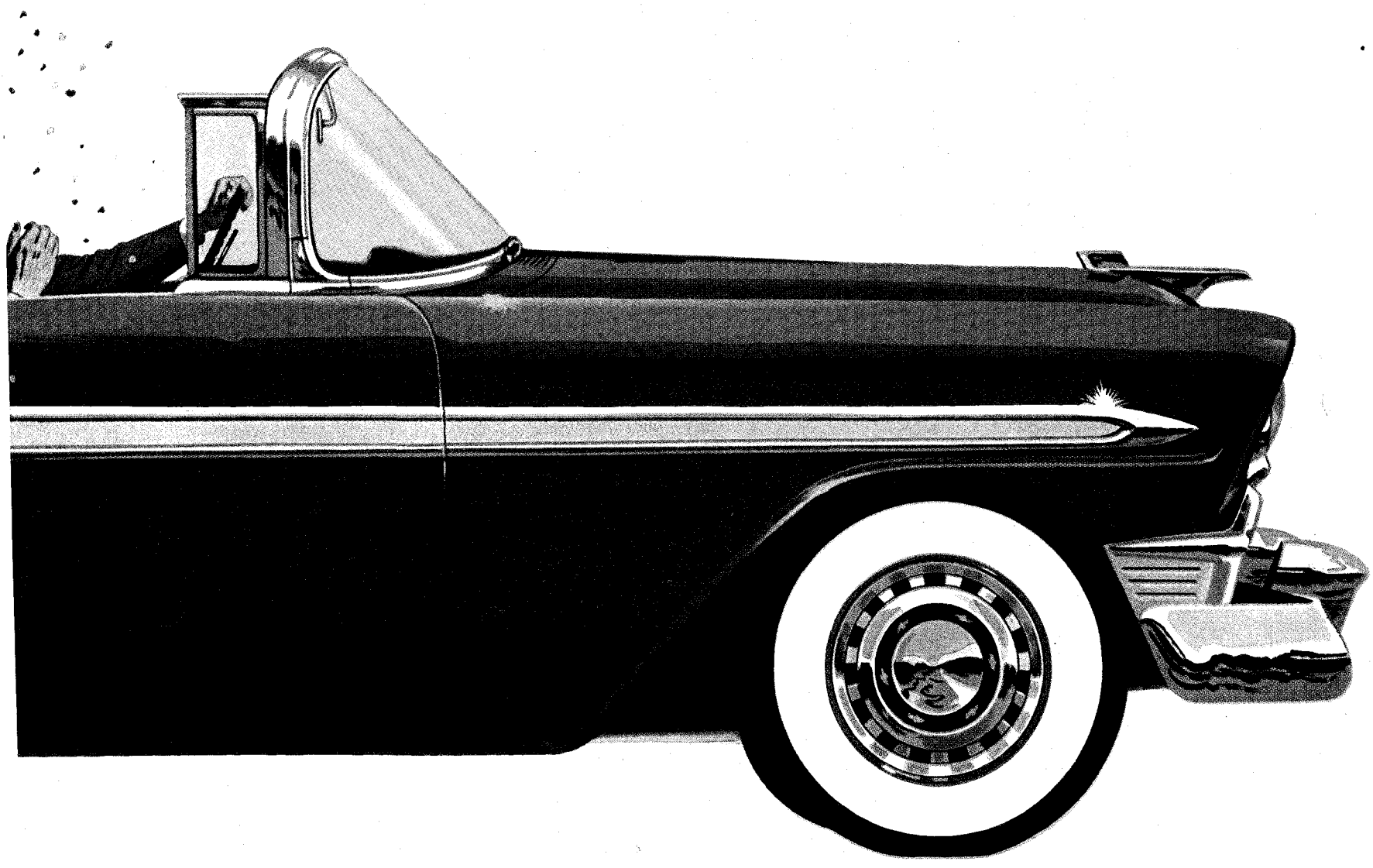
# .. and the road!

**THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER**

You're looking at a real, honest-to-goodness beauty queen—and you've got to admit the looking's good. The '56 Chevrolet stretches low and clean from its big new grille to those rakish, high-set taillights. There's bold distinction in that sweeping speedline chrome treatment. Every detail, outside and in, reflects the car's colorful good taste.

Naturally, there's new power to go with those new looks. Horsepower ratings that range up to 205 for shot-like acceleration and safer passing. But, more importantly, this is a great road car. It proved it on Pikes Peak, streaking up that snaky ribbon of a road to set a new record. Chevrolet beat the mountain and showed that safety is *built into* a car with things like sports-car cornering, precise steering and solid roadability.

Yes sir, show car *and* road car, the '56 Chevrolet is a winner in either league. We think you'll have a lot of fun proving this to yourself—at your Chevrolet dealer's soon! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



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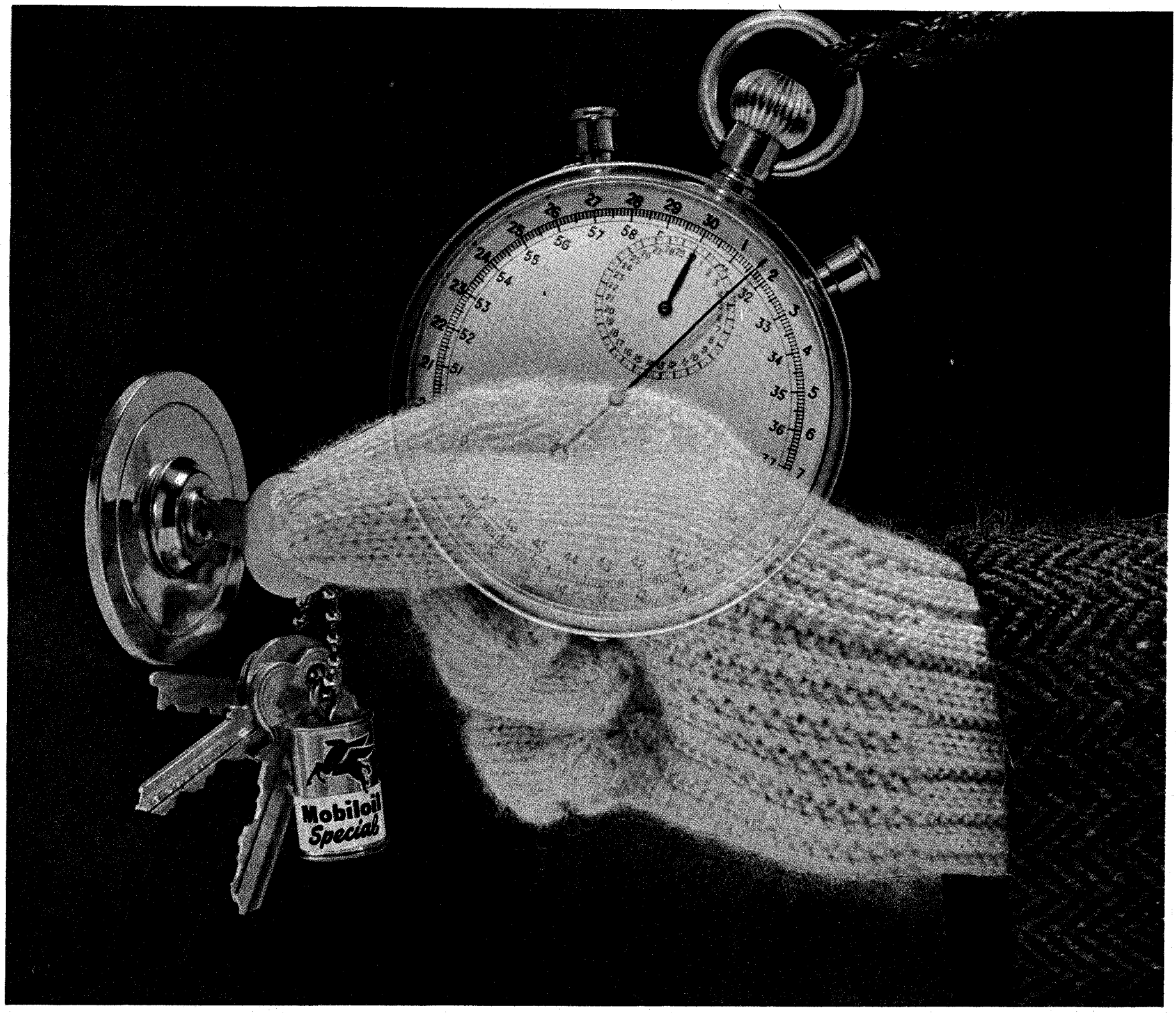
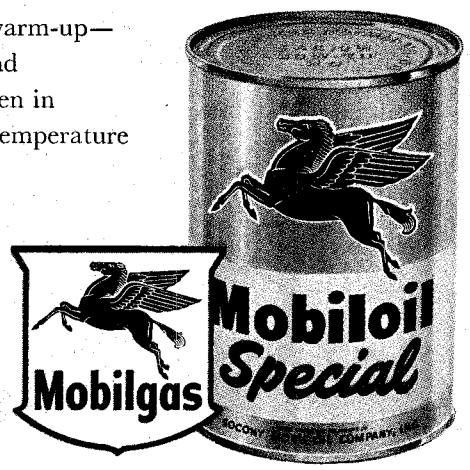



# Split-second starts all Winter—

## *Get extra protection—and performance you can feel at the wheel*

New Mobiloil Special gives split-second starts, fast warm-up—all winter long! It is specially made to flow freely and instantly to vital engine parts—for top protection even in sub-zero cold. This superb year-'round oil cuts low-temperature wear practically to zero—can actually double engine life. It controls engine knock, pre-ignition and spark plug fouling—in effect, *adds octanes to gasoline*. It protects so effectively—in so many different ways—your engine acquires *new* power, smoothness, gas economy. Change to New Mobiloil Special—*for the difference you can feel at the wheel!*




## New Mobiloil SPECIAL

*Best for older cars—*
*a "must" for new cars!*

SOCONY MOBIL OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO., GENERAL PETROLEUM CORP.

*Sold at Mobilgas Stations, Garages, Car Dealers*

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(Continued from Page 53) publick was fixed on that paper." Keimer found the competition too rough, and in less than a year sold out to young Ben.

This was The Pennsylvania Gazette, from which The Saturday Evening Post descends. Poor Richard had learned "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead," and that "God helps them that help themselves."

Franklin's ambition—and need for business—led him to take a hand in public affairs even before he got the newspaper. Now the journalist reached out to influence all of Pennsylvania. He "had form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the Junto," and one of the topics they discussed, deeply troubling the colony of Pennsylvania, was the dwindling supply of ready money. As Poor Richard said: "The sleeping fox catches no poultry. Up! Up!"

"I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency. It was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it." Pennsylvania's politicians, however, passed a paper-money bill, and Franklin's friends among them, "who conceiv'd I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable job and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write."

Once the printing business was on its feet, the young tradesman became the civic leader, launching his projects "by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases." The Gazette quoted an "old citizen" who claimed "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" and suggested that Philadelphians follow "the example of a city in a neighboring province. There is, I am well informed, a club or society of active men belonging to each fire engine, whose business is to attend all fires with it whenever they happen."

Within a few months the city had its first volunteer fire company. Just as some years later the Gazette's editor invited citizens "to subscribe to the articles of insurance of houses from fire" at the organization of America's first company for this purpose. Franklin's name was second on the list of directors and, naturally, his press printed the policies.

His account of the Newly Invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces—introducing the famous Franklin stove—pioneered advertising's "scare" technique. "Fireplaces with small openings cause draughts of cold air to rush in at every crevice," he said, "and 'tis very uncomfortable, as well as dangerous to sit against any such crevice . . . women, particularly from this cause (as they sit so much in the house) get colds in the head, rheums and defluxions, which fall into their jaws and gums, and have destroyed early, many a fine set of teeth in these northern colonies. Great and bright fires do also very much to contribute to damaging the eyes, dry and shrivel the skin and bring on early the appearance of old age."

The stove, he explained, overcame this threat, the owner no longer "being scorched before, and, as it were, froze behind." Franklin, incidentally, refused a patent on his stove, offered by the governor of Pennsylvania, for "as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by an invention of ours, and this we should do freely and generously." He followed this precept with all his inventions, including the lightning rod.

Franklin, by 1747, was both busy and successful: public printer for three colonies, deputy postmaster at Philadelphia, clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and surrounded by influential friends in the outgrowth of his Junto, the American Philosophical Society. The journalist was ready to test his skill in politics. England was at war with France and Spain, and raiders from both nations came plundering up the Delaware, nearly to Philadelphia. The editor of the Gazette and his friends decided that the time had come to stir the peace-loving Quakers and their business-as-usual friends to armed defense.

"I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people," he recalled. "To promote this I first wrote and published a pamphlet entitled Plain Truth, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights."

Franklin's memoirs, however, neglect to say that the pamphlet was not over his signature, but signed by A Tradesman, who called on his friends, the "middling people, the farmers, shopkeepers, and tradesmen of this city and country" to take the lead. The mythical Tradesman ridiculed the disputes of his neighbors: "Till of late I could scarce believe the story of him who refused to pump in a sinking ship because one on board whom he hated would be saved by it as well as himself."

Franklin, prior to the Tradesman's pamphlet, had published several articles from other writers in the Gazette, arguing the need for defense. The response was quick, and the Tradesman stepped forward under his true name with a plan for an association of militia which soon totaled 10,000 men throughout the province.

This was Franklin's trial run of the newspaper and pamphlet technique he later used in England, shaping the course of world events as the quarrel between the American colonies and Britain grew into war. Once the journalist reached London, where he lived from 1757 to 1762, and from 1764 to 1775, he had the whole world for his audience, and made the most of it. Recent research by Verner W. Crane, University of Michigan scholar, revealing many hitherto unidentified articles penned and planted by "old traitor" Franklin, as British enemies called him, indicates that his political pleading of the American cause adds up to the largest single body of his contemporaneously published writings.

Franklin was indignant at the stupidity of British policy long before his first mission to London. As Americanus, in the Gazette, he had an answer for the shiploads of convicted felons that England continued to exile to America. Why not return rattlesnakes? "In the spring of the year, when they first creep out of their holes, they are feeble, heavy, slow, and easily taken; and if a small bounty were allowed per head, some thousands might be collected annually and transported to Britain. There I would propose to have them carefully distributed in St. James's Park, in the Spring Gardens and other places of pleasure about London; in the gardens of all the nobility and gentry throughout the nation; but particularly in the gardens of the prime ministers, the lords of trade, and members of Parliament, for to them we are most particularly obliged."

Franklin shared the interest of other early Americans in the snake as a symbol—or he may have inspired it. Just prior to a meeting of commissioners from all the colonies at Albany, called to sign a treaty with the Indians, the first cartoon published in America appeared in the Gazette. Franklin, who had been appointed to travel to Albany, is believed to have drawn it, adding illustration to his use of words. The sketch shows a snake divided in eight pieces, each labeled with the name of a colony, above the legend "Join or Die."

A federation of the colonies became Franklin's aim, and he attempted, unsuccessfully, to have a plan for union adopted at Albany. But as Poor Richard said, "He that would catch fish must venture his bait." In this instance the bait had not been offered by the journalist in papers outside Pennsylvania. There was only the Gazette cartoon.

Union in America was part of the larger vision of a great transatlantic empire that Franklin, the unofficial press agent and propagandist for the colonies in London, tried hard to sell. Not long after the Albany meeting he published a pamphlet, Observations on the Increase of Mankind, predicting that "our people must at least be doubled every twenty years. But notwithstanding this increase, so vast is the territory of North America, that it will require many ages to settle it fully." So, he argued, "in proportion to the increase of the colonies, a vast demand is growing for British manufactures, a glorious market wholly in the power of Britain."

Franklin continually aimed his propaganda for America at the interests of Britain's traders and merchants. He had gone to London, as agent of the Pennsylvania Assembly, seeking a way for the colony to tax the landholdings of the Penns. He planted an anonymous discussion of proprietary tax dodging in one of the London papers. Articles by other writers filled the press, and pamphlets on the subject were distributed. B. Franklin, Printer, with a wide acquaintance in the publishing trade, was augmenting the work of B. Franklin, journalist, to become, as Carl Van Doren described him, "ambassador from America before America had the right to send one."

The Penns were taxed, and Doctor Franklin—whose honorary degrees now included one from Harvard!—turned to his imperial schemes. The war had ended in Canada, and England talked of returning this vast wilderness to the French. By all means, gibed Franklin, writing as an anonymous Briton in the London Chronicle, "We should restore Canada (to France), that we may soon have a new war, and another opportunity of spending two or three millions a year in America; there being great danger of our growing too rich, our European expences not being sufficient to drain our immense treasures."

He turned also to the public welfare, persuading an outstanding physician to write a pamphlet on "do-it-yourself" smallpox inoculation. Franklin sent 1500 copies to America for free distribution. Smallpox had robbed Franklin of his son, Francis, who had not been inoculated. He realized, he wrote feelingly in a preface, that "if one parent or near relation is against it, the other does not choose to inoculate a child without free consent of all parties," and that "when a common tradesman or artificer has a number in his family to have the distemper it amounts to more money than he can well spare." These were the problems he hoped the pamphlet would overcome.

He was back in Philadelphia when Parliament proposed a new tax on America through the Stamp Act. Poor Richard, preparing his Almanack for 1765 at the time, remarked that "Taxes of late years have greatly increased among us, and now it is said we are to be burthened with the payment of new duties, while our trade is at the same time to be curtailed and restricted.

"If so," Poor Richard suggested that Americans "supply ourselves from our own produce at home. To this end, I have collected and written a few plain instructions . . . first, for making good wine of our own wild grapes. Secondly, for raising Madeira wine in these provinces. Thirdly, for the improvement of our corn spirits, so as they may be preferable to rum."

Recipes for wine and whisky were not as strong medicine as the colonists had in mind. They wanted no part of the Stamp Act, and for once in his life Franklin lagged behind his readers. He ran for the Pennsylvania Assembly and was defeated. The journalist in politics had forgotten Poor Richard's advice to "Let thy discontents be thy secrets; if the world knows them, it will despise thee and increase them." He had once called the German settlers, whom he couldn't reach with the English language, "Palatine boors," and had also lashed out at the Scotch-Irish as "Christian white savages," after they massacred some defenseless Indians.

The Germans and the Scotch-Irish joined the Penns and their following of Philadelphia aristocrats in an anti-Franklin campaign, which failed, however, to keep the Assembly from sending him back to London. When the Stamp Act was passed Philadelphians threatened to burn his home. Mrs. Franklin barricaded herself in one room with a collection of guns, but was not disturbed. Her distinguished husband in Britain held fast to his dream of transatlantic empire, but "You may sometimes be much in the wrong in owning your being in the right." He set his pen to work more vigorously for America, ridiculing newswriters who discussed affairs in the colonies, yet knew nothing of America. Some, he said, have recently stated clothing manufacture is impossible there because "their sheep have but little wool."

"Dear sir," wrote A Traveller in the London Public Advertiser, "do not let us suffer ourselves to be amused with such groundless objections." And here he drew a long bow. "The very tails of the American sheep are (Continued on Page 60)

## Mistress Franklin's Ben

By Olga Hampel Briggs

". . . bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, . . . for which she had no other excuse, . . . but that she thought *her* husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors."—B. Franklin

Deborah could laugh when, at stately tea,
Bells startled the timid guest;
Ben's captive lightning did clownish things—
Only another test!

Deborah could smile at the Almanacks
Heaped high on commode and chair;
Ben liked his books and Gazettes about—
Better to leave them there.

But Deborah frowned at his earthen bowl,
Rebelled at the pewter spoon;
Ben deemed so wasteful the finer ware
Neighbors now used, but soon ——

"Who Dainties love shall Beggars prove,"
Ben warned (but knew well where lay Deborah's love!).

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*GOWNS AND FURS BY DIOR—the ladies previewing the glamorous new GM cars are gowned in originals by Christian Dior.*

## GLORIFYING THE NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX MOTORC

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*Body by Fisher*

BODY by FISHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

ily on General Motors Cars — CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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(Continued from Page 57)

so laden with wool that each has a car or waggon on four little wheels to support and keep it from trailing on the ground."

"All this is as certainly true," A Traveller insisted, "as the account, said to be from Quebec in the papers of last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery this summer in the Upper Lakes. Ignorant people may object that the Upper Lakes are fresh and that cod and whale are salt-water fish: But let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish, when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they think they can be safest; that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in that chace up the fall of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in Nature!"

Franklin turned from satire to facts, writing as A Friend to Both Countries "That the acts for regulating commerce and navigation, and the post-office act, differ very materially from the stamp-act. The former lay duties on the importation of goods, which people may buy or let alone, and the other fixes a rate for the carriage of letters. . . . But the stamp act forces the money from the country under heavy penalties, and denies common justice in the courts." These were the arguments he later used in his examination by Parliament, which was followed by repeal of the Stamp Act. When that news reached America, Doctor Franklin's loyalties were no longer questioned.

The Stamp Act, however, was just a prelude to laws "to be abhorred and opposed by every free-born Englishman," for "taxation without representation is slavery." Franklin and his assistants, labeled "young sucking Americans" by the British, filled the papers with their output. He had said in defending freedom of the press, that "Printers are educated in the belief that when men differ in opinion, both sides ought equally to have the advantage of being heard by the public." America's press agent now made the most of this opportunity, for, as he told a friend:

"The ancient Roman and Greek orators could only speak to the number of citizens capable of being assembled within the reach of their voice. Their writings had little effect, because the bulk of the people could not read. Now by the press we can speak to nations, and good books and well-written pamphlets have great and general influence. . . . We now find that it is not only right to strike while the iron is hot, but that it may be very practicable to heat it by continually striking."

His most famous hoax was hugely enjoyed by Doctor Franklin himself, who happened to be with friends when they first read it. He watched indignation turn to laughter, and finally found himself "discovered" as the author. It purported to be An Edict from the King of Prussia, who claimed: "That the first German settlements made in the island of Britain were by colonies of our people, subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions." Therefore, said the king, "there shall be levied and paid to our officers of the customs, on all goods, wares, and merchandizes, and on all grain and other produce of the earth, exported from the said island of Britain, and on all goods of whatever kind imported into the same, a duty." The edict prohibited iron manufacture and hat making in Britain, "but, lest the said islanders suffer inconvenience by the want of hats, we are farther graciously pleased to permit them to send their beaver furs to Prussia; and we also permit hats made therefrom to be exported from Prussia to Britain, the people thus favored to pay all costs and charges of manufacturing, interest, commission to our merchants, insurance and freight, going and returning, as in the case of iron."

Franklin's king clinched the argument: "We flatter ourselves, that these our royal regulations will be thought just and reasonable by our colonists in England; the said regulations being copies from their statutes . . . entered into for the good government of their own colonies in Ireland and America."

The journalist now reluctantly began to abandon his dream of empire. "Where complaining is a crime, hope becomes despair." He was stripped of his postmastership for North America, and abused at a hearing before the lords of privy council. Secret diplomacy occupied his last months abroad. All ties with England were gone from the mind of the man who returned to America feeling: "If we tamely give up our rights in this contest, a century to come will not restore us in the opinion of the world; we shall be stamped with the character of bastards, poltroons, and fools, and be despised and trampled upon, not by this haughty, insolent nation only, but by all mankind."

There was little time for journalism in Philadelphia during the early months of the Revolution. Franklin became postmaster for America, president of the Committee of Safety to defend Pennsylvania, and a member of the first Continental Congress. He helped with the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, and then, in his seventieth year, sailed for France to continue, as commissioner for Congress, his work for America.

*Le docteur* Franklin's reputation was "more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire," fellow commissioner John Adams admitted, although his blunt nature was repelled by Franklin's worldly wit and charm. "His plans and his example were to abolish monarchy, aristocracy and hierarchy throughout the world."

To this end, commissioner Franklin negotiated patiently and privately with the ministers of France's monarch, and journalist Franklin kept his hand in too. A Comparison of Great Britain and the United States in Regard to the Basis of Credit in the Two Countries was printed in many languages throughout Europe, arguing "From the general industry, frugality, ability, prudence, and virtue of America, she is a much safer debtor than Britain; to say nothing of the satisfaction generous minds must have in reflecting that by loans to America they are opposing tyranny and aiding the cause of liberty, which is the cause of mankind."

He worked through the French press, although not to the degree he reached in London. His hoaxes became vitriolic. The Sale of the Hessians, pointing a bloody finger at Britain's use of mercenary troops in America, claimed to be from a European count to his commander abroad. The count was delighted at the slaughter; he was paid handsomely for every subject who died. "I have learned with unspeakable pleasure the courage our troops exhibited at Trenton," wrote the count, "and you cannot imagine my joy on being told that of the 1950 Hessians engaged in the fight, but 345 escaped. . . . I am about to send you some new recruits. Don't economize them."

Doctor Franklin's most ambitious—and gruesomely effective—hoax issued from the press he installed at his home in Passy, on the outskirts of Paris. He concocted A Supplement to the Boston Independent Chronicle, complete even to advertisements, all of it embroidery for the story of a mythical Captain Gerrish, of the New England militia. Gerrish described packages "containing scalps of our unhappy country-folks taken in the three last years by the Senneka Indians," who were in the pay of the British. He claimed to have found a letter from a British agent, Crauford, listing the contents of each package. "No. 4," for instance, "Containing 102 of farmers . . . only 18 marked with a little yellow flame, to denote their being of prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped, their nails pulled out by the roots, and other torments."

Credulous editors nearly 100 years after Franklin's death quoted the British agent, Crauford, to substantiate the horrors of Indian warfare. "The form may not be genuine, but the substance is truth," the sage, and wily, old journalist insisted at the time (1783). Poor Richard believed "The cat in gloves catches no mice," and in this instance was sharpening his well-worn claws for the negotiations which brought peace with England that year.

Franklin was besieged by those who wished to emigrate, and printed at Passy, in both French and English, Information to Those Who Would Remove to America. The new world welcomed the humble artisan and the industrious, he indicated, while the scholar, the artist and the soldier would seek in vain for a career. "Much less is it advisable," he warned, "for a person to go thither who has no other quality to recommend him but his birth. . . . It is a commodity that cannot be carried to a worse market than that of America."

Franklin returned to Philadelphia in 1785. He was nearly eighty, crippled with gout and a kidney stone, but served for three years as President (governor) of Pennsylvania and participated in the framing of the Constitution.

He had found time at Passy to write for his own pleasure and that of his friends, producing the famous Bagatelles, addressed to the women who loved him because he, in turn, so obviously adored their little vanities and feminine charm. There was the parable of the boy and the man "who gave too much for his whistle," and the moral of The Handsome and the Deformed Leg, advising "unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should leave off looking at the ugly leg."

The elder statesman at home, who knew "in this world nothing can be said to be certain except death and taxes," was too busy with the little time left to him, and often too uncomfortable, for more than occasional writing. But the journalist couldn't resist one last newspaper hoax the month that he died, in his eighty-fifth year. Congress had been petitioned to abolish slavery and was warned by James Jackson, of Georgia, against "meddling with the affair of slavery or attempting to mend the condition of the slaves."

Franklin had become a leading opponent of slavery in the new nation, and putting on his cloak of anonymity for the last time, he answered Jackson through the pages of the Federal Gazette. The Algerian pirates, plundering young America's ships and enslaving their crews, were then loathed by everyone. The writer in the Gazette, therefore, turned the tables on Jackson by quoting from a divan of Algiers, said to have received a petition for the abolition of piracy and slavery in his nation. Franklin's invented African ruler decreed:

"The doctrine that plundering and enslaving the Christians is unjust, is at best problematical; but that it is the interest of this state to continue the practice, is clear; therefore let the petition be rejected."

Franklin's last hoax was as timely and unerringly aimed at his readers—both the marks of good journalism—as all that preceded it. He ended his writing as he had begun, poking fun.

Poor Richard, who liked to quip, "There's more old drunkards than old doctors," or "He that lieth down with dogs, shall rise up with fleas," knew the value of laughter, whether he was selling almanacs, describing an invention or shaping world affairs. THE END

## The Perfect Squelch

Summoned to school for a "teacher consultation," the anxious father of a ten-year-old was asked whether he himself had any questions. "Why, yes," he said. "Can you tell me why my son can't read? At his age, I enjoyed reading."

The teacher, a strongly opinionated miss, launched into a long explanation filled with pedagogical jargon. "It's simply that you don't understand our modern methods," she concluded. "And please don't try to teach him yourself. If you will refrain from interfering, your son will go successfully through this school and receive his diploma."

"Certainly," the father said meekly. "And I'll try to remember to read his diploma to him."

**Winston Johnson**

*We pay $100 for your original, unpublished squelch anecdotes. Send typewritten, with stamped return envelope, to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Penna.*

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**Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 models.*

NINETY-EIGHT by

Oldsmobile

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# The Floods of Fear

(Continued from Page 21)

clumps of uprooted brush and trees, a shed roof, an overturned skiff. A red raft that had once been a barn door passed close by, spinning slowly, ridden by a shivering dog. Some of the convicts halted work to shout encouragement. Doc Barr—three-time loser, five years served, four years to go—asked Tom Sharkey to use his rifle.

"Put him out of his misery."

"He'll make it," Sharkey said. "He can swim."

"More'n I can do," Doc Barr said.

There was a road of sorts atop the dike. Dump trucks brought sand and sacks. At noon, food came—sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, cold coffee in a gallon jug. Tom Sharkey didn't eat. A man who had only to stand and hold a rifle and keep a nose count can skip a meal or two. He tossed his lunch to the men and saw his sandwiches torn by muddy hands, the pieces passed around, one extra bite for every man.

"O.K.," he said. "Back to work."

The Humboldt country was west of them, below the dike—truck farms, dairy and orchard land. The north-south highway lay to the west, a half mile from the dike, a long mile or more from the hills they could dimly see through the blowing rain. All morning the highway had been clogged—a parade of police and Army vehicles, private trucks and cars. After lunch, only the dump trucks were moving on the roads down there, scooting across the bottom land, bringing sand and sacks to the men who fought the rising river.

"Y'notice," said Shorty Kniss, forger, "they ain't in much hurry to get here, but they're hell for gettin' back."

"Less talk," Tom Sharkey said. "More work."

The day wore on. The twelve convicts filled and wired and placed the sacks, moving heavily, on the river face of the dike. At dusk, a dump truck appeared with a gasoline generator in tow. A mechanic climbed out of the cab to show Tom Sharkey how to start the motor and switch on the floodlight.

"We'll need food and drinking water," Sharkey said.

The mechanic said, "I'll pass the word along."

Darkness came. Tom Sharkey stood in the shadow beside the bellowing generator, watching and counting the tired men. "Truck coming!" someone yelled. The bag filler, the wire-and-lift team moved out of the dump area into the full glare of the floodlight where they would stand until the truck had gone. Tom Sharkey's thumb found the safety button above the rifle's trigger. In eighteen years of service he had never lost a prisoner; he didn't intend to lose one now. The truck howled backward out of the night, hoist squealing.

"Ask him!" Kniss yelled. "Where's the chow?"

"It'll be here," Sharkey said. "This truck or next."

"Don't count on it," a deep voice said.

This was Bruce Donavan, the murderer. He was standing a little apart from the others, hands loose at his sides. He was a tall man, big of shoulder, deep of chest—no flat-bellied beauty, this one. He was thick-waisted, his heavy torso set on heavy thighs. His hands and feet were big. His face was brown, dirty now. He had a short, straight nose, brown eyes, a stubborn jaw. His muddy rag of shirt was open upon a hairless chest. His pants were rolled to the hip, his feet were bare.

"Donavan," Sharkey said, "where're your shoes?"

"I took them off."

"So I see," Sharkey said. "Why?"

"It's getting along to that time."

Now the dump truck jolted to a stop, hoist whining. The tail gate opened and wet sand spilled out. Sharkey left his place beside the generator to ask the driver about food.

"I wouldn't know," the driver said. "I ain't had nothin' to eat myself since breakfast." He gunned the motor nervously. "I'll tell 'em what you said."

"Do that," Tom Sharkey said.

He stepped back and made a quick count: two men with shovels, two with bags, two who had wads of wire thrust under their belts. Donavan, the murderer, standing alone. He was always alone. Beyond Donavan, Peebles, the armed robber, gun and knife specialist, steel-rimmed glasses glinting. Beyond Peebles, Dortch, Avent, Barr and Kniss. Twelve men, all present and accounted for. Sharkey lifted an arm in signal and the dump truck roared away, chasing its headlight glow up the dike.

"Move in," Sharkey said. "Let's go some more."

He stood beside the generator, back to the driving rain. Shovels bit into the sand. A sack was filled and dragged along a mud-slick plank, wired shut. Donavan, the murderer, stepped up out of turn, feet braced, back bent, waiting for the load. The big guy was a fool for work, you had to give him that. All day he'd been passing the other packers on the path, doing more, doing twice as much as any other, without complaint. But he was one to watch, a question mark. He'd done six years of a life sentence, every day of it hard time. He'd done six years and had yet to make a friend of another con.

"Donavan," Sharkey said, "I want to talk to you."

"Next time around," Donavan said.

He went down the muddy path, the sand bag on his shoulder, moving easily, without haste. That, too, was Donavan. Any of the others would have jumped at the chance to fall out of line. Not Donavan. The big guy asked no favors, wanted none.

"Yes?" Donavan said.

His voice was pitched to carry above the generator's steady roar. He was standing in the glare of the light, a good six feet from Tom Sharkey. He had been trained to stand thus when reporting to a guard who held a rifle. He wasn't smiling. He rarely smiled, but his eyes could laugh at you.

"Why the bare feet?" Sharkey asked.

"I swim better that way."

"Don't try a dive. I'm a good wing shot."

"I won't have to dive."

"Still comin' up, eh? How fast?"

"Two inches an hour. Maybe three."

"It'll level off."

"No," Donavan said evenly. "It's time we left. It was time to leave three hours ago." Half the convict crew were listening now. "We can't fill enough sand bags to do any good."

"How do you know so much?"

"I used to build dikes on this river," Donavan said, "and docks and wing dams and ferry slips. We can't save this one—the U. S. Army couldn't save it now. If you want to get these men back inside the walls alive, you'd better put them aboard the next truck out."

"That'll do!" Sharkey said. "That's enough!"

Donavan, the murderer, turned on his heel. At the sand pile all work had ceased; the men were listening, rain-wet faces turned to the light. Peebles, the lean, tough thief who'd specialized in attack from behind, caught at Donavan's arm. Donavan brushed his hand away and bent to take a sandbag from the muddy plank.

"Hey!" Peebles said.

He grabbed at a bag not yet wired shut. He got it on his shoulder unaided, and went floundering down the path after Donavan. The others began to move again, slowly, talking among themselves. Tom Sharkey's thumb found the safety above the rifle's trigger. It wasn't bad enough to be stuck out here without relief, no food, no drinking water they could be sure was safe. Now he had the making of panic on his hands.

Donavan dropped the sand bag atop the sloping wall of bags on the river face of the dike, then stood for a moment watching the suck and swirl of muddy water. Another foot—two feet, and they were done.

"Hey!" Peebles said. "Hey, Donavan!"

Donavan said, "What do you want?"

"What you said ——" Peebles pushed his mud-smeared glasses up on his forehead. "What you told the gun screw, were you on the level? Were you givin' it to him straight?"

"Yes," Donavan said.

"The dike's goin' to go, huh? Kapoot?"

"Yes," Donavan said.

"Great grief!" The words came at the end of Peebles' breath. He turned to look back into the blue-white eye of the big floodlight. "He ain't goin' to take us out o' here—not without orders 'n' help, he ain't. He'll keep us here till he's got another gun screw an' a motorcycle bull to ride escort." He wiped his hands on his shirt. "What're we goin' to do?"

"I'm staying. Do whatever you like."

A voice near the generator said, "Hey, look at this! We got a river inside the dike! And it's coming up fast!"

The water inside the dike was not yet a river. It was slack water, fed by seepage and minor breaks and the overflow of water backed into minor streams. But it covered a wide area. Out in the dark beyond the reach of their light, much of the flat land to the south and west already lay submerged, and in many places the water had covered the north-south highway. There were cars stalled along the highway, most all of them abandoned.

A few were still in their cars. Elizabeth Matthews and Carl Corbin were two of these. She was twenty-three, a postgraduate student at the university. Her parents and a brother and sister lived not far from the town of Biddleford. When she'd heard news reports saying the town of Biddleford was in danger she'd wanted immediately—and senselessly, she knew now—to be with her parents. Carl Corbin, nineteen, an undergraduate and a family friend, had agreed to drive her home. They'd come this far, to this depression in the road. Their car headlights showed them a sheet of still water covering the road. They had no way of knowing its width or depth.

"I'm afraid of it," Elizabeth said. She scrubbed mist from the windshield and peered past the beating windshield wipers. "In this ink, I can't tell if it's a puddle or a lake. Hadn't we better turn back?"

Carl's young face was twisted in hard thought. He tried to keep his own fear out of his voice. "We can't be far from Lebannon," he said. "I'd guess a mile, maybe two. If we can get there, we're safe. And even if we get stuck here, I can hike on in and get a tow car. We'd do better to go ahead than to go back and get stuck in the middle of nowhere." He rolled the window down and peered into the driving rain. "It doesn't look too bad. I think I can see clear road on the other side." He turned to her. "Let's give it a try, Beth."

"You're the driver."

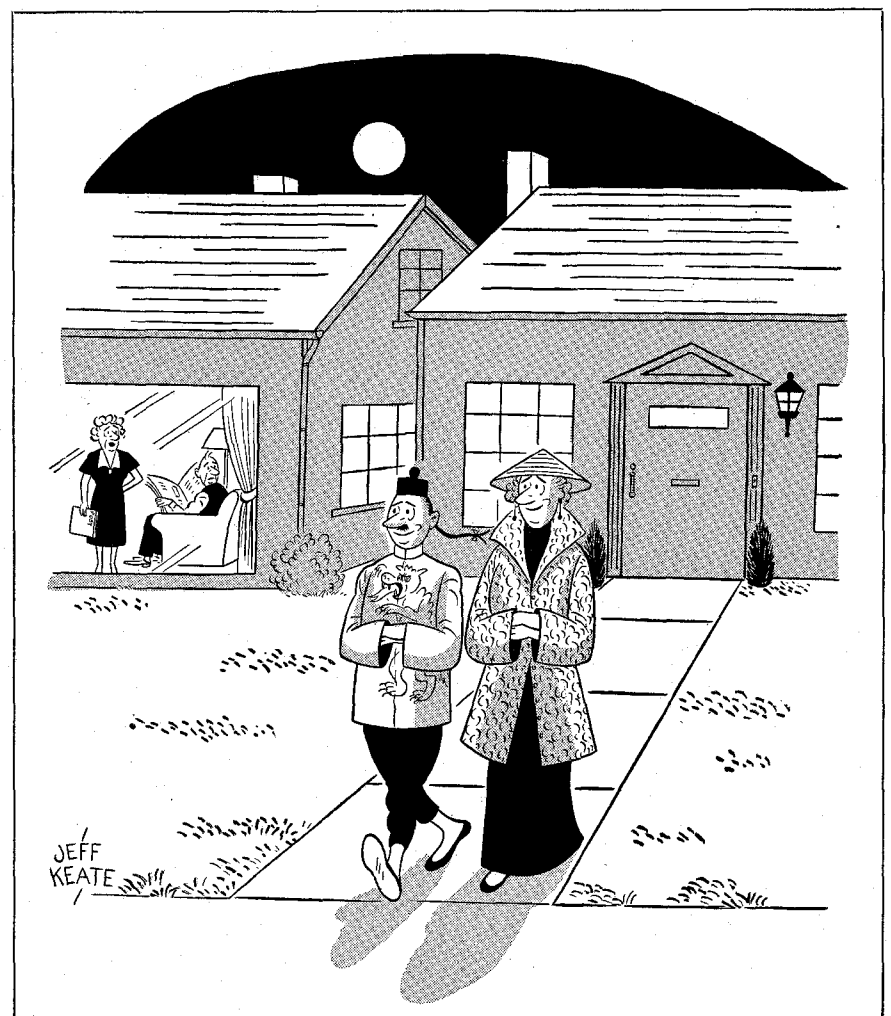
"So cross your fingers," he said.

He put the car in low gear and eased it forward into the water. His young face was white and strained. Elizabeth's hands were clenched in aching fists.

"Carl, it's getting deeper!"

"You're telling me!"

He knew now the clear road he'd seen had been imagined. He was committed, and he was too young to change his mind quickly or willingly. They went on, five yards, ten. The (Continued on Page 64)




"The Keswicks certainly make the most of it when they go out for a Chinese dinner."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# "Out of this world flavor"

The candy with the hole . . . still only 5¢

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(Continued from Page 62) motor sputtered. Frightened, Carl shifted into second quickly and gunned the motor with the hope of bulling through. The motor stuttered and coughed and died. The starter whirred on and on without result.

Carl stared through the windshield. "I goofed."

"You tried," Elizabeth said. "It was a good try."

Carl opened the door. The water was level with the bottom of it. "Just like a lake," he said. He stood up, leaning on the door, holding to the car top. He could see nothing hopeful in the rain-laced darkness. He got back into the car, wiping his dripping face. "Looks like I go wading."

"Wading where?"

"Down the road. Lebannon can't be too far, but there should be help closer than that. A farmer with a truck or something. You'll be all right here."

"Can't I go with you?"

Carl got out of the car. The water was knee-deep. "In this?" he asked. He buttoned his coat against the rain. "Don't be a dope! I'll get wet enough for both of us."

"Don't be gone long."

"Ten minutes," he said. "That's a promise. I'll find somebody or I'll come back for you. And look—make like a lighthouse. Turn the lights on now and then and toot the horn. It's as dark as the inside of a goat out here. I don't want to lose you."

He closed the door and waded away. When he was beyond the reach of the lights, Elizabeth turned them off. She waited a few moments, then pulled the switch to turn them on again. They did not come on. And the horn was dead. Presently the rising water was covering the floor inside the car. She lifted her feet up to the cushions. Carl did not come back in ten minutes or in fifteen minutes. And not in a half hour.

The rising water drove Elizabeth out of the car. She climbed to the hood, then to the top. Standing in the darkness and the rain, shivering with the cold that soaked through her belted raincoat, she was a very frightened girl. But she tried not to be. She couldn't make like a lighthouse. She tried her best to make a noise like a foghorn. Every moment or two she sent a wailing cry through the night.

Tom Sharkey stood beside the roaring generator, the rifle in his hands. He counted convicts, checking names against the roster in his mind. He'd picked those who were most dependable for the dump-area job of bag filling. Schorer, a molester, big as an ox and just as dumb, was paired with Wilkes, a wiry stub of a man, a burglar. Witzel, a sneak thief, and Rudisill, who'd stripped and stolen cars, worked together. Turnidge, a big, blond kid, another car thief, was teamed with Regan, a sullen man who'd burned his neighbors' barns.

The packers, who carried the filled bags, were the men to watch. Tom Sharkey had deliberately given them the mule work; tired men don't have the strength to run. Some of them were nearing exhaustion now. Doc Barr, tavern burglar, had slipped and fallen twice. He'd had trouble getting up, but he hadn't asked for rest. Doc had a wife and daughter in Lebannon. "Pearl'll do all right," he'd said. "But Midge—she's just a little bit of a thing; probably scared to death."

"Who ain't?" Shorty Kniss had said.

Shorty, a grinning ape with a scarred nose, was a forger, a man who got two drinks and started writing checks. Shorty might panic, Sharkey thought, but he'd be the last to charge the gun. Dortch, a safe man, and Avent, armed robbery, were a different sort. They were prison-wise, old cons; their muddy faces told nothing of their thoughts. Both were big and strong, capable of almost anything. And there was Peebles, the worst of the lot. He'd gone the route—knife and gun and club. He wouldn't charge the rifle, but he'd be happy to come from behind with shovel, boots and fists, while someone else was getting shot. Now, for reasons of his own, he was slipping and floundering in the wake of Donavan, the murderer, trying desperately to keep up.

Tom Sharkey stood with his back against the gas tank of the generator, watching and counting the men. He could hear the voice of the river above the motor's sound, a kind of subdued and sullen muttering. On the river side of the dike it was within inches of the top, a powerful and ripping current. On the near side it was ten feet lower and still, but rising steadily. There'd been no car lights south of the truck turnoff for some time now, and the drivers coming down from the north had reported water across sections of the highway in that direction.

They were an unhappy lot, those drivers. The intervals between trucks were longer now; the trucks that came dumped their loads of sand and ran, gears howling, down the dike and away. They brought no food. Worse, they brought no promise of relief.

"We're at the bottom of the list," Peebles said. "They're tryin' to save everybody they can—all the good people. Who cares about cons?"

"If it's us," Doc Barr said, "or a like number of old folks, women and kids, let it be us. And I say it's a good swap. . . . What d'you say, Donavan?"

Donavan said, "I say you're right."

"Keep moving!" Tom Sharkey said.

As long as they were here, they would do a job. They kept moving, but panic and exhaustion had slowed some of them. Half the packers were stumbling. Doc Barr fell again, and this time he could not get up until Donavan helped him to his feet. Donavan was naked to the waist. He'd shed his shirt and somehow ripped the legs of his trousers off, halfway between belt and knee.

"Donavan!" Sharkey said. "How long've we got? When ——"

Donavan said, "We've run out of time."

A truck backed into the dump area, wildly spilling sand. The driver's face was white, his foot heavy on the throttle. And a new sound was on the wind, not loud, but rising steadily. Someone in the dump area yelled, "She's gone! Look inside!" Donavan saw water pouring into the lighted area, a roaring wall of water, fast lifting the inside level toward the river level. Gears clashed and the truck lurched away and the headlights found a muddy torrent pouring across the dike. The truck engine howled, the headlights swung and tipped and vanished utterly.

Now the dike beneath Donavan's feet shook and settled, and water poured down the length of it. He heard screams and saw men, arms flailing desperately, stumble and fall and disappear under the water. He could not help them. He was still on his feet, but the shove of the current was hard against his hips, boiling up, building up against his back, sucking away below his legs. He saw the river take two more, Wilkes and Turnidge. They rode out of the light, looking fearfully downstream, heads held rigid and high. A third man, Dortch, went almost willingly into the water and did not reappear.

Peebles' wild yelling was shrill and thin, "Hang onto me! Give me a hand! I can't ——"

Peebles' hands clawed at Donavan's wet and naked back. Donavan's arm went out to offer support. The current drove Peebles hard against Donavan, rolled him down the length of Donavan's arm. Donavan's reaching hand found only naked flesh and nothing to grip. Peebles went under water, then emerged downstream, paddling furiously, riding high.

Again the earth was cut from beneath Donavan. Now there were no inside and outside water levels; the two levels had met, becoming one, and the dike was slowly melting under it. Donavan staggered, but found new footing, bare feet braced against the coarse sacking of the sandbags. The water boiled over his shoulders. He turned to put the plane of his chest against the stream. There had been no one left on the melting dike downstream. Now, with the light he had, he could see only Tom Sharkey above.

The guard had managed what the others could not because the bulk of the generator was breaking the full strength of the current, giving him a boiling eddy to stand in, an anchor to cling to. His rifle was gone. He'd stripped off his raincoat and shirt, and he'd shed his boots. He was ready. The generator settled, tipping the light to a crazy slant, and Sharkey gave himself to the river, splashing out into it in the clumsy way of a man who can swim only a little. He passed beyond Donavan's reach. His bald head was awash, sinking and rising. There was no cry from him, no show of fear.

Now Donavan was alone. He stayed on, his leg muscles corded and hard with the strain, the water boiling up from his chest, drenching his face. He was not going to escape. Donavan, the murderer, was going to stay where the guard had left him until he was overpowered by the river. The generator gave way at last. The light wheeled across the rain-laced darkness, the motor roared and died and the light was gone. Donavan's feet began to slide. He had time to face downstream to fill his lungs. He had to go, and he went as any man would go toward freedom. He dived with a powerful thrust that carried him very deep into the river and very far.

He didn't try to surface. He let the water have its way with him, tossing him, twisting him, buffeting him in a turmoil of conflicting currents. The depths of the river, even turbulent and dark, were like home to him. He had been born beside this river. He knew its every mood and feared none of them. He had no need to fear. His strong, deep-chested, thick-waisted body was as buoyant as seasoned wood, the capacity of his lungs was enormous. And he could swim as few men can.

He surfaced and rode the crest. With no effort at all, he floated high, his head and part of his shoulders free. The driving rain, the occasional slap of water that struck his face did not bother him at all. Nor did the cold. In hours it might numb him dangerously; now he was only a little less than comfortable.

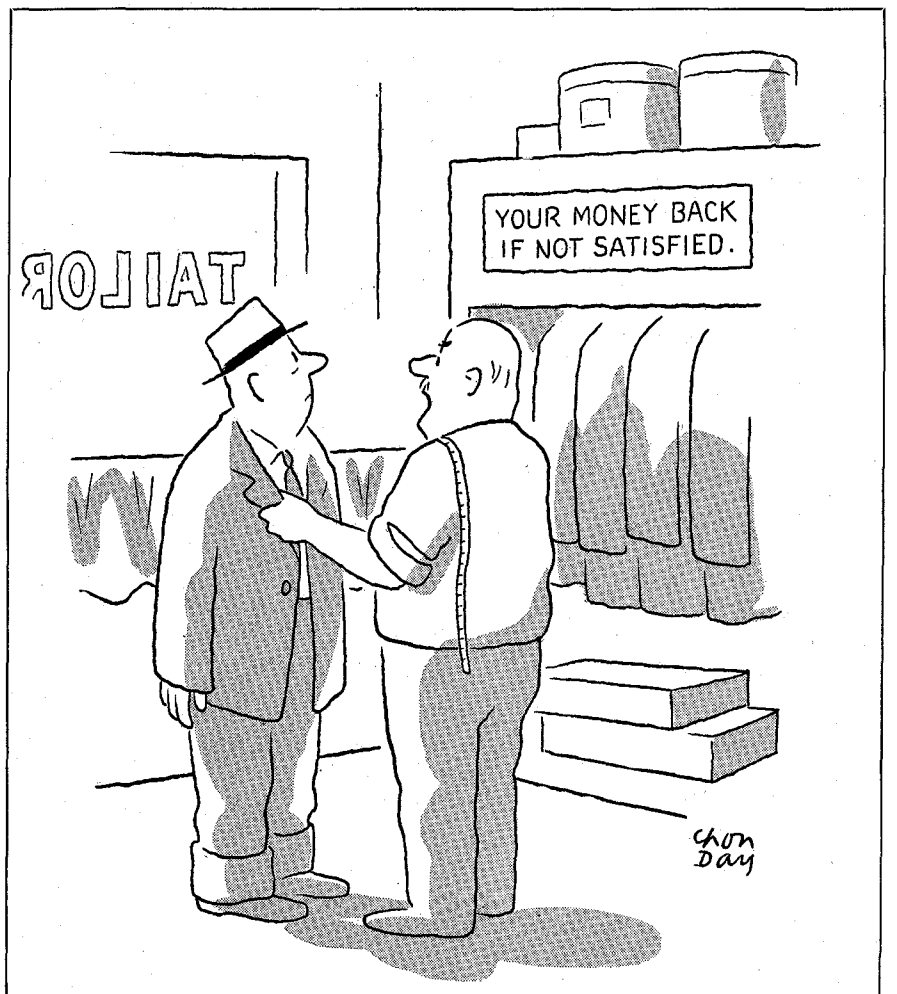
He was free! That was the thing that mattered. Downstream, perhaps a hundred miles, was the town of West Mills. He'd lived and worked there. And he'd been tried for murder there, found guilty and sentenced to prison. Since the day they'd taken him from West Mills, handcuffed and shackled, he'd wanted no other thing than to go back.

And now he was going back. The river had done for him what he'd refused to do for himself; it had freed him from prison. As it carried him toward West Mills, it was protecting him with its wide reaches and with the confusion of the disaster it was working. Still more, it was holding in store for him—for the time after West Mills—complete oblivion.

Who could say that Donavan had not died in the flood? And who could say, after the flood had gone, that Donavan did not lie buried in the muck and silt, along with a hundred others. All he had to do was manage the business in West Mills carefully, and, after it, walk carefully through the confusion and out of the confusion to a distant place, a new identity and a free life.

But the business in West Mills and whatever was to happen beyond West Mills were things he could not hurry. The way was clear, the means would come to hand at the proper time. Now he could put them aside. He could enjoy these first, the sweetest, moments of freedom to the very fullest.

Donavan, the murderer, the life-termer, was free! (Continued on Page 68)




"I suppose you realize we can't merely take your word for it. We need proof you're not satisfied."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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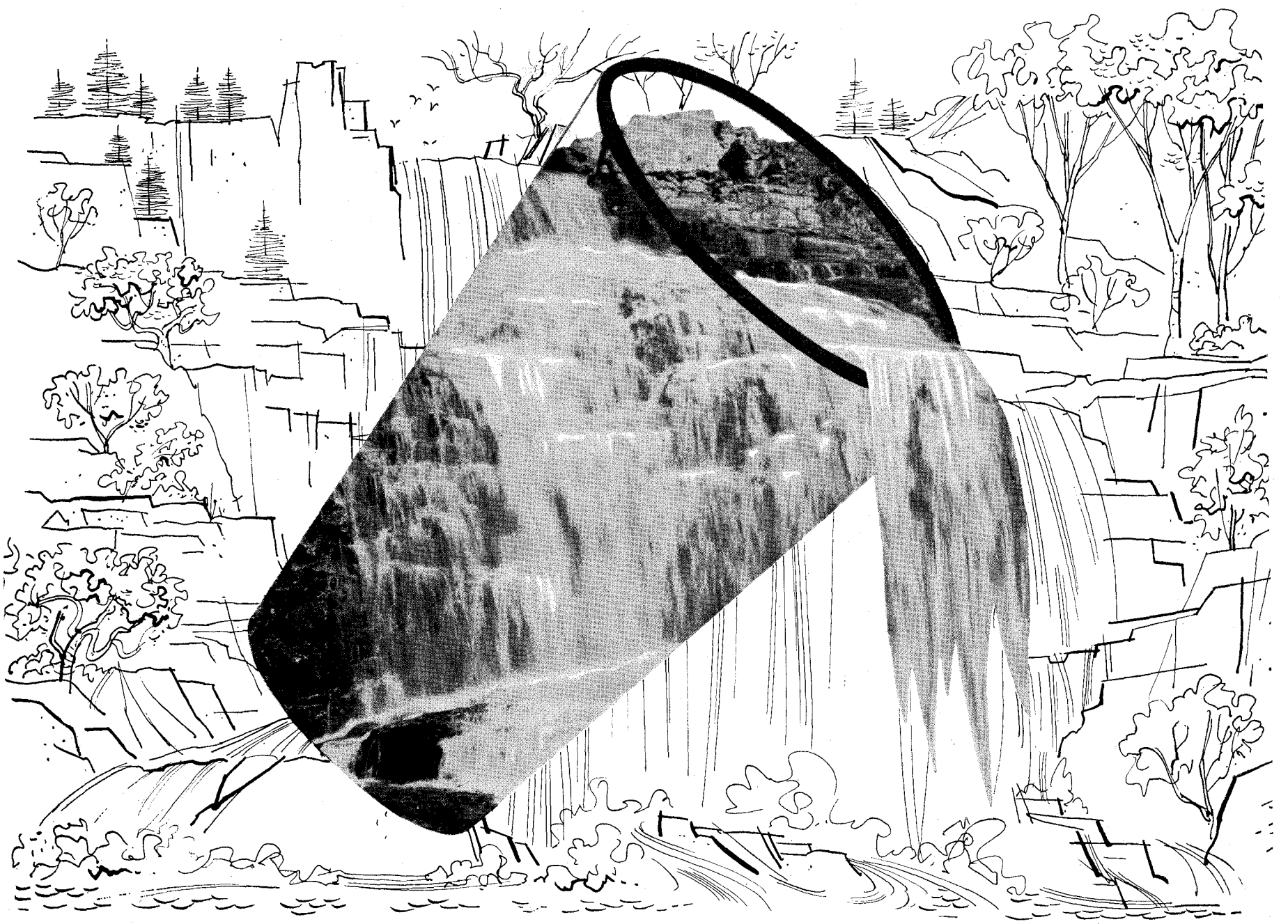

# *Water--at your service*

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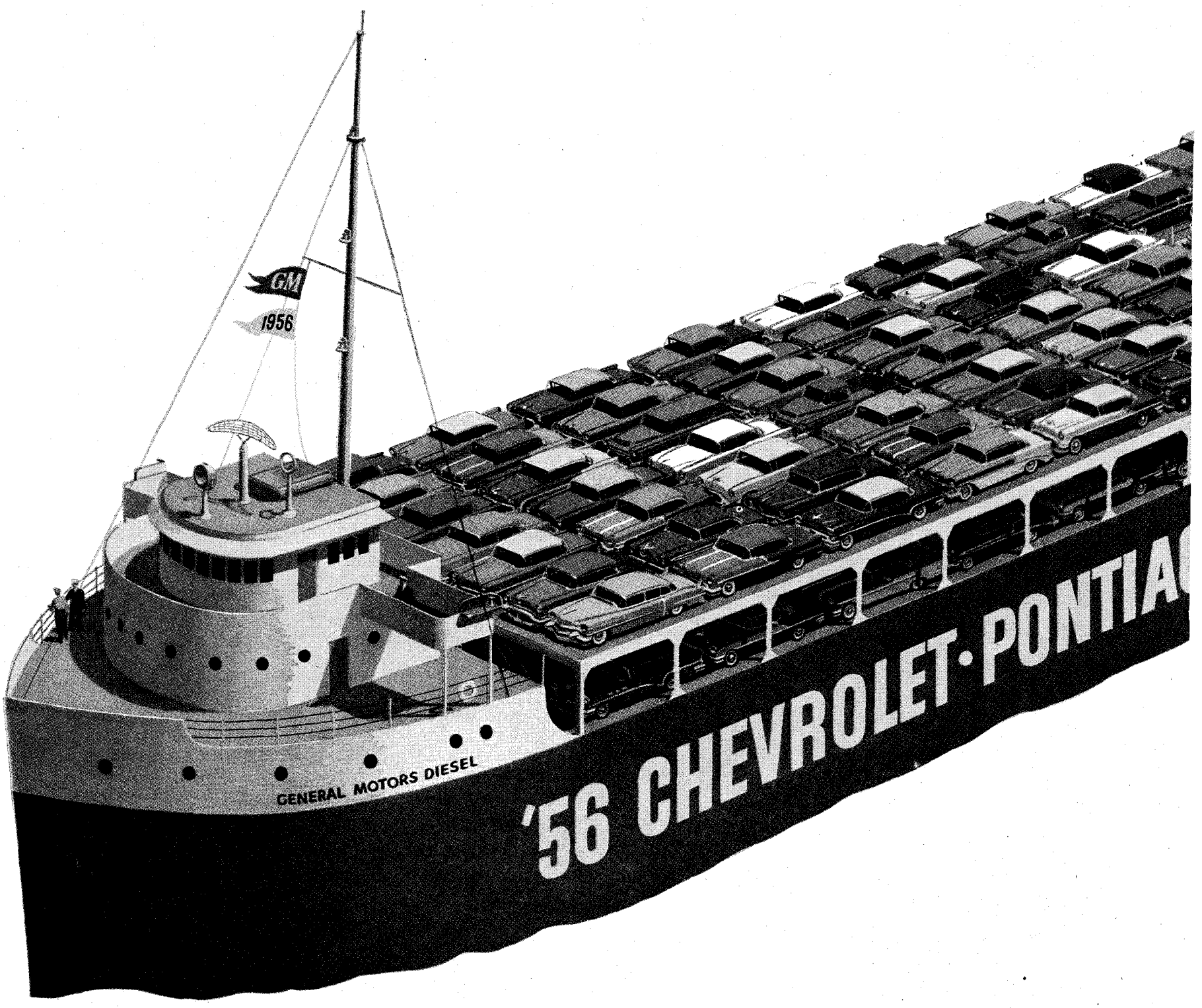


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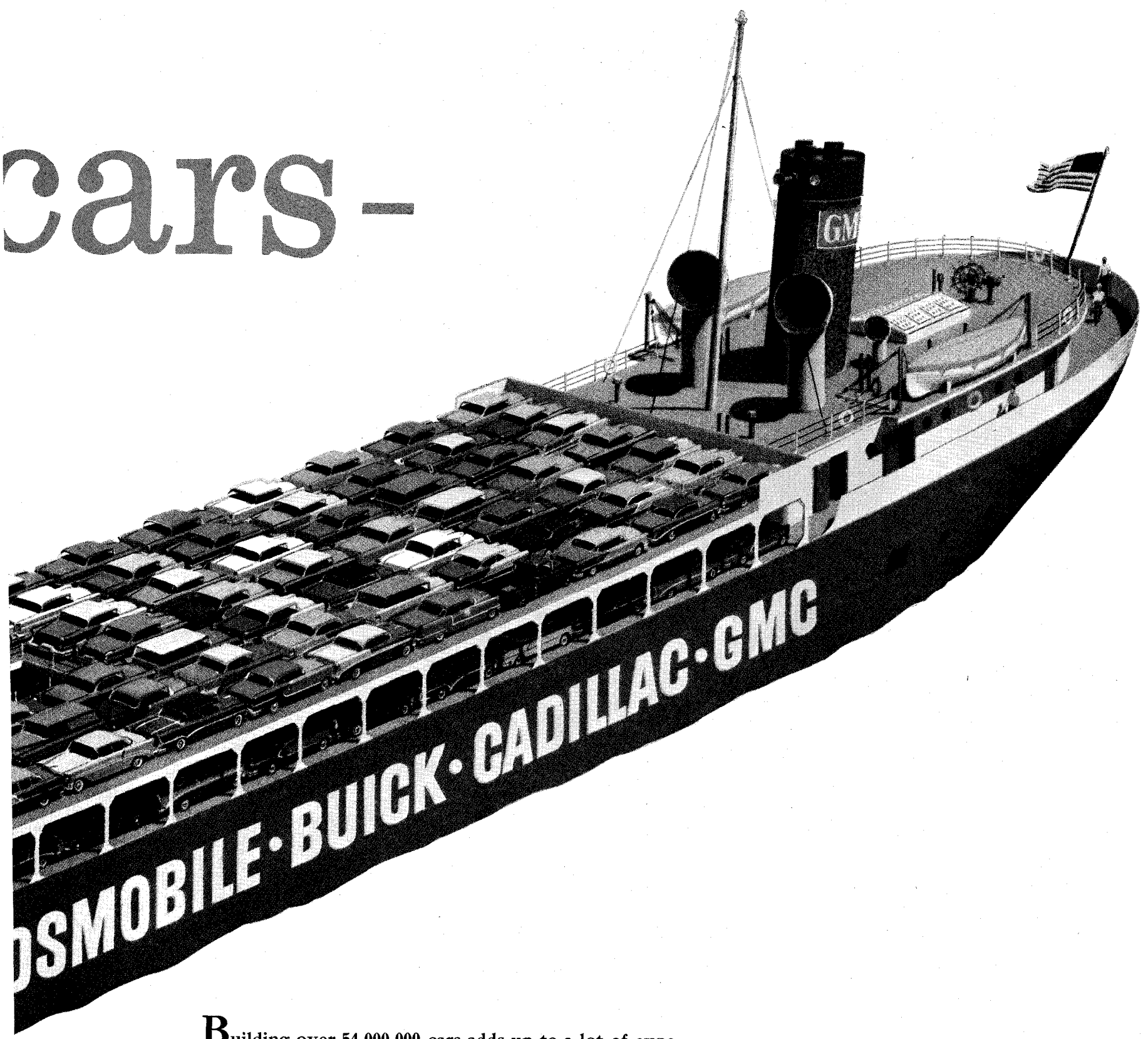
# cars –

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(Continued from Page 64) And he laughed at that, full-throated laughter he hadn't known in years. He dived again, going deep, then drove himself up to break the surface in a porpoise roll and dived again. He swam far beneath the surface, adding his speed to the swift current, following its twisting, unseen pathways, recoiling as it recoiled; then going up with the sudden rush of it to break the surface in the center of a wide upheaval. A free man! By the living God and all the saints men pray to—at last, a free man!

Of the other convicts, only Peebles was still alive, a half mile ahead of Donavan, east of him. Peebles' small, stringy body was tough-fibered, his will to live was indestructible. He paddled clumsily, but furiously, keeping himself afloat long after bigger men and better swimmers had given up. Peebles would not give up, he would not die. And his endless fighting paid off for him. In time, an uprooted tree came to his hands. He fastened to it like a half-drowned cat.

Riding the tree, exuberance came to him too. He knew he would live now. And he was free. Being alive and free in a flood so vast would be no bad thing, he knew. A man with a gun, a knife or even a club and the know-how to use it couldn't help but score big. Houses would stand vacant. Whole towns would be empty. And almost all those he met would be carrying what they could of their valuables. It would all be free—free because the flood would cover whatever he had to do to take it.

Tom Sharkey, the guard, was still alive. A far different man than Peebles, he had much the same inflexible will to stay alive. His fight with the river was a carefully controlled one. He husbanded his strength with a miser's care. He reasoned: each undertow had to return him to the surface in time; a deep breath would sustain him, if he didn't struggle needlessly; his awkward swimming stroke would support him, if he didn't ask too much of it.

But there was nothing like exuberance in him. There was only a grim determination to stay alive somehow. To stay alive, because Tom Sharkey, sergeant, the guard who'd never lost a man, had lost twelve men at one stroke. Some of the twelve had died, he knew. But if he lived, some of the twelve would live with him. And those who lived had to go—would go—back to prison.

Sharkey, Peebles and Donavan were widely separated. But they had entered the water at the same point. They were being carried by the same currents. Because the currents were treating each man alike, they were going, unknown to one another, toward the same general destination.

The currents carried Donavan away from the normal channel of the river. He knew that, feeling the push of the river slacken as it would upon spreading out across submerged flat lands. Then he began to encounter still-standing trees in the darkness, brush that spoke of fence rows. Still he made no effort to choose a course and stay on it. In this darkness, one way was as good as another, so long as the general direction was toward the south.

He came upon the north-south highway in a little while. His first hint of it was when he felt the graveled shoulder beneath his feet. He waded to the pavement and found the water flowing there only a little more than knee deep. He was resting there when he heard Elizabeth Matthews' call.

The sound was faint in the drumming rain, dreary and forlorn, as any imitation of a foghorn must be, but unmistakably human and female. Donavan did not go toward the sound at once. He couldn't bring himself to. Whoever was calling would need help; he swore at that. He hadn't time to help anyone. He couldn't safely help anyone. Worse—this was a bitter discovery to him—he had no desire to help. Why should he help one of the people who had kept him caged the past six years? Why should he help anyone at all?

He fought with himself and lost. He waded on, his anger and his disappointment an ugly taste in his mouth. When he was near enough, he called, "Hello—hello there!"

Elizabeth answered at once, "Hello! Hello!" There was doubt in her voice, fear that her ears had tricked her.

He called again, and Elizabeth knew a gladness and a relief that made her almost senseless. "Yes—yes, I'm here! Oh, thank God! Help me, help me! I'd given up hope! I ——"

"Steady," Donavan said. "I'll be right with you."

The pavement sloped into a downgrade, the water deepened again and the current began tugging at his legs. Her voice guided him to the car, and he stood beside it, waist-deep in the boil on the downstream side. He couldn't see her in the rain and the darkness, nor could she see him.

"Are you alone?" she asked.

"Alone," he said. "Walking and swimming. Well, you'd better come down. You can't stay up there."

"But the water's deep. The current ——"

"Deep and getting deeper," Donavan said quietly. "The dikes have given way upstream. It's taking a while to cover the flat lands, but they'll be covered by ten feet or more. You'll have to get into the water. It might as well be now."

"No, I can't!"

Donavan moved close to the car. Reaching up, fumbling in the darkness, his big hand found a slim ankle, closed. Elizabeth screamed. He pulled and she came tumbling, screaming, down on top of him. He caught her weight on his shoulder. She fought him wildly, but he forced her legs down into the cold water between himself and the car, to her knees, her thighs, her waist, until her feet were on the pavement. The shock of the chill water stopped her outcries. She could only gasp.

"You'll be all right," he told her. "The water's cold, but you'll get used to it. Now stop fighting. Stop fighting the water and stop fighting me. Get hold of yourself; you can't stay alive if you don't."

Her arms were tight around his neck. She was clinging to him desperately, pressed hard against his naked chest. Now, as the first shock passed, she found that nothing harmful had happened, and began to think again. The quiet voice of the man who held her was completely unafraid, completely confident; his chest was big, his shoulders and arms were very strong. Her courage came back to her.

"I—I lost my head."

"It's all right," he said. "And you're going to be all right. But you've got to trust me and do what I say to do. We can't stay here. The water's rising. We'll have to swim."

"The highway? Can't we walk?"

"All of the highway is under," he said. "It will be deep under soon. And we can't waste our strength fighting the river. We can only win if we let it carry us along." He brought his face close to hers, trying to see something of it. He could see only a pale, indefinite outline. "It will help if I know a little something about you," he said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Are you in good health? Are you strong?"

"Yes."

"Can you swim?"

"I can swim and dive as well as most women, I guess. But I'm not a champion."

"You don't need to be," Donavan said. "I'm champion enough for both of us. That's a truth. Believe it, so you won't panic. I can swim twenty miles without leaving the water. I have, more than once. When we leave here, we'll let this current take us wherever it will until we find shelter of some kind."

"What can we find in this dark?"

"Perhaps nothing," he said. "Then we'll go on until daylight. Hold still now." He ran his hands over her shoulder, down her waist, over her hips and down to her feet. "You'll have to get out of some of those clothes. Your coat, your dress, your girdle, shoes and stockings. Save your slip, if you have to, but we'll tie it around your waist. And save me your coat belt."

She was silent, unmoving.

He said, "Your modesty speaks well for you, but your judgment is faulty. Wet clothes won't keep you warm. Wet, they'll pull you down, tangle your arms and legs and catch on things." He waited a moment. Then he said, "Your modesty may kill you; half naked you're sure to live—it's your choice."

"Here's my coat belt," she said.

He held the belt of her raincoat in his teeth. He helped her remove her coat. As she lifted her dress and slip, he stripped them off her, over her head. He made the slip into a rope and tied it around her waist. In the turbulence, her wet girdle proved more than she could manage alone; he helped her with that, and with her shoes and stockings.

"Now give me your wrist," he said.

He tied one end of her raincoat belt securely to her wrist. Then he fashioned a loop in the other end, ran it above the biceps of his right arm, drew it tight.

"It's not a tow rope," he said. "It's to keep me from losing you in the dark. You'll ride with your hands on my shoulders. Let me do the swimming. Float as shallowly as you can straight behind me; I'll take the worst of the brush and the fences. All right?"

"I'll try."

"Good girl. Now let's be on our way."

He took her hand in his and drew her away from the sheltering eddy beside the car, toward the roadside ditch. She felt him dropping into deeper water, felt the stronger currents dragging at her legs, and fear caught her again.

"Can't we stay on the highway? Please!"

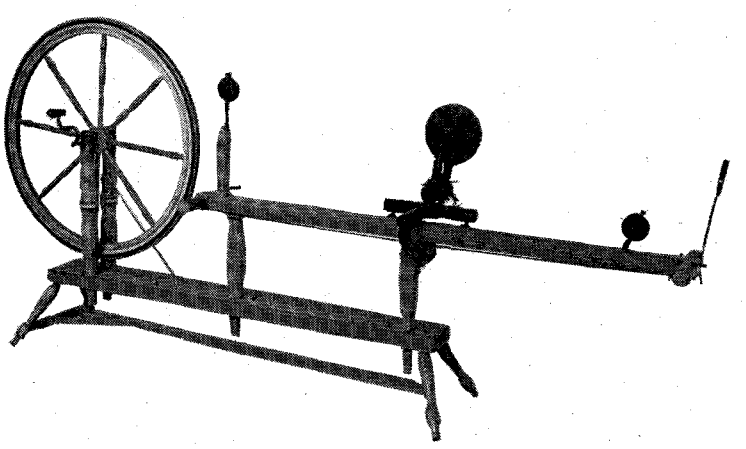
"No!" He was chest deep, fighting the current. "I know this road and this country. There's no high ground. The water will drive us from the road, and I'd rather leave it where there's a channel cut. The deep water is the safest."

He pulled her hand. She had no choice but to go to him into the deeper water. She gasped as the coldness of it covered her entire body, and began swimming, reaching for him. He turned in her clutching arms, guided her hands to his shoulders. He shoved off, riding high to clear the roadside fence, and let the current take them where it would.

After the first moments of terror and uncertainty, Elizabeth was able to control her fear again. No fear was communicated to her from the man beneath her hands. He was able to keep them both afloat with only the smallest movements, and when there was need for swimming, his powerful breast stroke carried them in almost any direction he chose.

This was still the greatest hardship she'd ever known. While she became used to the cold to some degree, it was never less than just bearable, and, as time went on, it seemed to penetrate to her bones. They rode torrents that were almost cataracts, dipping and rising on rolling waves. Gouts of water struck her face endlessly, choking her.

Occasionally the water became still, shallowing to hip-deep and knee-deep, and they waded. (Continued on Page 72)



## How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

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| It was called a | It was used to |
|---|---|
| SCYTHE GRINDER | Sharpen scythes for harvesting. |
| ROPE-MAKING MACHINE | Make ropes for sailing ships. |
| WIRE STRETCHER | Spin early telegraph cable. |
| NAIL-POINTING MACHINE | Put points on handmade nails. |

**Barlow Bridges**

CORRECT ANSWER:

A rope-making machine, used to manufacture the vast amounts of rope needed for full-rigged sailing vessels.

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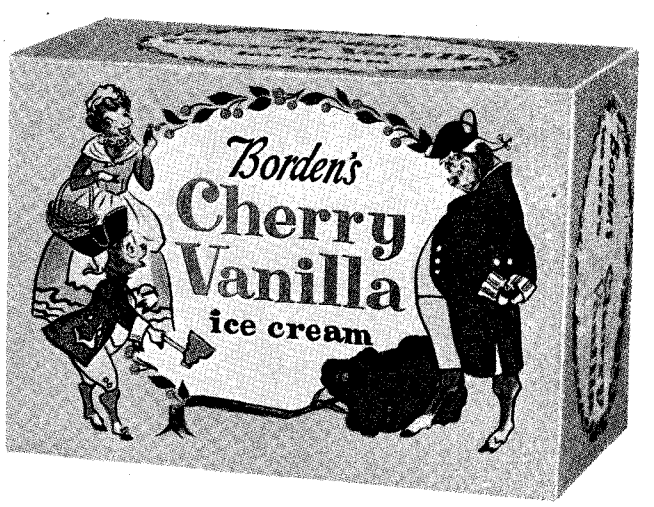


See Borden's new TV shows, "The People's Choice" (weekly) and "Date With Life" (daily)—both on NBC.

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# Best Buick yet

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(Continued from Page 68) The rain beating on her naked shoulders seemed to warm her, and the return to the cold of the deep water was greater torment. There were a few small areas of ground above water. When they stumbled on one of these, Donavan would let her rest a little, but no matter how hard she protested, he would never let her stay.

"You can't stay," he told her, his voice quiet, impersonal and patient. "This ground will be under in a little while. But even if it weren't going to be, we'd have to go on until we found dry shelter for you. You can't take this cold for long. Too much exposure will kill you. We'll find something soon."

He had to drag her by force from that high ground. On the next, he heard a sound that gave her new strength. "Hear it, girl?" he asked. "That's cattle bawling. We're on or near a farm. There must be buildings—a barn, a house, a shed."

They went on, wading. The water was quiet, no deeper than their hips, and the land was level. But it had been a grain field, well grown before the flood had come, and the grasslike stalks, standing loose and free under the water, caught at their bare arms and legs like thousands of tentacles. Each stride was enormously difficult. The last of Elizabeth's strength was drained from her. She fell, got up and went on, and fell again, and got up and fell and couldn't get up. Donavan took her in his arms and carried her.

A fence ended that field. Beyond it, uneven mud beneath his feet told him he was in a lane much used by livestock. He paused a moment, listening to the still-distant bawling of the cattle, thinking. Then he followed the lane in a direction away from the sound of the cattle. In a little more than a hundred yards, he came to a wide wooden gate, a barnyard gate, standing open. He crossed the barnyard to another fence and followed the fence to another gate. This gate was closed, but easily opened, and there was a brick path that led to a house. Donavan climbed two steps to a porch that was knee-deep under the water. He put Elizabeth on her feet and held her.

"Are you all right?" he said. "Can you stand alone?"

"I—I think so. . . . Yes. Where are we?"

"We've found a house."

"But there's no light."

"No power," Donavan said. "And we can hope the owners got away ahead of the flood. The water's a foot deep over the floor now, and climbing." He took the loop of the raincoat belt from his arm. "I'll see what we've got here."

They had a farmhouse, old and not very large. A kitchen—they entered through the back door—a dining room, a living room and an old-fashioned parlor. These things Donavan discovered, wading and groping through the darkness, running his hands over furniture that still stood on the floors.

"We're in luck," he said. "I can't find a bedroom on this floor. That means we've got two floors with bedrooms above. Stand fast until I find the stairs."

Elizabeth waited in the darkness by the kitchen doorway. She was sagging with exhaustion, but far worse was the cold. Now it had penetrated to every part of her. Her jaws were chattering, her body ached, her mind was sick and numb. She heard Donavan say he'd found the stairs, but she couldn't answer or go to him. He came to her. The first touch of his hands on her flesh told him what the trouble was. He lifted her in his arms and carried her. He found a bedroom upstairs and a bed with coverings. He stood her beside it.

"Strip," he said. "Strip to the buff and wait. I'll go look for towels."

She was stripped and in bed, shivering miserably and sick beyond caring, when he returned. His groping hands found her. "I told you to wait," he said, without anger. "But it's all right. There's another bed." The blankets and sheet were pulled from her, a thick bath towel dropped across her breast. Another towel, enclosing his big hands, began to rub her feet and legs. His hands were rough, vigorous and insistent, but somehow they didn't hurt her. And they didn't stop with her feet and legs. They went on, impersonally, until they had brought warmth and circulation to every part of her body. He swung her feet to the floor then, found her wrist and drew her up.

"Come on—into a dry bed." He led her to another bedroom and another bed. He held the covers open for her, guided her under them and tucked her in. "I'll see if I can find pajamas or a nightgown." He went away and came back. "No luck. You'll have to make do. Would another blanket help?"

"I'll be all right."

"Good girl. If you begin to chill again, call me. I think we can beat it with massage. At least, we can try."

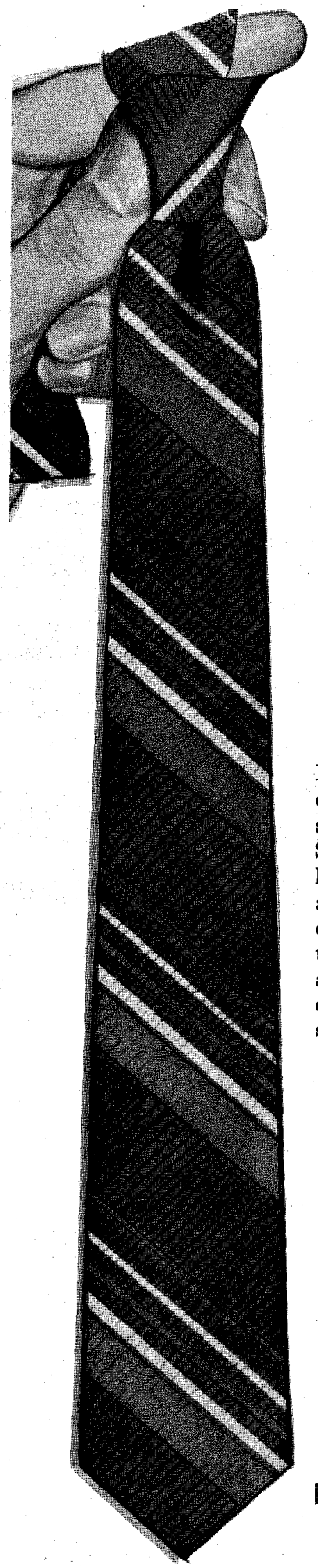
She was silent for a moment. Then: "I wish I could see you."

"Why?"

"So I could thank you," she said. "I can't thank just a voice in the dark for what you've done. Give me your hand." Her hand found his and she gripped it. "Thanks—so much."

"I deserve no thanks," he said. "None at all." She heard him turn away. "Rest now—sleep. I'll be near."

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm in here—washing my hands."

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# The Boy Who Got Away (Continued from Page 24)

and ham and sweet potatoes and about eight kinds of vegetables that it was an hour or so after dinner before I remembered the stuff I'd brought home for presents.

I had a battered Chinese brass bugle for Uncle Frank. He didn't have to ask me what it was; he'd read the papers.

"Why, now," he said, "maybe you'd want to keep this with your own things."

"No," I said, "I was thinking of you when I got it."

"Thanks, Willy," he said, and he turned it over and over carefully in his big strong hands. I knew he'd put it on his special shelf with the hammered-copper ash tray I'd made and the clumsy wooden pipe rack I'd given him for his birthday when I was twelve, so I gave him the field glasses I knew he'd use. I had silk scarves and blouses and a kimono for Aunt Ethel.

I hadn't heard a peep or seen a sign from Joey all this while. I dug into the big canvas-and-leather bag. I had a bolt of creamy-white silk in there, but that was for Joan. I didn't bring that out. Then I found something.

It was an ivory cube, made up of interlocked and tortuously contrived shapes, and one red piece ran through the cube at an angle, corner to corner. The trick was to unlock the cube so as to be able to withdraw the one red piece.

"Here," I said, "maybe you'd like to play with this, Joey."

He gave me a funny look, but he took it.

"Now," I said, laying it on a little thick, "that thing is the only one of its kind. It was made a thousand years ago, and to this day only two people ever learned how to work it. Confucius and me. When you give up, let me know."

For just a moment there, I thought he was going to smile. Then it sort of twisted off sideways. "This don't look so tough," he said.

I said dryly, "Well, if you don't make it this week, I'll tell you the gimmick."

"Yeah, sure," he said. He kept fiddling with the thing, and once, maybe half an hour later, he looked up and saw us watching him, and he got up and went out.

And because I couldn't help being curious, I said, "What's with this Joey, Uncle Frank?"

"Why," said Uncle Frank in his deliberate way, "he's staying with us a while. He's Joey Richards, and he's from down south." That meant downstate.

"City boy?" I said.

"Why, yes. Yes, he is."

"What's he up for?"

"Why, just a couple of petty things. And car theft."

"Oh," I said dryly, "just little things like that."

"Why, now," said Uncle Frank, "I wouldn't be too hard in my thinking. He's had a rough time."

I looked at the ladder-back chair pulled out from the wall and the throw rug scuffled up under it and at the jacket thrown across the arm of the couch, and maybe I raised an eyebrow. Aunt Ethel kept an orderly house, and I'd learned it quick and young.

Uncle Frank knew what I was thinking, and he gave me his slow, sober smile. "Different kettle of fish entirely. You were a little brat, and you had to be brought up a little before you spoiled entirely. If Joey'd had a tenth of the attention and affection you got, maybe he'd not be here."

"Oh," I said, "he's a lovable kid, all right." I knew as soon as it was out that I could have let that one go without saying it. Maybe it was that "hero" business still biting at me.

The silence was dragging out before Uncle Frank murmured, "I remember a phrase we used to use in the Navy, way back. 'Take an even strain,' it was. What do they say in the Army these days, Willy?"

I couldn't help a little shamefaced grin. "I imagine 'no sweat' comes about as close as anything."

Uncle Frank nodded judiciously. "That about expresses it," he said. "Not elegant, but apt."

Somewhere around my third cup of coffee the next morning, I remarked to Uncle Frank, "Wish I'd thought to stop in at Burman's long enough to pick up a fishing license yesterday."

He silently reached into a shirt pocket and laid the paper, ready folded in its glassine folder, by my plate. That's my Uncle Frank.

He said gently, "Maybe you'd want to take Joey along."

Well, I wouldn't want, but this was Uncle Frank. "Sure," I said.

He really is my uncle. He raised me. And I know I was a handful. My folks died when I was only eight; I went to live with Aunt Ethel and Uncle Frank. They didn't have any children, and they loved children; not with a sloppy, maudlin, ruinous kind of love, but a deep and understanding affection.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Old Wolf

By Edward A. Lawrence

If he's a pillar of decorum,
With nothing at all to live
down,
Then those with whom he
lived it up
Are simply no longer
around.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

Uncle Frank was the best chief deputy sheriff this county ever had. He loved me and instructed me, and when I did wrong, his discipline was consistent and inevitable.

When I acted in manly ways, I was treated as a man and an equal. When I acted babyish, I was allowed to sulk in silence or yell unheard. By the time I was ten I would have cut off my right arm without hesitation for either of them. I think they'd have done the same for me.

Uncle Frank was a deputy sheriff for more than forty years—thirty-five of them as chief deputy. He served under four sheriffs, and always refused to run for the office himself.

"Why, now," he'd say with that slow smile, "if I was sheriff and didn't do my job, they'd have to recall me or wait till next election to get rid of me. Now, if I don't do right, I can be fired the next day, and that's the end of it. Besides"—and his smile would widen a little—"the chief deputy runs the department anyway." In his case it was so, and because he was absolutely honest, he had earned trust; because he was absolutely fearless, he was respected.

When I first went to live with him there was a tall, quiet boy of eighteen, "staying here for a while." I didn't know for years that he'd killed his own father with a butcher knife—for cause—and was hysterically holding off two deputies with a rifle until Uncle Frank went in empty-handed and brought him out. He's a successful rancher today. Another wild one, slated for the pen, came to stay awhile. He's a probation officer in a big-city juvenile court downstate. There were others. They stayed a week or a month or years. Most of them turned out all right.

So I wasn't too surprised at Joey. He certainly hadn't endeared himself to me, but he was one of Uncle Frank's boys, and Uncle Frank wanted me to take him fishing, so I did. But I didn't enjoy it.

First, it was my snake gun. It was a service model .38 Special that Uncle Frank took off a man once. It had the barrel chopped off short. I'd hand-loaded shells for it with fine shot and wadding, and it's the medicine for snakes. There are plenty of rattlers out on the creeks, and as far as I'm concerned, one is too many. You hear one buzz, you don't have to fret about hair-fine sighting; you just point it and blam, dead snake, because she throws a nice dense pattern big enough to cover a dinner plate at ten-fifteen feet. So when I went fishing, it went in my hip pocket.

So we were loading the gear in the jeep, and Joey said suddenly, "Hey, let's see the rod."

I started to hand him one of the cased fly rods, but he said, "Nah. The rod. The one in your pocket."

"Oh," I said. "The snake gun." I took it out, swung out the cylinder, kicked out the shells. Nobody but a fool hands anyone else a loaded gun.

"Man," he said, hefting it in his hand, "that's a sweet rod." He didn't hold the thing out, aim it, point it, the way most people do. He held it about belly high, close to his body, arm crooked. He had this odd expression. It wasn't quite furtive, it wasn't really threatening. Just odd.

"Man," he said. Then, "How d'you get away, packing this thing?"

"Why," I said, honestly surprised, "who'd care?"

"Boy," he said, "down in the city, they catch you with this, they'd ice you down good." He moved his feet apart and sort of swayed his shoulders, holding his elbow close to his ribs. I didn't like it. I didn't know quite why, but I didn't like it.

Uncle Frank taught me to shoot when I was nine, and got me my own single-shot .22 rifle when I was ten. You go into most any house in the county, and you'll see guns, standing in a kitchen corner, hung on a rack, whatever. Where I'd been the past couple of years, I'd shot and been shot at for real. I'm not jumpy about firearms. I just didn't like Joey's look. I stuck out my hand to show him I wanted it back.

He turned away just a little bit and snapped it a couple of times at the jeep. Without opening it and checking it. Sure I'd unloaded it. But any fool knows that you watch a man unload, and when he hands you the thing, you check.

"Gimme," I said.

Maybe it wasn't reluctantly, but it wasn't done quickly, when he handed it back.

"Man," he said again, "that's a sweet rod. Why d'you call it a snake gun?"

"'Cause I kill snakes with it," I said.

"The hell," he said, like I was lying.

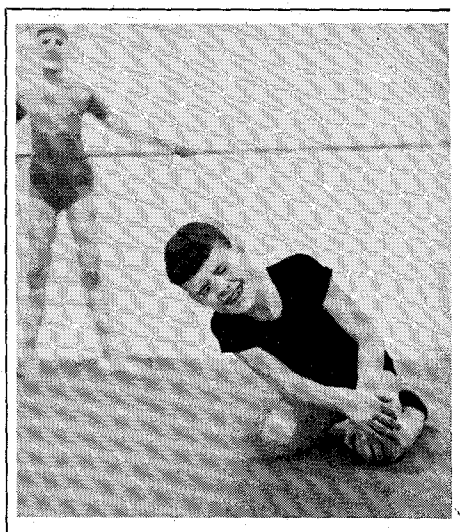
"That's right," I said. I didn't tell him they were shot shells. I reloaded it quickly and stuck it in my hip pocket. It was the first time in my life I felt self-conscious about carrying a gun. "Come on," I said. "Let's go fishing."

He'd never had a fly rod in his hands, apparently. I rigged him up and showed him a few rudiments of fly casting, and turned him loose. He used the delicate split-bamboo rod like a combination buggy whip and baseball bat. He was noisy and impatient, and then he hung his fly high in the bushes on a back-cast. He swore and jerked the rod, and snapped the tip section.

Well, it was only my second-best rod. But it represented a lot of long and patient hours of riving and fitting and gluing and wrapping and varnishing. It was silly, and it needn't have happened.

I know most of the earthy and profane expressions and use some of them occasionally if the situation seems to need that kind of emphasis. But not the nasty, crawling, vicious obscenities that Joey shrieked out. If it hadn't been for that, maybe I'd have chided him a bit and then lent him my rod. Now I just waited till he ran out of filthy words, and said, "Well, looks like you're done fishing."

He said something else and flung the rod down, and I said, without raising my voice or saying "Please," "Put it in the case and in the jeep." I meant it, and he



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knew it. He was rough about it, but he did it. Then he stood up on the bank and watched me.

After a while, he said, "How's for letting me do some shooting?"

"No," I said.

He said something too low for me to hear. He dug into his hip pocket and got a crumpled half pack of cigarettes and sat moodily smoking and digging at the creek bank with his heel. Then I hooked one.

He wasn't too big—a twelve-incher—but I was using a one-and-a-half-pound test tippet on my leader, and he gave me a real tussle. There's that about fishing. It's challenge and fun and sport, and it wipes a lot of things off the slate. By the time I netted my fish and held him up and admired him, I felt like a human being again. I could even stomach Joey. I waded out and sat down on the bank.

"Here," I said, offering him my rod. "You want to try it again?"

He just looked at me. "No," he said.

"Suit yourself," I said. We sat in silence a while longer. He flipped away his cigarette butt. I ground it out under the wet rubber heel of my waders. He looked at me. Finally he dug in his pocket and got out the puzzle I'd given him.

I didn't mean anything by it. I was trying to sort of ease off the silent strain. I said in a gently kidding tone, "Haven't you got that yet?"

He looked at me, dark-eyed, blank-faced. "Sure," he said. Before I really knew what was going on, he picked up a fist-sized rock, put the carved-ivory puzzle on another between his knees and smashed it with the rock in his hand. Then he pulled out the red piece—two pieces now—and extended them on the flat of his hand. "That what you wanted, hero?" he said.

I don't know what kept me from hitting him. I wanted to so bad it made me hurt all over. I got up and away from him.

By the time I got my waders off and my rod unjointed and cased, I could unknot my jaw muscles enough to say, "All right. Let's go."

Uncle Frank is a gentleman and nobody's fool. He just looked at us and went about his business, and it wasn't until we were alone that evening that he mentioned the fishing trip.

"Just don't ask me to take him with me again," I said.

"Ah," he murmured, "that's too bad."

One thing I learned in the Army. You're all in it together. Good guys and bad, foulballs and knotheads. You get along. You don't click with a guy, you leave him alone. You do what you have to do in his company, and ignore the rest. That was it. I was civil with Joey, and no more. I didn't crowd him, and I wasn't about to be crowded. We got along.

I rode a little and worked a little and thinned out the woodchucks with my varmint rifle and fished a little, and usually made it come out so that I dropped over to see Joan of an evening. Mostly, I worked on our house. It wasn't much, but all it needed was work. It sat on a hundred acres, between Uncle Frank's place and Joan's folks, and they'd given it to us jointly the day we told them we were going to be married. We weren't rushing it. We'd been two years apart. She was my girl, and we knew what we both wanted. We just weren't rushing it. And that's our business.

Joey climbed into the jeep a couple of times when I set out to work on our house, and give him his due, he worked. I was cleaning up the yard and building a low stone wall, and he hustled rock and wheeled dirt in a barrow, and worked like a trooper.

The second evening, when I started off for Joan's, he said, "How's to come along with you?"

Which left me with nothing much to say except, "Sure. Climb in."

Joan's folks are nice people, and they don't need a wall to fall on them. They usually gave Joan and me elbowroom for our handholding and getting reacquainted. Until Maryann came up onto the porch, heading for the door without stopping. Even in the early dusk, she had a sort of pink look about her. She's Joan's kid sister. Sixteen. A nice kid.

"Hey," I said, thinking I was joking, "what are you mad about?"

"Not a thing," she said, and swept through the door as regally as any princess.

After a while, Joey came up from the direction of the creek. He went to the jeep, and stood there, leaning against it, smoking and looking down. I went out there.

Even in the dusk I could see the faint discoloration under one eye. I didn't know whether to laugh or get mad. Maryann grew up with two big brothers—one's married and the other one's in the service—and she knows how to roughhouse a bit; what burned me was that she'd needed to.

"What gives?" I said.

"Nothing," he said, not looking at me.

"Now, look young feller," I said, and about that time Joan's dad came around the other side of the jeep. He didn't look quite upset, but he didn't seem entirely hilarious either.

He looked at Joey, and trying to keep it light, he said, "Just remember a kitten can scratch, young man. And an old papa tom can be a lot rougher than that."

Joey snapped his cigarette down. It made a little circular fountain of sparks when it hit. "Sure," he said in his bitter, contemptuous voice, "big hero, here, can sit around and smooch with your daughter all hours, and that's fine, that's wonderful. But me, I'm a dirty stinking thus and such if I ——"

He didn't say "thus and such," and he didn't stop there. But about the time I saw that look come over Amos' face, I got between them and got Joey into the jeep. And that was another of those long, silent rides home.

Uncle Frank and Aunt Ethel were still up, sitting in the living room. I just nodded and started on through, and Uncle Frank said, "Well, Willy, have you and Joan set a day yet?"

"N—o," I said. "We've got plenty of time."

"Why, sure," he said, "I guess you have."

"Speaking of time," said Joey, "how much more of a jolt do I have to serve?"

He was still standing in the doorway. He had his thumbs hooked in the front pockets of his tight jeans, and in the lighted room the mark under his eye showed plainly. Uncle Frank turned a little in his chair.

"What do you mean, Joey?" he said gently.

"I mean how long have I gotta stay in this dump? What does it get me if I crash out of here?"

"Why, I don't want you to feel that way. You can stay as long as you like."

"Don't give me that slop. You're holding something over my head, and if I walk out you'll drop it on me. What I want to know is, what is it?"

Uncle Frank was still gentle and reasonable. "There's nothing over your head, boy. No one is keeping you here; nobody is going to do anything to you. I told you when you came. What's past is done. You're starting fresh here. You can do what you please."

"Yeah, you bet! I can do what I damn please. Big hero, here, he can come home, and everybody falls all over him. Big wheel, big deal. Me, I'm a dirty thus and such. I look at a girl, and everybody jumps me. Hero, here, he can take her sister out and ——"

I pretty near made it. It was only about four long strides across the room. But Uncle Frank could still move. He was out of his chair and facing Joey, and I could stop or crash into him. I stopped.

He'd been forty-some years a deputy sheriff, Uncle Frank. It hadn't been all sweetness and light. He'd bumped heads with the toughest, and he never took a step back from any of them. All of a sudden, because of the way he stood and the way he spoke, I was remembering that.

"Joey," he said softly, "you don't talk that way in this house."

I couldn't see Uncle Frank's eyes, but I did see Joey take a step back. And I heard the high, hysterical note come in his voice. "Well, I don't have to stay in this damned house, then," he said.

Uncle Frank said softly, coldly, "No, you don't. But while you're here, you won't talk like that."

Joey swallowed. Then, still high-pitched strained, "Well, if you're going to stop me, do it now. I'm pulling out of here."

Uncle Frank said slowly, "That's up to you. But I want you to think before you do it."

I suppose Joey thought it was weakness. I knew better, but maybe Joey didn't. He said clearly and contemptuously, "Get out of my way, then, big man. Or are you going to keep my stuff for the rent?"

I saw Uncle Frank's shoulders lift. The little folds in his shirt sleeves quivered under the strain of keeping his hands at his sides. Then he stepped back and said in a flat, neutral voice, "All right. Do what you like."

Joey didn't even look at us as he crossed to the hallway down to the stairs.

Uncle Frank went over to his desk and reached into one of the pigeonholes. Aunt Ethel got up off the couch. She had a handkerchief wadded tightly in one hand. She walked past Uncle Frank and laid the other hand on his shoulder. He didn't look around, just reached up and touched her hand with his, and she went on past into her kitchen. I pushed a fist against my hand. Uncle Frank's pen scratched.

Joey wasn't gone long. He came down the hall carrying a small cheap suitcase. He was wearing his leather jacket. Uncle Frank got up and held the pink slip out to him.

"What's that?" said Joey.

"It's yours. All my—boys—work. And they get paid. Wherever you're going, you'll need some money. And you've earned this."

Joey didn't move. Uncle Frank reached out, took his hand and closed it over the check. "Good luck, son," he said.

Joey swallowed. His eyes flicked at me, and quickly away. Then he walked to the door. When he turned, his crooked, infuriating smile was pasted on.

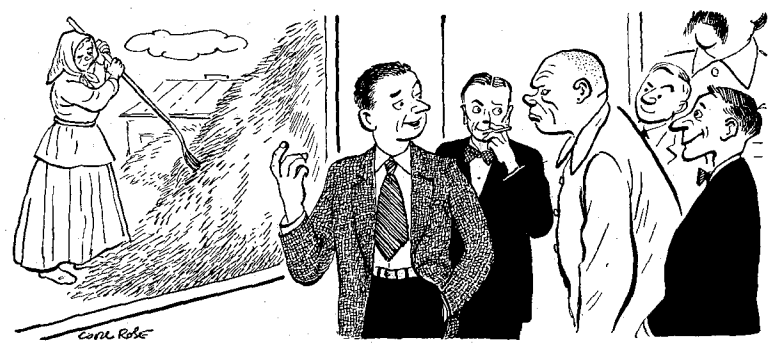
"I don't need your dough," he said. His hand clenched, crumpling and rolling the check into a rough ball. He opened his hand and dropped it as if it were dirty. Then he walked out.

I started for the door. Uncle Frank said quietly, "No, Willy." He stood a moment, looking at the crumpled check, and then he went to his chair and sat down.

"It's too bad," he said. "It's too bad." I couldn't tell if he was speaking to me or to himself. "I lost that one," he said. "I failed. I couldn't reach him."

"Quit blaming yourself," I said. "The only thing that will reach that punk is a bullet in the head, and he'll get it one of these days, the way he's going."

"Yes," said Uncle Frank, "and that's what breaks my heart. If I'd only found the right way—the right thing." He suddenly looked old, years older, shrunken, tired. He went on in the same musing tone, "Jimmy sent him to me. You remember Jimmy—no, he was before—but you know. He's the probation officer down in the city. He had Joey's case. He never had anything—Joey. He was brought up by drunkards and ruffians and thieves. He's never had a home or a friend. He was in bad trouble when Jimmy got hold of him. Jimmy placed him in a foster home, but he didn't get along there. Then Jimmy thought of me. I don't know how he worked it, but that was the only way I'd (Continued on Page 79)



## The Perfect Squelch

Tom, an American university student, was admitted to the Soviet Union last summer with a small group of European tourists. As the only American in the group, he tried to be a model of quiet behavior. But their guide continually belittled "backward, capitalistic America" with some rather pointed asides in Tom's direction.

The guide's raptures reached a peak at the Agricultural Exhibit in Moscow. "In farming, as in all else," he proclaimed, "the Soviet Union cares for its people. Ultimately the Communist Party will provide ten times as much of everything for the people as does capitalistic America."

"That's already true in one respect," Tom spoke up. "In my whole state, there's only one prison farm."

**George Carson**

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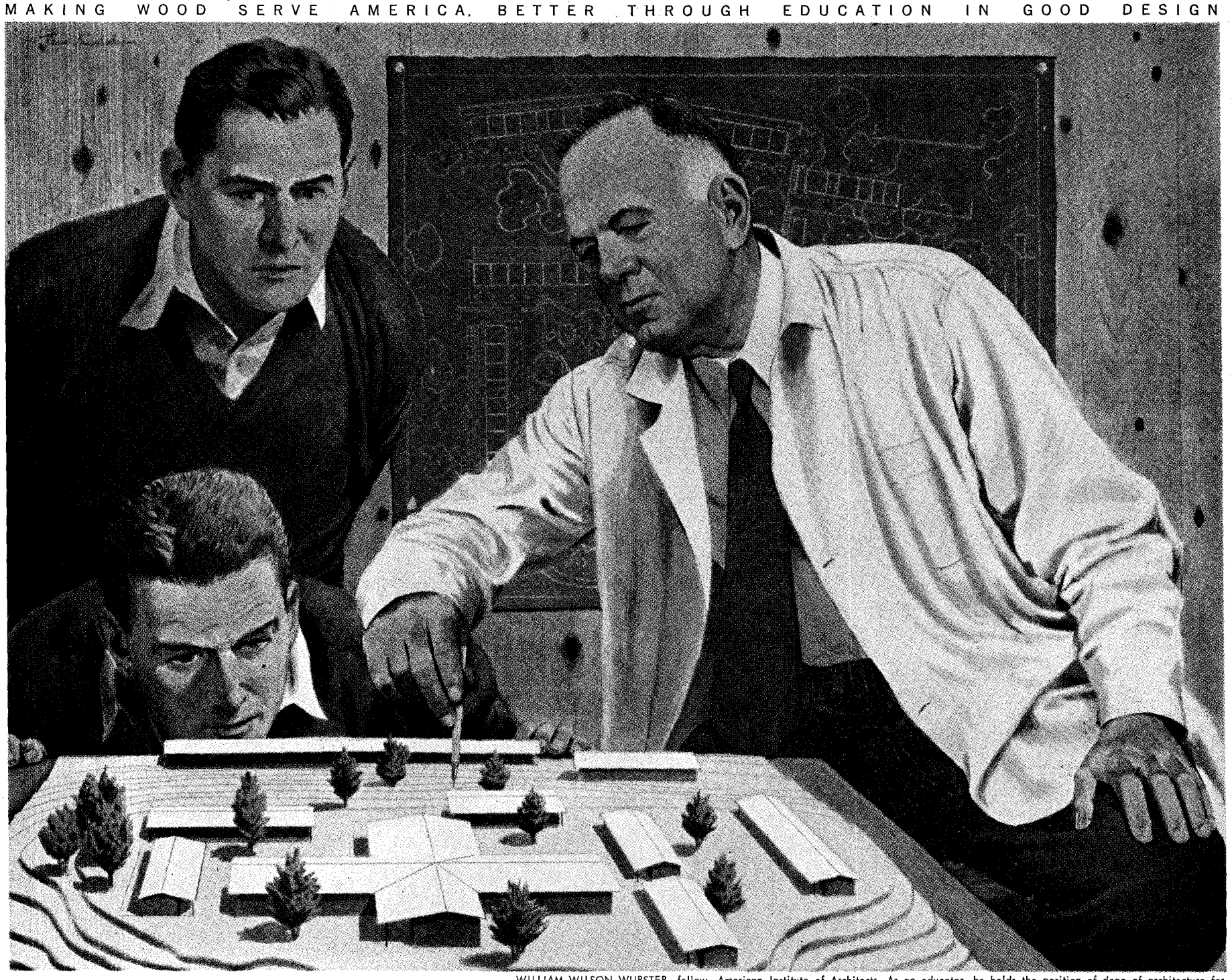

WILLIAM WILSON WURSTER, fellow, American Institute of Architects. As an educator, he holds the position of dean of architecture for a major university. As a practicing architect, one of his major achievements was his design for the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences as seen in the model above. He was one of the first to integrate use of indoor-outdoor space in residential design.

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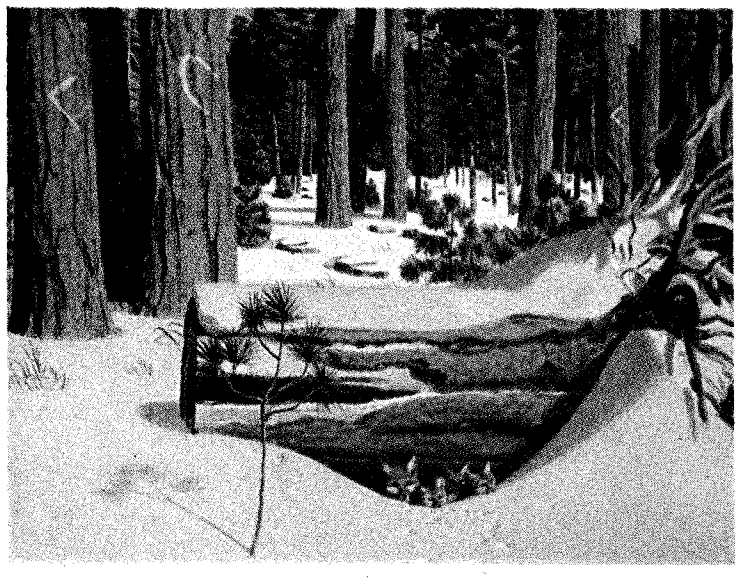
*Architects of today and tomorrow can continue to use wood with confidence because a permanent supply is being grown as a crop on privately owned industrial tree farms all across the nation.*



To design better homes for people and more efficient structures for business and industry, student architects must learn to solve an increasing variety of problems in the proper use of space and materials. Architects of the future are being taught fundamentals of their profession by such authorities as William Wurster, nationally recognized educator and practicing architect. One of these fundamentals is a practical knowledge of building materials and how they can best be used in designing for functional strength and beauty.

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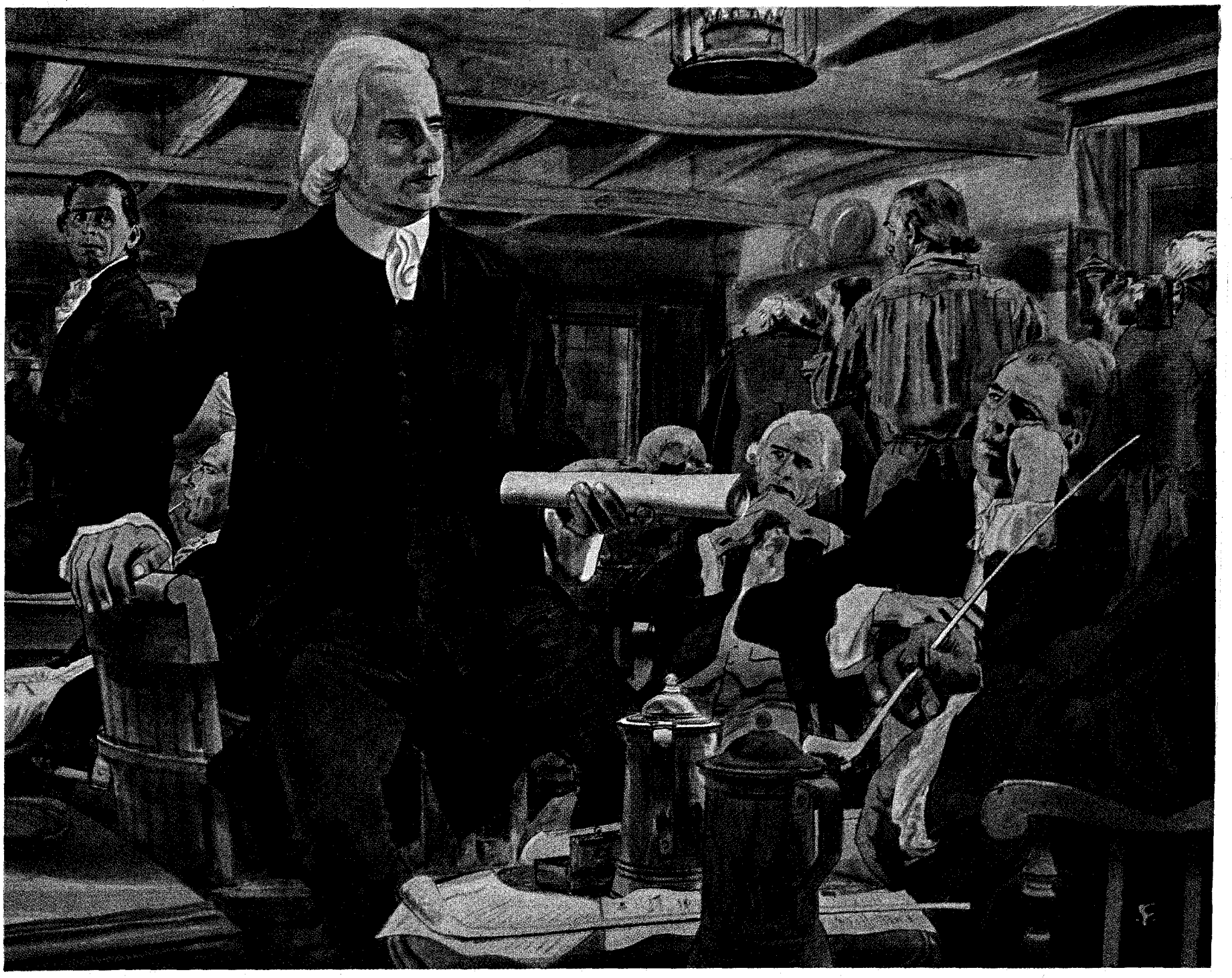

# *Where he walked, freedom grew . . .*

STUBBORN Sam Adams had just one idea—that America should be free. He devoted his life to it.

You'd walk into a Boston coffee-house . . . a Salem town meeting . . . a Massachusetts convention . . . and there would be Sam Adams, off in a corner with John Hancock, Paul Revere, Joseph Warren. Speaking softly. Asking questions. Offering a resolution. Getting dockworkers, merchants, mechanics, printers, farmers to think about their inalienable right to be free and independent Americans.

*Look!* He told all of us, over and over again . . . *You are perfectly fit to govern yourselves.*

We listened to Sam, read what he wrote (under seventeen different pen names), and changed our mind about the divine right of kings. Tirelessly he exposed tyranny and corruption . . . argued with the timid . . . organized the machinery of liberty. And if it crumbled—as it often did—Sam was always ready to pick up the pieces and start fresh.

He showed us how "committees of correspondence" in each colony could keep everyone informed on how the fight for freedom was going. And when Sam's express riders came thundering down the seaboard with news of how Boston harbor had been turned into a teapot, Connecticut farmers, New York mechanics and Virginia gentlemen caught Sam's independence fever . . . and things started to move.

No wonder King George quickly promised a full pardon to every American patriot under arms . . . "excepting only John Hancock and Samuel Adams."

For even across the ocean, it was clear that stubborn Sam Adams—like his friend Hancock—knew what he wanted . . . *freedom for America.* And he knew how to keep on fighting for it until it was won.

He'd like the way we've been fighting for it . . . holding on to it . . . ever since.

John Hancock

**MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
**BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

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Continued from Page 74) have it. I told the truth. There's nothing over his head. I wouldn't have him here because he had to be. I thought I could reach him. I thought—well, no matter. I failed."

"I don't think so," I said.

He looked up and gave me a smile that was almost a grimace. "Thank you, Willy," he said. Then he sighed, sat kneading his big, strong hands together. There wasn't a thing I could do. He was still sitting there when I went upstairs.

I was getting ready to go fishing the next morning when he came out of the house. I didn't really want to fish, but I had to go somewhere.

"Willy," said Uncle Frank, "just got a call from town. Ethel's baby chicks are in. Like to come along?"

"Sure," I said. I left the jeep and got into the car. About a mile down the road I realized the seat wasn't that lumpy, and took my snake gun out of my hip pocket and stuck it in the glove compartment. We didn't say much on the way to town, but I knew Uncle Frank appreciated my company.

We parked ahead of Ike Miller's truck and walked back, and even passing the time of day and all didn't take more than ten minutes. But when we came out, each of us carefully carrying a perforated carton full of cheeping baby Leghorns, the car was gone.

I knew the key was in Uncle Frank's pocket. I'd seen him take it out of the ignition lock. He knew it, too, but he put the chickens on the fender of Ike's truck and got it out. He looked at me, and I put my carton on the hood of the truck, and we walked up the street together. We both saw it, a block or so away. It was running, because occasional little puffs of oil smoke showed from the exhaust pipe. It was in front of Burman's store.

It's not much of a town. The last census showed 289 residents. And Burman's store is one of those places where a woman can buy a lipstick and her husband can buy a hame strap or a plow bolt. One of those cheerfully cluttered country stores where, if you name it, they'll likely dig it out from someplace.

I got to the car first. There was no key in the lock. But a couple of loops of wire dangled under the dash where none had been before. I yanked them loose and the motor died. I reached the width of the car to open the glove compartment. My snake gun was gone.

I backed out of the car, the wires in my hand. Uncle Frank was just stepping in through the store doorway. It was too late to stop him. I went in after him. Luke Burman stood behind the counter. His hands were up, shoulder high. Joey was across the counter from him. He had my snake gun.

His elbow was clamped to his ribs and the heavy, wicked thing was black and chunky in his hand. I suddenly remembered where I'd seen that pose. In an old George Raft movie. But that was as far as I got, because Joey's strained, high-pitched voice said, "Hold it right there, hero."

I held it. I didn't put up my hands, but I held it. The kid's face scared me. Ever see a man wading a strange fast river, when he puts out a groping foot and can't find bottom? On one foot, with the wild water driving at him, scared to go ahead and can't get back. That was Joey. It was in his face and in his eyes and in his voice. He was scared, he was desperate and he was committed. He'd pull the trigger, all right.

Uncle Frank said, "Joey."

Joey said, "Can it." Luke Burman looked nervous and mad. On a rack of rifles was Luke's own .30–.30; ninety to one it was loaded, and he didn't dare reach for it.

Uncle Frank recognized my snake gun, of course. He said, without turning his head, "Is it loaded, Willy?"

"For snakes," I said.

I wouldn't have believed he could move that fast. He reached out and took up an ironing board that stood on end by a rack of tools. He held it by its folded legs ahead of him like a shield. He drove across the room in three long strides.

The first stride brought Joey wheeling toward him. On the second the snake gun bellowed out its big, shocking roar. In the next instant Uncle Frank crashed into him and smashed him back against the wall. I saw his left hand clamp on the snake gun, and nobody I know is man enough to pull a trigger with Uncle Frank's big fingers locking the cylinder.

Luke moved pretty fast, too, for a man his age. He got the rifle and swung it into line just as I dived across the counter and got a hand pushing up on his forearm. The slug smashed a nice round .30-caliber hole up high on the wall. I took the gun away from Luke.

Uncle Frank lifted and twisted, and he had the snake gun in his left hand. Without even looking at it, he gave a practiced flip and had it by the grip. He held the muzzle not six inches from Joey's chest. And his thick thumb brought the hammer back. Joey screamed.

Uncle Frank said through his teeth, "You . . . yellow-bellied . . . punk!" And very gently he stepped back and let the hammer down.

Joey started to cry. Sagged back against the wall, his hands hanging at his sides, he started to cry. His face—well, I didn't want to look at him. It's a terrible thing to see a person cry so nakedly, openly, unashamedly, not even bothering to raise a hand to wipe the streaming tears.

Luke was swearing. He had the shakes. He'd just realized how close he'd come to killing a man—maybe both—for Uncle Frank had been right in line. I didn't blame him. I felt pretty shaky myself. The ironing board was flat on the floor, and there was a chewed-looking spot, big as a saucer, about chest high, where the charge of fine shot had hit. It hadn't gone through. If the snake gun had been loaded with regular .38 Specials the 158-grain slug would have flicked through that inch of wood like so much cardboard.

"Well," said Uncle Frank, "what do you want to do with him?"

Luke stared. He stopped swearing long enough to blurt, "Do? Do? I'd like to beat his brains out, that's what I'd like to do with him! Just get him out of here before I do knock his head loose!"

There wasn't any kindness or gentleness on Uncle Frank's face. He was a forty-year cop, and he showed every minute of it. "He's not mine," he said. "It's your say."

"Get him out!" said Luke. "Just get him out of here!"

"That's up to you," said Uncle Frank. He handed me the snake gun and walked out the door. I rammed the thing into my pocket and followed him.

"You drive," he said. I got in and he handed me the keys. Then his hand went to his face, pushing his hat brim back. He brought his hand down, wiping his face from forehead to chin. "Whoosh," he said gustily, and he turned his head so that I saw his small, tough, bitter smile. "Man," he said.

"Amen," I said.

I stuck the key in the lock and felt him stiffen beside me. I looked out the side window. Joey was coming out.

His face was wet. His lips were working, not opening, quite, but not really closed, either. He came toward us, right up to the car, clamped both hands on the sill of the opened window, breathing jerkily, almost sobbing.

"What'll I do?" he said. "What'll I do?"

Uncle Frank said wryly, raspingly, "I'd say you've done about enough already."

"That's what I mean. I told the man. I asked him. I said I'd do anything to make up—anything. 'Just tell me what you want,' I said. He just swore at me and told me to get out. What can I do? Can't you tell me?"

I could see just the angle of Uncle Frank's jaw. He was turned from me, facing Joey.

"No," he said, "I can't tell you. All your life somebody's told you, and that's just what you didn't want to do. I told you when you walked out. So all right, you tell me. What do you want to do? What do you want to do?"

Joey's head went down on his forearms. His fingers were white where they gripped the metal sill. "I'm sorry," he said in a strangled voice.

"I didn't ask you that. I asked you what you wanted to do."

Joey's head came up. His eyes were big and dark and wet. "I want to go back," he said. "I want to go back and start again. I promise you I'll ——"

Uncle Frank's voice rolled implacably over that. "I don't want your promises. Just tell me. Go back where?"

"With—with you. With Willy. With Aunt Ethel. I'll do anything—anything—and try to make it right. Please!"

I could see the knotted jaw muscle move on Uncle Frank's averted face. His head tipped up so that he was staring into Joey's eyes, not two feet from his own. "Why?" he said.

Joey's face firmed. His lips straightened, quirked and settled. His eyes did not move.

"'Cause I'm ashamed. 'Cause I want to make it up to you—if I can."

Uncle Frank turned his head, stared out over the hood of the car. The muscle on his jaw worked, relaxed, worked, relaxed. Then slowly his eyes swung back to Joey's.

"Get in the car," he said.

Joey's lips suddenly thinned, pulled taut. An incredulous look spread from his eyes. He swallowed.

"I mean it," said Uncle Frank. "Get in the car—son. We're going home."

# The Man With the Ugly Face (Continued from Page 27)

prehensile. My father gave him hell for that; told him that, according to Thorburn, lots of great men had had receding foreheads, long noses and no chins, whereas big, knobbly temples were frequently a sign of mental deterioration. Not that I was stupid, you know? Only self-conscious, clumsy—it was expected of me. Apart from the way I looked, the only thing about me that surprised people was that I walked upright. Grow out of it, you may say? Put yourself in my position, and try it and see!"

I said to him, "Look here, Love ——"

"Don't call me that; everybody'd think you were being sarcastic. Call me Sim, if you want to call me anything at all."

"Sim, then. If you feel the way you do, why do you come here every day and sit and mope?"

"I like people, if only to look at. But I have other reasons, besides; very personal reasons. Have another drink."

"Later. I must go to Sloane Square. Will you walk?"

"Sure. You're a writer; if you're seen with me, people will probably think I'm a figment of your vivid imagination. Do you know something? Once, in Naples, an Italian count offered me a contract, thirty thousand lire a week and a bonus, to strangle a duck under an amber spotlight every Tuesday and Saturday night in the Club Tollentino."

"You told him to go to the devil, of course."

"Of course. I have means—enough to get by. I'm supposed to be British representative of Love Stencils, Incorporated, Philadelphia. Kind of a sinecure. They want me out of the way, I guess; there's no business over here, and even if there were—well —— Tell me something: do you believe a doctor has a moral right to suffocate a child at birth?"

"On the whole, no," I said.

"There are exceptional circumstances, though," said Love.

"Walk," I said.

It is unhealthy to talk about your looks, whatever they may be. To a discerning eye, there is no such thing as physical beauty *per se*. The spirit alone is beautiful, or otherwise, because it alone can inspire true love. The rest is nothing but vanity and advertising. A sour soul will eat through the purest profile like acid through a paper bag, but a tiger could not mar a face animated by a good heart. I have seen a famous beauty blasted forever in my eyes by one lightning flash of petty disappointment; and I know a man without any face at all, who is kept out of sight in the hospital at Mortlake, whose remaining eye cries "Courage!"

Now, as I may have indicated, my first thought about Sim Love was: *Here is a fellow who offers the world an insurmountable mountain instead of the molehill that is himself; he makes too much of himself. It would be better if he made a laughingstock of his ugliness, instead of enjoying it all by himself.* But it was not long before I became aware that he was sincere in what he said about his appearance—that he was too honest to twist a joke out of it. He had been brought up to regard himself as a sport of nature and an embarrassment to his well-formed family.

"The doctor was blamed, at first," he told me. "All he could say was, 'Well, after all, it is a baby.' But afterward it was agreed that I was just something that can happen in the best-regulated family. They kept me out of the way as much as possible, especially after my voice broke. You see, I had three unmarried sisters; and who knew but what things like me might run in a family? Why, I was too awful even to have a nickname, like Nosey, or Push-face, or Water-head, or The Drip, or The Missing Link."

He said all this with great earnestness. "My mother said that at least I didn't take after her side of the family; and my father said well, for that matter, I didn't take after any side of anybody's family; but so long as I walked upright it was to be presumed that I had an immortal soul. 'Mendelssohn was a hunchback,' he said. Ever since my birth he had been reading up the histories of freaks, with a view to justifying me. He said: 'Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was the son of one of the oldest aristocratic families in Europe and a famous artist, and he had practically no legs. Dr. Samuel Johnson had scrofula, and gasped when he ate; you wouldn't have had him at your dinner table. Beethoven looked like a frog, and was deaf. Reid, the anatomist, was a midget—his

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arms were so short that he couldn't reach his collar stud. Wait and see, my dear. Robert Louis Stevenson had T.B. Charles Dickens combed his hair at a dinner table in Boston. Schubert was this, that, and the other.'

"Father wanted to make a genius of me. Nothing came of it. I always had what they call a fairly good I.Q., but what I wanted was to be a man among men, like other men. But I was always a stranger. I might have been someone from Mars. And I will admit, mind you, that I had largely myself to blame."

When I asked Sim Love how this could be so, he said, "Too suggestible, too sensitive. The closer I got to the age of reason, when I might have talked myself out of it, the deeper I reasoned myself into it. People were too damned polite to me. You know, being self-conscious all the time, I was accident-prone. I tripped over things. You know that legend of the man who asked the pasha for the secret of success? The pasha gave him a vase filled to the brim with oil, and told him to walk through the crowded streets of the town without spilling a drop; if he spilled so much as one drop, there were two executioners walking behind him with drawn swords, and orders to decapitate him instantly. That's how I carried a cup of coffee. And then I dropped it. Only nobody decapitated me. They would have laughed quite easily at anyone else falling into a dish of potato salad, but never at me. And the less they laughed, the more I was ashamed because they pitied me. Only if they had laughed at me, I'd have been the first to be resentful because they didn't understand me. . . . Does this make sense to you?"

I said to Sim Love, "Why not? Let us grant that you didn't have the kind of face they put in magazines to advertise collars with. What about it? Who has? And what for? How long can such a face last? How long is a man young? Say twenty years, perhaps. And his awareness of his good looks lasts how long? It takes fourteen years before he starts to count his pimples—as from birth—and only another sixteen or seventeen years before he regards a mirror as merely something to shave in. . . . How old are you now?"

"Forty-five. Only you don't quite understand: I don't have even the memory of anything like a common face to look back upon."

I said, "As for being what you call 'accident-prone,' I've heard that before. First of all, you broke things because you didn't have to pay for them—you knew nobody would punish you. Then you went out of your way to knock things over to draw a little more attention to yourself; fishing for a stray sprat of understanding in a sea of pity. All people said was, 'Poor Sim.' Correct me if I'm wrong."

"Well?" he said.

"Well, naturally, the time had to come when people got used to you," I told him. "And then you had to hurt yourself. I'll bet you exhausted all the possibilities of falling into the potato salad, et cetera, before you were sixteen; after that, you started to draw blood. Am I right?"

"Not far wrong," said Sim Love. "When I was about fifteen there was a football player named Stony Marconi—one ear here, another ear there, and an upper lip like a rhinoceros—everybody was crazy about him. He was a three-letter man. His nose was all over the place, and he used to sing to himself; a silly song called How Long Has This Been Going On? About then I climbed too high up a pear tree and fell through the branches. When I came out of the bandages, the general opinion was that I was, if anything, improved. Why?"

"Only that you wanted to take revenge on yourself," I said. "You wanted to show signs of being hurt; something fresh. How did you happen to fall out of a pear tree?"

"I was climbing after a kitten that got stuck up there."

"The kitten belonged to a girl?"

"Why, yes."

"Stony Marconi's girl?"

"Oh, no. She wished she were—they all did, at that time. She was my sister Alice's best friend. Her name was Olive; she married some fellow called Jefferys. Stony never amounted to much. Ended up somewhere."

"And Alice?"

"Ah, Alice was my favorite sister. She understood me, I think. Alice stood by me."

I said, "As the saying goes, Sim, you are full of stuff. If you ask me, you are kind of proud of being ugly. You make a sort of luxury of it. If I had a face like yours ——"

"Which heaven forbid," he muttered.

"—— if I had a face like yours and was ashamed of it, I'd have something done about it. You're not a poor man, are you? Well, then, if I were you I'd raise some money, and go to a plastic surgeon and get myself straightened up. I mean to say, you have got a face, even though you may not like the shape of it. It isn't unalterable. And it's amazing what plastic surgeons can do now. Take, for instance, that left eye of yours."

Sim Love had what the gypsies call a "wofferty ogle," or what is more politely termed a "swiveleye." His left eye seemed to be trying to look away from his right; to cut it dead, disclaiming all knowledge of it.

"Take my left eye? You take my left eye. I don't want it. You can have it," said Sim.

"A very simple operation would put it back to normal. Your nose, again ——"

It resembled the famous nose of Mr. Jimmy Durante, only it was bigger, and had been broken very badly, so that it was twisted to the right. Yet the effect was neither comic nor sinister; only preposterous. As for his mouth, it made me think of what my mother told me when I was a little boy. I used to put a finger in each corner of my mouth and stretch it so that it was closed in the middle and wide open at the ends. 'If you don't stop doing that, you will stay like that,' she used to say. Sim apparently had stayed like that. And below this mouth his face simply fell away in a smooth slope to meet his Adam's apple.

"Oh, I know, I know," he said. "But what if I did go to some croaker and have a few new features grafted on? I'd always know that it wasn't really my face I was showing to the world. There'd still be this damn freak underneath. I tell you, a face like mine warps your whole personality. It's hopeless. But thanks for the thought. I appreciate it. I'll tell you something. You asked me why I keep hanging around the Plumbers' Arms. Well, the truth is —— As a gentleman will you respect my confidence? The truth is, I'm crazy about Peony."

I saw nothing remarkable about Peony. She was one of those girls whose destiny it is to drive men crazy. There is no harm at all in saying, even to your sweetheart or your wife, that such a girl is a peach, a dilly, a lulu, a smasher or whatever superlative you happen to fancy. Peony was so extraordinarily beautiful that, while they envied her, women could not possibly be jealous of her. Somehow, they saw her in two dimensions with an autograph scrolled across her; they could visualize her with a thumbtack through her forehead, pinned to the wall of a hut, or on a screen in a sarong, but never as a menace to their menfolk. She was too perfect to be real. Your husband had to be a millionaire before you needed to worry about a girl like Peony. She was meat for Clark Gable, say; certainly not for the man in long underpants who guzzles porridge over the Daily Mirror and has trains to catch.

In those days, Peony "did modeling" for one of the great fashion magazines. (It would not look at her now; she has been outmoded by a species of zombie, who should be lying on a bier with candles at head and feet, instead of walking about. "Too many feminine attributes," they would say, only in other words.) And she was a lady; her father was a retired brigadier. It was said that she had had offers of marriage from lords and millionaires, but she preferred to keep her independence. My opinion was that men didn't propose to her because they did not dare. She was too beautiful. Girls like Peony—if there were girls like Peony—never got married. One read of their divorces—these one could, somehow, imagine. But marriage? Turning it over in your mind, you said to yourself, *Now, I mean to say, how would a man go about such a task?* Presumably, having screwed up his courage with drink or drugs, he would put the proposal in the form of a joke: "Tell you what, Peony. Why don't you marry me? Ha-ha! Ha-ha!"

Whereupon she would say something like: "O.K., secret passion, but do you mind if I finish my drink first?" Then, the suitor would say: "Ha-ha! Jolly good!" And there the matter would end.

"We did have some in a smaller size, but they were sold to women with small feet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She managed, somehow, while being hail-fellow-well-met with most of the habitués of the saloon bar at the Plumbers' Arms, to remain cool and aloof. The most scurrilous gossip could find nothing to say against her—except, perhaps, that she didn't behave as a normal woman should; which invariably meant that she had failed to return his glad eye or managed to avoid his too-lingering handshake. She was likened to all kinds of desirable, succulent eatables; such as peaches, cream, honeyball melons, and so forth. A sanitary engineer, impressed by her cool whiteness, saw her against a background of American bathroom fittings; a visiting American from the South, looking for similes, said that she was like a silver julep cup covered with frost, but empty; an art student called her Galatea. In her spare time she was taking lessons at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and it was whispered that she was going to have a screen test at Pinewood Studios.

"Go on, laugh," said Sim. "Get it off your chest. Don't bottle it up."

I said, "Who isn't crazy about Peony?"

"Crazy, yes, but not the same way as I am. I love her."

"You'll get over it."

"Like hell I will. I have half a mind to knock myself off."

"Don't," I said; and so we parted.

But a few days later I met Peony, who was window-shopping in Bond Street, and passed the time of day with her. One thing led to another, and, the conversation drifting to certain common acquaintances at the Plumbers' Arms, she said, "They're a matey kind of crowd; darlings, all of them. But who's that rather plain fellow who sits in the corner? Why doesn't he ever talk to me?"

I said, "He's too shy. He feels like a kind of outcast on account of his ugliness."

"But how silly!" she said. "I think he's rather cute. I mean, at least, he has got a face you'd look twice at. You know, the other day I carried on a conversation with Fred, under the impression I was talking to Harry—simply because they both wear the Royal Engineers tie. I like a man to have character, don't you?"

"Oh," I said, "Love has plenty of character."

She thought that I was making some profound remark. "It must have, I suppose, if it's the real thing," she said. "What's his name?"

"Love."

"Introduce me sometime," Peony said.

And so I did. I had to drag him out of his corner before he shambled up, with a flaming face, treading upon the arthritic foot of Jack Redwood, the landlord, who uttered a piercing shriek; whereupon Love upset a glass, tried to mop up the mess with a silk handkerchief, and overturned the table. But the introduction was effected, and Peony drew him into her circle. Her adorers looked on benignly. There was no danger here.

The next I heard of the affair was from an important-looking little man in a Royal West Kent Fusiliers tie, who, because of his portentous air, was known as The Man the Empire Needs. Mulberry-colored with rage, he was fidgeting in the lounge of the Old Soldiers Club, biting rather than drinking a tankard of beer. I cannot print exactly what he said, but it was something like this: "That tripe-hound! That misbegotten snake! That person of doubtful ancestry! I'll batter the tripes out of him! I wish I had him in my company! I'd murder the mongrel! Damn

(Continued on Page 82)

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Photograph by Wettach

# A new year–new opportunities!

The dawn of a New Year has always been a symbol of hope for mankind. It brings new light, new promise. And today, at the dawn of another New Year, many of the age-old "promises" are materializing into bright new opportunities in the light of scientific research!

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(Continued from Page 80)

it, the man's a freak! Who the devil does he think he is, anyway? How does he earn his living? He's a no-good! He's an unmitigated rotter. And you know something?" He lowered his voice to a whisper, "The man's a Yank!"

"Who is?"

"This fellow Love. Haven't you heard?"

"I haven't been around much lately. What's up?"

"Damn it, I always said that woman was abnormal! You haven't heard? I wish she was my daughter—I'd kick her out of the house! And I'd horsewhip that cur until he was red, white and blue, the swine! You mean to say—no, but really—they're engaged, confound and blast me! To be married, I mean! That squirt and that woman. Never mention her name to me again!"

"Not Peony?"

"That woman!"

"Do you mean to tell me he actually had the nerve ——"

"Nerve be damned! She had the unadulterated shamelessness to propose to him!"

"Peony proposed to Love?" I asked, incredulous.

"Proposed? By the Lord Harry, Kersh, she chucked herself at his horrible head! You know, I mean to say—I really do mean to say!"

"You're a married man with a family," I said. "I don't see that it's any skin off your nose."

"She was like a daughter to me," he said. His face could not get any redder, but it pulsated like a frog's throat. This, presumably, was his way of blushing.

What The Man the Empire Needs said was perfectly true. I went to the Plumbers' Arms and found the saloon bar seething like a pot. When I asked after Peony, the answer was that they didn't know, and had more important things to think about. A few of the old reliables still hung around, hoping that she might change her mind at the last moment. The fact that she had proposed to Sim Love came as a shock to them all; it struck them as being, somehow, indecent.

I saw Sim Love a few days later. He took me by both hands and squeezed them until my fingers stuck together, stammering broken expressions of gratitude.

"What have I done?" I asked.

"You brought us together. Oh, what a girl she is! What a girl! Most women would find me kind of homely. I used to be ashamed to be seen talking to any woman under seventy. But with Peony it's different. What a girl she is! She puts me at my ease. When she's around, I can't think of anybody but her. I forget myself absolutely—my face, I mean. We are going to be married next month."

"She proposed to you, I hear."

"Yes! What a girl! She isn't ashamed to admit it. She proposed three times, in fact. First time, I thought she was joking. Second time, I was so frightened I ran away and hid for a week. Third time, I said yes. She loves me because of my character, she says. Peony's crazy about character."

"I'm sure I wish you joy," I said.

"You must come to the wedding and be best man."

"I can't, I'm afraid. I have a date in Jamaica."

And so I had. I was three years abroad, but as soon as I returned, I groped my way through a dense fog straight to the Plumbers' Arms. On the way I walked into a lamppost and asked it why it didn't look where it was going. It was nice to be home. The Plumbers' Arms was empty. The fog was so dense that there were halos around the electric bulbs in the saloon bar. Most of the customers were down with forty-eight-hour flu, Bob told me. The Man the Empire Needs had fallen dead trying to win a bet that he could drink sixty two-ounce glasses of bottled beer at one-minute intervals in sixty minutes; he had been warned that this was impossible, but had insisted on trying; and so perished at the fifty-seventh glass, suffocated with froth.

"And what about Peony?" I asked.

"Mr. Love had something done to his face," said Bob, in his discreet way. "Lifted or something, I believe." And even as he spoke the door opened and Sim Love came in.

I knew him only by the set of his somewhat awkward shoulders and his extraordinarily deep voice. Otherwise he was unrecognizable. He had a chin. His nose was like any other nose, his mouth was of the usual size and shape, his forehead appeared higher and his ears lay flat.

"Hello," he said; ordered drinks and went straight to his old corner and sat in his old place, crouching in his old familiar attitude so eloquently expressive of shame.

I said to him, "What's happened to you? And how's Peony?"

"I don't know. We're divorced."

"I'm sorry to hear that. How come?"

"Oh, it was my fault, I guess. I never could leave well enough alone. It was marvelous, at first. Everything was terrific. Peony made me blossom out. I really got to enjoy being in company. We went to parties, first nights—everything. She was proud of me. Said I had character. Of course, next to me, she looked ten times more beautiful than before, if that was possible. We got along fine. I owe a lot to Peony—she gave me a real interest in life. I had been a prisoner inside myself before; she opened a kind of door I didn't know was there and let me out. Happy isn't the word for what Peony made me. I didn't know what to do to please her. And I finally got around to your way of thinking. I said to myself: 'After all, looks don't really matter. It's the spirit that counts. What a fool I've been! The time really has come for me to regard this funny face of mine as a thing of the past.' In other words, I decided to go and have my face off, as soon as I could afford it. But, I dare say you know, these facial operations cost the devil of a lot of money.

"Well, it happened, after we had been married nearly a year, that my Aunt Arliss died in Philadelphia and left me a whole lot of junk. Her money, which didn't amount to very much, was equally divided among her nephews and nieces. Her house and furniture—she had some valuable Colonial stuff—went to this one and that one, and I was stuck with the books and the papers—about half a truckload of the stuff. You know, bound volumes of The American Gentlewoman, thirty-two volumes of Podger's Sermons, seventy-eight volumes of The Transactions of the North American Supralapsarian Society, 1862 to 1900—all that kind of stuff. She never threw anything away. I called in one bookseller and he said that he would take the stuff away if I paid him fifty pounds. I tried giving the stuff away, but nobody would have it. At last, a man I know who used to work for Sotheby started rummaging around, and all of a sudden he let out a yell and hauled out a big battered old book and said, 'I'll be damned if this isn't a First Folio Shakespeare!' And so it was. Then we began to go through the load, book by book, and you'd be surprised at the treasures we dug up. There was a first edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin, a first edition of The Pilgrim's Progress, a Gutenberg Bible and a first edition of Cotton Mather, to name a mere few. There was an Audubon's Birds of America in mint condition too. At a conservative estimate, that dusty old load of books was worth about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; call it fifty thousand pounds.

"Then the papers. There were hundreds and hundreds of bundles of old letters. Some of the autographs were worth a pretty penny, because the old lady had kept not only her own letters but her grandfather's. But far more valuable than these were the stamps on some of the old envelopes. One of the family had gone to Mauritius, way back, and on a letter from him asking for a loan of a hundred dollars to get home with, there was the famous Penny Black stamp, worth quite a few thousand dollars. On another letter from a relative in Louisiana there was a perfect Red Picayune stamp; there's only one other Red Picayune in the world, and that's imperfect. Twenty-two thousand dollars. And on a letter from a Supralapsarian preacher in Africa—Cousin Jabez Love, who tried to convert the Boers, and got shot in the stomach in an argument over a point of doctrine—there was a perfect old Triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp. They fetched, all together, nearly twice as much again as the books had done. So I was rich.

"Now I could put money into a show starring Peony. So I did. It was called Little Miss What's-It. Incidentally, it ran four days. But while it was being got ready, which took months, I said I had to attend to important business at home, and I went to Philadelphia and got hold of Doctor Pumpernickel, who is just about the best plastic surgeon in the business. I said to him, 'Doctor, I give you *carte blanche*. Take my face and do something with it.' And so he did. It took a long time, and it hurt like hell, but I didn't mind, because it was for Peony.

"So, when the time came for me to look at myself, after the last bandages were taken off, I was surprised and delighted. Here I was, at last, with a regular everyday face—the sort of face you might see on a man who sells roofing, say. I showed it to my family, and they were delirious, they were so pleased. My uncle suggested I come home to Philadelphia and start taking business seriously. But I was itching to get back to Peony. I don't believe I had both my feet on the deck for more than five minutes at a time all the way across, I was so impatient. I would have flown, only there might have been a crash, and I was afraid of getting my face all spoiled. Well, the long and the short of it is, I came home."

Sim Love sighed and ordered another drink. I asked, "What did Peony say?"

"Well, she looked at me for a long time and said, 'Oh, Sim.' I said, 'How do you like it, darling?' She said, 'I don't like it, Sim. Now, you're just a man like any other man, and I don't like just any other man. I married a freak, Sim, and you've given me a mediocrity. Oh, Sim, why did you do it? Couldn't you have it put back again?' I couldn't, of course. And the marriage broke up as from that moment. I guess Peony liked me for my ugliness alone. She was a wonderful girl, but she must have had a shallow character, really, to be so much influenced by mere looks."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose she must."

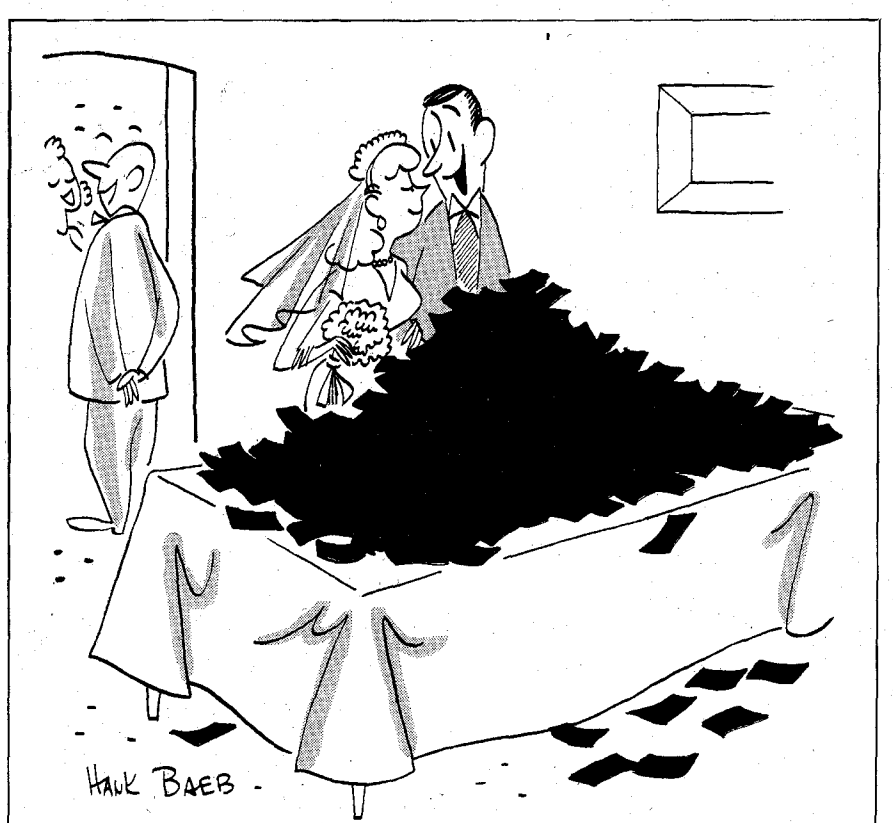
"Not a word against her!" cried Love. "I've remarried since then. Here is her picture."

He opened his wallet and showed me a snapshot of a pale-haired girl in a high-necked black dress. I thought that her expression was vapid, that she had a sheep's mouth, and that her eyelids were half a size too large. But I said, "She looks nice."

He said, "She is nice. Comes of a very good family. Her father is Sir Decimus Masters; he was knighted for the work he did on the Committee for the Suppression of Vice; you know, pictures, books, theaters, smoking, colored comics, beer, and all that. She's pretty active too—Society for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment—or is it Nylon? She is a woman you really respect. As soon as she comes into a room, people start holding their breath, in case they smell of cigarettes or liquor. She's a perfect wife."

"Will she approve?" I asked, pointing to his glass.

"My goodness, no! She must never know anything about it. In case you meet her, better tell her we met in the Y.M.C.A. Although she regards that as a bit of a fast organization too. Actually, I don't drink. I'm not really drinking now; I'm tapering off. You see, I had to go to Glasgow on some business, and somehow I got drawn into a kind of party with some fellows. I only just got in. I'm not due home until tomorrow, so I thought I'd—not have a drink, exactly, but straighten myself out. This isn't drinking; this is homeopathic. Then I'll go to a Turkish bath and get a good face massage afterwards," said Sim Love, furtively looking at himself in the mirror that advertises Bach's Lager. "For how could I possibly face Deborah with these great pouches under my eyes?" THE END




"What did you say on those invitations?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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January 21, 1956

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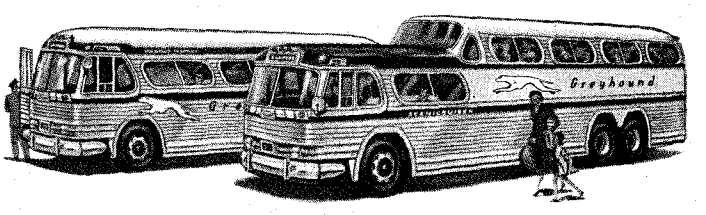


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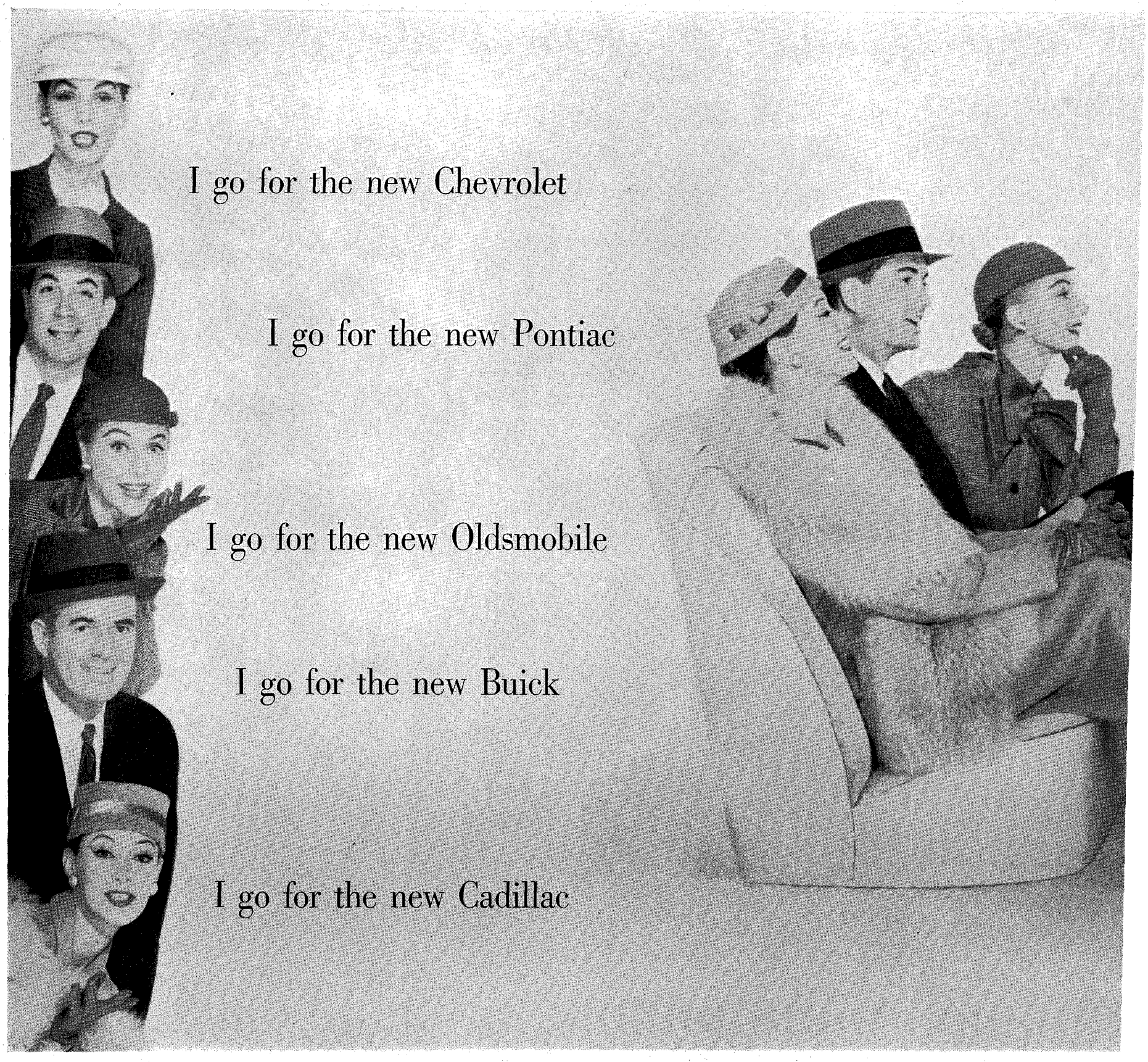
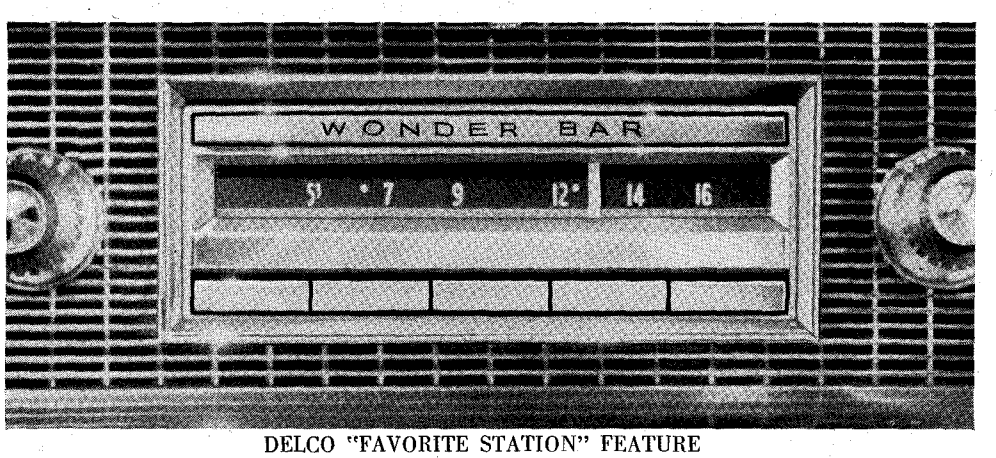



# WE ALL GO FOR TH

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"They paged me on arrival—it was a wire from my wife. 'Fire badly damaged house. Everyone safe. We are at mother's.' And here I was—2000 miles away, trying to close a business deal.

"I phoned right away and told her I'd take the next plane home. 'Stay where you are and finish your job,' she said, 'we're all right. Our insurance took care of everything.' I found that Chet Williams, our agent, had located my wife, gone out to our house, inspected the damage and reported it to the insurance company. He even arranged for temporary repairs and for an adjuster to see me when I got back. I'll never forget what Chet did—it's a relief to know my insurance is in such good hands."

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# I Pitched and I Prayed (Continued from Page 29)

him. "Here," he said. "Take this home. Copy your name until you get to the bottom of the paper. Then bring it back."

So grandpa got his papers, only the man had spelled the name "Benedict Podres." It's still Podras in Father Steve's rectory records.

From the time I was five, I was always begging my father to play ball with me. He was a real good pitcher for the nearby Mineville semipros. I followed him all over when he pitched on Sundays. Then he bought me a ball and glove, and we played pitch and catch on the dirt road beside our house.

Dad pitched for twenty years, missing only the 1940 season, when he broke both ankles in a fall from a thirty-five-foot scaffold in the bottom of the mine. Everybody raved about dad's curve ball. He could have made the majors, but he never wanted to leave Witherbee. Three years ago he finally quit for good at the age of forty-two.

Dad makes $2.40 an hour in the mines now. He goes down 600 feet and scrapes ore in an open pit. He could make six dollars or seven dollars an hour, like his stepbrother, Shorty Deresky, who is a pal of mine, but dad doesn't want to go down 7000 feet and risk silicosis.

I'm told that in the old days Witherbee used to resemble a Barbary Coast. The miners worked hard and drank hard. Then Father Steve came along. "I'd go to their homes and preach," he says, "and eventually everybody got around to my way of thinking. They are all such wonderful people."

The way he tells it, I grew up on *kielbasa*, cabbage soup, and milk from a neighbor's cow. *Kielbasa* is Polish bologna. Father Steve says I'm like a son to him because I used to be his prize catechism student. About fifteen years ago he asked my mother's permission to have me as an altar boy, and she said, "Oh, Father! You know how bashful Johnny is."

My brother, Walter—another pretty good pitcher—is head altar boy now. He has two of my cousins with him, and soon my brother, Tommy, will be joining them. But I never did become an altar boy myself. I guess the real reason was that I was spending too much time on athletics.

When I was about twelve, my friend, Bennie Butinsky, started calling me Elmer the Great, after the character in the baseball movie. That nickname caught on. Everybody for miles around still calls me Elmer.

As a kid I also had visions of being a pole vaulter. I took one of the tamping sticks they use in the mines to pack dynamite in drill holes. It was about nine feet long and one inch thick. I tried it out on a level spot in front of the church. The stick broke in half and the jagged end just missed my stomach.

Later on, when I was in Mineville High School, I finally cleared eleven feet one year in the sectional championships. I didn't get to do much vaulting in high school, though. Principal William L. Dwyer, better known as "the Prof," once chased me away from the pit. He was afraid I'd hurt my pitching arm.

They kept me out of football at high school too. I did get to play basketball. I was captain for two years, and my last season we won all seventeen of our games and the Essex County championship.

In baseball, I began pitching as a fourteen-year-old freshman. In my first game I shut out Crown Point. I don't think they ever saw a left-hander before. Whitey Kazlo, our coach, was very encouraging. He took me out fishing on Lincoln Pond afterward and said, "You have natural stuff. Take care of yourself and you'll go far."

Another man who gave me much help and encouragement was Matt Davidson, now assistant baseball coach and freshman football coach at Princeton. He spent his summer vacations at Mineville and put in a lot of time coaching me and my young uncle, Bernie Podres. Bernie didn't go into organized ball, but he could hit good.

I only lost three games in my four years at high school. I finished up in 1950 at the age of seventeen. During that last season some of the big-league scouts began coming out to watch me. It started with a trip the Prof took that April. On the train he ran into Alex Isabel, an old friend he hadn't seen for six years. It turned out that Alex had become a scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the Prof said, "Why not come up to Mineville for our opening game on May fifth? We've got a pitcher you ought to see."

I pitched a no-hitter against Ticonderoga that day and fanned seventeen. Alex was in the stands and I knew it. He told the Prof that when I graduated and became eligible for signing, the Dodgers would give me $6000, the limit under the bonus rule. I was bowled over when I heard about it. My dad didn't make that much money in a whole year.

We didn't decide anything right away. The Browns, Phillies and Redlegs also had scouts or bird dogs look me over in high-school games. For a while I was paying the most attention to the Phillies. They had Hank Hodge, baseball coach at Clarkson Tech, and Dutch Proeschel on my trail. I was offered a scholarship to Clarkson. Meanwhile Hodge got me to go with Valleyfield in the Canadian Amateur League, after the high-school season.

I got lonesome up there and came back. Then Hodge had Phillies' scout Chuck Ward set up a workout for me in Philadelphia. They seemed to like me, but didn't want to sign me as a bonus player. They were hoping the bonus rule would be changed after that season. So Ward suggested that I finish the summer closer to home, with Burlington, Vermont, in the Northern Hotel League, where Robin Roberts got started in 1947.

Dad was leaving everything in the Prof's hands. The Prof insisted that unless I could make the majors in a short time, he'd rather see me in college. Some clubs gave us no encouragement. After that Philadelphia workout we drove back through New York, and the Prof called the Yankees' chief scout, Paul Krichell. He said, "We've got a young pitcher just out of high school you ought to see. We just came back from Philadelphia. The Phillies saw him work out."

Krichell wasn't interested. "Why didn't the Phillies sign him?" he asked. "What are you doing, taking him around looking for the best offer?"

Then after I joined the Burlington Cardinals, there was a Detroit scout, Chuck Holly, who saw me pitch, and he said, "Is that as hard as he can throw?"

Finally we got down to cases. I came down from Burlington to Brooklyn to work out at Ebbets Field before Alex Isabel and George Sisler, the Dodgers' head scout. Sisler was going to give his honest opinion on whether Elmer should sign or go to college.

I threw for about twenty minutes. "Does Johnny have a possibility of making the big leagues?" the Prof asked Sisler.

"He'll be in the big leagues in four years," Sisler said, without batting an eye.

So Alex—who has died since then—signed me to a Montreal contract for 1951 for $6000. I got $5200 right away. It went into the bank. I returned to Burlington to finish out the summer there. Around Labor Day, Chuck Ward suggested that I should sign with the Phillies. I felt bad about having to tell him that I was already under contract with the Dodgers for spring delivery at Montreal.

Actually, I never got close to Montreal in 1951. The Dodgers started me out in Class B at Newport News, Virginia. After just a few brief appearances I was demoted to D ball at Hazard, Kentucky. It was my first big disappointment in baseball.

When I was battered for seven runs in the opening inning in my first game at Hazard, I was really disheartened, even though I finished up with a 14–7 win. "And this is D ball," I said to myself. "I got 'em out better in B ball. I'll never go anywhere in baseball."

I wrote a letter home saying I wanted to quit, but my dad talked me out of that in a hurry. I went on to have a big year at Hazard, winning twenty-one and losing only three, and striking out 228 in 200 innings.

That fall the Hazard manager, Max Macon, told Dodger president Walter O'Malley that I had a great chance to make the Dodgers next year. Max was a big help to me in every way.

That's the way it's been for me every year in baseball—up in the clouds one minute, down in the dumps the next. In 1952, it looked for a while as though I really might jump all the way from a D league to the majors. They had me train with the Dodgers that spring, and manager Charley Dressen said I was the best-looking young prospect he'd ever seen.

I was a hot shot in the Florida games, but on the way north I ran into trouble in an exhibition at Mobile. I committed a couple of balks, walked a bunch of batters, made some wild pitches and finally was batted all over the park. A few days later Lee Scott, the Dodger traveling secretary, came to me and said, "You'll be going to Montreal." I broke down and cried right there.

At Montreal, after the third time I pitched, my back began to hurt. I don't know how I hurt it. One doctor said I had back spasms, another said I was born with curvature of the spine, and still another said I had a slipped disk. Finally manager Walter Alston sent me to Brooklyn to see Dr. Eugene Zorn, the Dodger orthopedic surgeon, and Dr. Herbert Fett, Sr., Dodger surgeon. They decided on an elastic-and-steel brace for my back.

I was told by Doc Zorn that my back might be corrected by an operation, but he couldn't guarantee it. I decided against it. I figured an operation would put me out of action for a year, and that it might take me years to make up all the ground that could be lost. Doctor Zorn agreed.

Pitching with the brace, I had a miserable 1952 season at Montreal. I completed only five of thirteen starts, and wound up with a five-five record. In August, about a month before my twentieth birthday, my draft board ordered me to report to Albany for my Selective Service physical. The doctor had me bend down and around and touch my toes and stuff like that. He wrote something on my form in red pencil and told me to hand it to a fellow at a desk, who stamped it "Rejected."

That winter I went to a chiropractor in Somerville, New Jersey. He died suddenly, and I switched to one in New York City. I tried everything. I walked three miles a day to ice-fish in Cold's Bay on Lake Champlain, and I walked miles hunting snowshoe rabbits. I wanted so badly to get in shape for 1953 spring training. Despite my poor record at Montreal, I was still hoping to make the Dodgers.

I had another good spring at Dodgertown. After I pitched six innings one day against Washington, Charley Dressen asked if my back hurt.

"No, sir," I replied.

"Ever have a beer?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Ever have two beers?"

"A couple of times," I replied.

"Well, go into the clubhouse and have two beers," Charley said. Johnny Griffin, our clubhouse attendant, who goes in for wearing funny hats, got me the two beers. I think I drank one.

On April ninth I was put on the Brooklyn roster and given a $5000 contract. I was overjoyed. But I didn't succeed in establishing myself as a regular starter. By late June I had only a two-and-two record. I was being used mostly as a middle relief man. Dressen was souring on me.

Then on June twenty-ninth I pitched an exhibition against the Yankees in the New York City Mayor's Trophy Game. It was understood that if I didn't do good, I was going back to Montreal. I shut out the Yankees for seven innings, and Dressen said that was enough. After that I went on to win seven out of nine decisions in the National League. This gave me a nine-and-four figure for the season. I only completed three out of eighteen starts, though.

We got in the World Series that year, and the one good thing about it was the $6178 loser's share. Dressen started me in the fifth game. He didn't tell me until the morning of the game that I was going to pitch. I always like to know a day ahead. I sleep well the night before I pitch. It's after the game that I can't sleep.

Anyway, it was a messy game. In the third inning, with the score 1–1, they had Rizzuto on third and two out. Then Joe Collins was safe on an error, with Rizzuto scoring. After that I hit Hank Bauer on the wrist and walked Berra to fill the bases. At this point Dressen took me out. Russ Meyer came in, and Mickey Mantle hit a grand-slam home run that sent the Yankees on their way to an 11–7 win.

During the 1955 World Series, Dressen did a column for a New York paper, and in one of his columns he mentioned that 1953 game of mine. "Podres was nervous," he said. "That's why I took him out."

I was wild, Charley, not nervous! I don't go in for second-guessing a manager, and Charley is a good one—he sees things that help you. But I can't let that column of his go unchallenged. The Brooklyn ballplayers didn't like some of the things he wrote, nor the way he held special conferences before each game with the Yankee manager, Casey Stengel. It wasn't our fault that Dressen lost his job after the 1953 season. We played our hearts out for him, and won the pennant by thirteen games.

In 1954, Walter Alston moved up from Montreal to manage us. I began to find out that I still had a lot to learn about pitching. During the training season I got hardly anybody out.

Preacher Roe helped me by making cracks that eased the early tension. Preach always called me "son." Often when it was my turn to pitch, he'd say, "Son, let's you and me go over the hitters on this club."

By the time the league race opened, I was going good. I had seven victories by June and only two losses. Then I began having severe pains. I thought they were gas pains. I was living alone at the Hotel Bossert, and I didn't say anything to anybody. I thought the pains would go away. On June twenty-second, when (Continued on Page 89)

An old-timer is one who remembers when dancing was done with the feet.

FRANCES RODMAN

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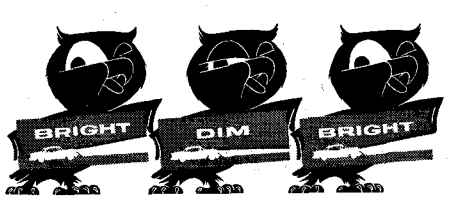


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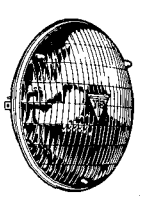

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(Continued from Page 87) the pains got worse, I went to Doctor Zorn. He had me operated on for acute appendicitis the next day. That put me on the disabled list for a month, and my dreams of a really big year went down the drain. When I first came back in late July, I was trying to pitch and favor my abdominal muscles at the same time. You can't do that in the big leagues. I added only four wins the rest of the season to bring my total to eleven, while my losses climbed to seven.

In 1955 things followed much the same discouraging pattern—a bad spring, then a good National League start and then fresh trouble. One of the people who helped me get the good start was our new pitching coach, Joe Becker. He taught me a lot about how to set up hitters. Ordinarily the fast ball is my best pitch. On days when I didn't have a good fast ball, Joe explained that I could still make effective use of it by throwing it as a waste pitch.

I was also having trouble with my change-up. Batters were murdering it. Dodger trouble shooter Al Campanis suggested I use more pressure on the ball with my two fingers. I tried it, and it worked wonders.

Going into a night game with St. Louis on June eighteenth last summer I had a seven-and-three record. My last two games had been shutout victories over Cincinnati. I ran my string of scoreless innings up to twenty-three before the Cards pushed over a run in the sixth. In the eighth inning something snapped in my left shoulder. I finished that inning and the ninth, but when the game went into overtime, I couldn't last out the tenth. We lost.

The rest of the season I was in my own way. On July first I threw a fast ball against Pittsburgh and thought my arm would fall off. In my next eleven starts I failed to get by the seventh inning. As if a sore arm wasn't bad enough, I got my ribs banged up on Labor Day in a collision with the batting cage while the ground crew was wheeling it away. A few days later the ribs were still paining me, so I went to the doctor. He taped me up for a week.

Buzzie Bavasi, the Dodger vice-president, told me to go home. I was worried about being of no use to the club, but Buzzie said, "Forget about it. We're thinking of your future." Buzzie's tops, and I'm not saying that to get a big raise in my next contract.

The rib injury was the finishing touch to a sorry league campaign in which I won only nine games and lost ten. As I've said, I didn't expect that Walter Alston would want to use me in the World Series. But on the very last day of the season I pitched two good innings against Pittsburgh, and I guess that impressed him.

Alston didn't have as easy a time winning the pennant last year as some people thought. I wasn't the only Brooklyn pitcher to have difficulties. There were many weeks when Alston had three starting pitchers out at once. Billy Loes had a bad shoulder three different times. Karl Spooner hurt his arm at Vero Beach. Erskine had arm trouble most of the year, and Newcombe developed a bad arm near the end. Both felt bad that they couldn't help much in the Series.

Can you imagine where the Dodgers might have finished if Snider, Campy, Furillo, Hodges, Reese and the others had failed to get all those base hits? And Alston did a great job as manager. He always remained calm, no matter how many things went wrong.

When I made my first Series appearance as the starting pitcher in the third game, it happened to be my twenty-third birthday. What a present I got! Campy, Jack Robinson, Reese and Junior Gilliam gave me fine hitting and fielding support. We won without serious trouble, 8–3. It was the first complete game I'd pitched since June fourteenth. My change-up was my big pitch that day. I was throwing it with a real fast-ball motion. It was breaking down. Twelve times the Yankees hit the ball into the dirt.

But my biggest thrill, of course, was the 2–0 shutout I pitched in the closing game. I remember that my last pitch of the day was a change-up on which Elston Howard grounded out to Pee Wee Reese. Campy had called for a fast ball, but I'd shaken him off. It was the only time I did that in the entire Series.

The Saturday after the World Series was the proudest day of my life. Something like half of the 6000 people who live in Mineville, Moriah and Port Henry—all towns within a six-mile radius of Witherbee—turned out at Linney Field to greet me after a two-mile motorcade.

They presented me a de luxe fishing shanty for ice-fishing. Stan Gilbo gave my parents a twenty-four-inch television set, which my mother has put in the room where I was born. I couldn't find the right words to thank all my neighbors and friends. I was afraid if I talked too much they might think I had a swelled head.

I had no rest my first couple of weeks at home. Telegrams poured in. The phone kept ringing. People kept coming to the door. Once a lady drove up to the house in a big car and gave my brother Walter a fifty-dollar bill. I made him give it back.

A month after the Series I heard from my draft board. I was surprised, because ever since they rejected me back in 1952, I've been taking regular spinal treatments and sleeping on a board.

On November fourteenth I was given an examination by Army doctors in Albany. Two days before Christmas my draft board in Ticonderoga notified me that I had been reclassified I-A and was now subject to induction. They said I was unlikely to get called up before spring, though. I was hoping the call would come sooner, maybe this month. I want to put in my hitch and get back to baseball.

I'd like everyone to know that if I had been physically fit I would have been in uniform long before this. I'm happy to serve my country, especially after all the wonderful things that have happened to me and my family. With luck and the good Lord on my side, I figure I'm good for ten, maybe twelve more years in the big leagues. I've already made $53,000 in five years of organized ball, plus about $20,000 for extra services. I have no kick coming.

The thing I'd hate most to miss next season is the opening game at Ebbets Field on April seventeenth. I understand I'm due to get the Babe Ruth Award at that time. I wish I could hand it on to Whitey, Matt, the Prof, Mrs. Alex Isabel and my teammates all at once, but I want to give this award to my father. I don't think the Babe would mind.

# Death in Small Doses (Continued from Page 25)

pills," but now an estimated 150 processors are in the business. No governmental or industrial source has over-all figures on tablet production, but a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer estimates annual tablet output at a theoretical maximum of about 900,000,000 tablets of 10 milligrams each.

The Food and Drug Administration, late in 1952, had suspected a new highway safety problem was arising when complaints about illegal sales of amphetamines began to trickle in with increasing frequency. They came from truck companies, individual drivers who were conscious of the hazard, and in many cases from the families of truck drivers who habitually used the drug. The National Safety Council, Chicago, expressed alarm and advised the FDA that the National Research Council's Committee on Highway Safety Research was "thinking about this subject too."

The urgency of the problem was driven home when the Interstate Commerce Commission asked the FDA to identify the pills found on Larry Rowley's body in the wreckage of the big diesel truck in Alabama. It was no surprise when ICC investigators dug up a letter Larry had written to his younger brother just before he started on his last long ride. ". . . I am pretty sleepy now because I have driven 42½ hours now without any sleep," Larry had written. "I only stop to eat and fuel up, and then away I go again. I am taking a lot of pills to keep me awake. . . ." Even bennies, however, couldn't keep him awake long enough.

The energetic Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association, Harrisburg, came to FDA for help. It held a closed-door meeting at Bedford, Pennsylvania, a conference billed by O. D. (Mike) Shipley, safety director, as "a meeting of the utmost importance to discuss the use of bennies and other amphetamine drugs by drivers." An FDA official sat in at the meeting and reported back to Washington: "These gentlemen recited stories of accidents involving ghost cars, passing out while driving, loss of weight, general debility, hallucinations and unexplained accidents. . . . The cases actually reported were cases which had been fully investigated to determine that the drivers in question finally admitted the use of some amphetamine."

The Pennsylvania trucking association, largest in the country with more than 4000 member companies, formally resolved to co-operate with the Food and Drug Administration in the search for the sources of illicit amphetamine tablets.

Complaints rolled in faster and faster. A Wrentham, Massachusetts, truck-stop operator told this fabulous tale: A big tractor-trailer was found overturned in a ditch, with the driver snoring peacefully in the sleeper berth. He was awakened with difficulty and, when questioned, said, "Benny and I were driving along very nicely and I got very sleepy. Benny was doing so well at the wheel, I decided to crawl up in the bunk and let Benny drive."

An Indiana truck operator came to the agency with a promising lead to an inexhaustible source of bennies. He said he had "certain knowledge" that bennies were being obtained in lots of 5000 from an employee at a Midwestern drug plant. A truck driver was retailing them to truck stops at two and a half cents a tablet, said this informant. He named eleven stops. Anxious to shut off this job-lot source of illegal amphetamines, the FDA offered to put an inspector at the truck operator's disposal, and the informant, who owned several trucks, agreed to let the inspector ride on the one he drove himself. Something occurred to change the informant's mind, however, and he backed out of the arrangement. Government officials speculated he was afraid he'd be slugged with a tire iron some dark night. They never found out who the alleged supplier was.

An old-time trucker came to the FDA with firsthand evidence of the danger in unsupervised use of bennies. He was on the road in his truck, said the driver—let's call him John Smith. His relief driver insisted on making a stop at a service station-restaurant to pick up payment for a batch of stay-awake tablets. While the other driver was in the truck stop, Smith dozed at the wheel of his truck.

"I roused when he pulled open the right-hand door," said Smith, "but before I knew what was coming off, he pulled a knife and slashed at the seat in a rage. Then he jumped at me with the knife and missed my neck by a fraction of an inch." Smith said he shoved his demented driving partner off and grabbed for a pistol he always carried on the road. "I was just ready to pull the trigger when the fellow backed off. He would have killed me if I hadn't had that gun." Smith learned afterward that the enraged driver drank two cups of coffee and swallowed eight tablets while he was in the restaurant.

The Food and Drug Administration undertook a preliminary undercover look at the benny traffic when a Chicago inspector, posing as a student driver, rode a big diesel tractor-trailer out of a co-operating company's terminal at Chicago with two trusted truckers, heading for New York. It was a nonstop ride, with each trucker driving four hours, then pounding his ear in the vehicle's sleeper berth while his partner drove a four-hour stretch. The inspector did no driving. After a few hours' layover in New York, the truck carried a return load of freight to Chicago. The round trip took about sixty hours.

During the next three weeks, the inspector made another Chicago-New York round trip by truck and with a second FDA man retraced the same route in an unmarked Government car. They developed leads to four drugstores selling bennies without prescriptions and to thirty-six truck stops peddling the drugs. Their first detailed report to Washington made these major points:

"Not one of the 180 truck drivers 'interviewed' claimed ignorance of the use of bennies. Thirty or so admitted using the pep pills. During our travels we got many lectures on the dangers of the use of bennies, especially from older drivers who, we found, were usually regular drivers for large interstate carriers. Drivers who do free-lance trucking are most prone to use amphetamines. . . ."

The two FDA agents spent several days posing as out-of-work truck drivers in the busy truck-terminal area of Jersey City, New Jersey. In a three-day stay at Tooley's Truck Stop, on U.S. Truck Routes 1 and 9, and at the adjacent Jersey City Truck Stop, they picked up eighteen leads to illegal traffickers at other truck stops, some of them hundreds of miles away. They also learned that the dangerous pills were being sold by hangers-on at both Tooley's and the Jersey City Truck Stop. With this concrete evidence of a nationwide highway menace at hand, said Commissioner George P. Larrick, the Food and Drug Administration felt it was obligated to follow the illegal drug traffic underground.

It was well that this was done, for the following months of painstaking and strenuous detective work showed the preliminary investigation undertaken by the two Chicago agents had merely scratched the surface. Evidence of widespread pep-pill usage was uncovered not only among the wildcatters—independent truckers—but also among many drivers employed by major interstate carriers. The Food and Drug Administration was convinced that the problem is restricted to no single segment of the $5,000,000,000 trucking industry, from

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which millions of Americans derive their livelihood.

To get the investigation off to a safe start, FDA officials arranged with a big truck company in the South to put two agents through its driver-training school. Fred Taylor, a Midwesterner, and Thomas Hanson, a Pennsylvanian, got this assignment. The inspector who'd ridden on the big trucks between New York and Chicago, Roland Frisbee, became a bona-fide student driver on the pay roll of a northern company. (The FDA undercover men who posed as truck drivers have been given fictitious names in this article, different from the ones they used on the truck-stop investigation, to protect their usefulness to the Government in future undercover work. The names of co-operating truck companies also have been withheld by the FDA, at the request of the companies.)

Frisbee's trial runs on trucks traveling between Chicago and New York quickly paid off. On the basis of leads obtained from truck drivers in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Jersey City, FDA cracked down on a drugstore in Chicago. Because the law violators were at a drugstore—not at a truck stop—the Federal agency was able to do this without imperiling its undercover operations. Concealing their official identity, Government inspectors made four "over-the-counter" purchases of the tablets without prescriptions at 2600 Drugs, Inc., 2600 South State Street, Chicago. A formal inspection of the store revealed an inventory shortage of 4225 amphetamine tablets whose sale could not be accounted for by prescriptions. The drugstore corporation was charged on four counts of violating the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. Pharmacist-manager Edward Kravetz, who left the corporation's employ after the FDA brought criminal charges, was named in two counts. Raymond Holtzman and Melburn Holtzman, employees, were charged in one count each. Early in October, 2600 Drugs, Inc., and all three men were found guilty in Chicago's Federal court. The corporation was fined $1000 and directed to pay all court costs, which ran to about $1000 more. Kravetz was fined $250 and sentenced to three months in prison on each count, the prison sentences to run concurrently. The two Holtzmans were fined $250 each and sentenced to three months in prison.

Judge Julius J. Hoffman denounced the defendants in open court and brusquely denied successive motions for a new trial, for stay of execution of the sentence and for probation. The defendants appealed the conviction to the 7th Circuit Court of Appeals. Maximum penalty for violation of the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act is a $1000 fine and/or a year in jail for first offenders. For second and subsequent offenses or where the Government proves willful criminal intent of first offenders to defraud or mislead, the penalty may be as severe as a $10,000 fine and/or three years' imprisonment on each count. But the bootleg trade is profitable, FDA points out. Prices charged by manufacturers of amphetamine-sulphate tablets range from an extreme low of 95 cents to $22.60 per 1000 tablets, with many manufacturers selling for about $2.00. The going bootleg price is ten cents per tablet, or one dollar by the dozen.

Meanwhile, Hanson and Taylor were "graduated" from truck-driver school. Hanson went to work for a North Carolina company, driving tractor-trailers north and south from a big truck terminal at Charlotte. Taylor got a job with an automobile-transport company in Michigan. At about the same time, FDA inspector George H. Stanford assumed the role of a helper with a small Jacksonville, Florida, truck company. Hanson hit pay dirt right away. He was sent south from Charlotte to Atlanta with an experienced driver one night, and his tutor stopped at a place called the Rock, in Anderson, South Carolina.

"It's a real honky-tonk joint, with hillbilly music and pinball machines going full blast. It was just loaded with truck drivers, and rigs were parked all around out front." There was another truck driver waiting for Hanson's partner. "He had a little brown envelope with him, and he spilled two tablets out of the envelope and he gave one to my partner and he took one. There was no conversation about it at all. It was just a matter of routine." Hanson recognized the heart-shaped, pink tablets as ten m.g. dextroamphetamine-sulphate pills.

When the second driver suggested that Hanson should move into a Charlotte rooming house with him and several other truckers, the FDA man was quick to agree. "Some of those fellows were real characters," Hanson remembers. "They were the ones who were burning the candle at both ends. They got back from their trips and they didn't sleep. They went out for a good time, and were living on bennies."

There was a lot of kidding about taking bennies, and the name of one particular driver was mentioned repeatedly. "Boy, that guy really takes 'em," one driver said, and the others laughed. And another driver said, "Man, he has bennies hanging down on strings from the roof of his cab, and when he hits a bump, they bounce off the windshield and he just snaps at them."

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His second trip to Atlanta was with a different driver, and Hanson played dumb on the subject of bennies. "I asked if they were a good thing to take, and he told me never to get on the bennies," said the FDA man. "He said he used to take them all the time, but he never felt right."

He quit using bennies, this driver said, after the death of a freight handler at Winston-Salem. "He'd been a truck driver," explained Hanson's new partner, "but he got to the point where he couldn't drive because of bennies. He couldn't break the habit and used to take one about every hour while he was working on the docks. He finally dropped dead on the platform, and I never took another benny after that."

Hanson, an ex-schoolteacher, was living the role of a trucker from the coal fields of Pennsylvania, who lost his job when the mine closed. After he moved into the Charlotte rooming house, "it didn't take long to learn where other drivers were hanging out and where they got their bennies," Hanson said.

"It was a fellow by the name of Jake Bagwell, who was night manager of a service station in Charlotte. When I got to know Jake later on, he used to say to me, 'All the boys know Jake; they know what I can do for them. Women, bennies or alky, they know Jake's the boy for them.' "

Hanson was startled at the flagrant way Jake trafficked in bennies. "To typify it," he said, "one Friday evening I was there and a carload of giggling teen-agers drove up, just kids laughing and carrying on. They didn't even cut the motor. A kid hopped out and ran to Jake. He took out a buck and threw it down on the desk. Jake took the dollar, counted out twelve tablets, put them in a brown envelope and handed them to the youngster. In a flash, the kid was out the door and into his car, and away the teen-agers went. There was never a word spoken through the whole transaction."

When he was finally satisfied his "friendship" with Jake Bagwell had progressed far enough, Hanson began setting the stage for a criminal prosecution. He told Bagwell he knew a benny peddler "up North" and thought he could make some money on the deal if he could get 1000 tablets for this friend. But he didn't want to take any chances.

"Somebody checks on this stuff, don't they?" Hanson asked. "Who checks on it, the cops?"

"No, the Feds are supposed to check on it, but they never check," replied Jake. "Don't worry about them. Just let me know in advance. I go to Georgia for it and I can get all I want."

Hanson continued his underground work. On trips to Jersey City terminals, he picked up the names of fifteen truck stops between Charlotte and Philadelphia where bennies could be bought. At a truck stop in Salisbury, North Carolina, he ran into a Winston-Salem driver with whom he'd played poker during a terminal layover. Hanson told the driver, "I'd like to get my mitts on a good big supply of bennies."

"Well," the driver said, "all the boys up around Winston-Salem get them from Horton's drugstore in North Wilkesboro. You just tell 'em who you work for and that you know me, and they'll give you your thousand." A day or so later, Washington officials of the Food and Drug Administration decided Hanson had done enough undercover work and he was ordered to return to his regular duties. The groundwork had been laid and it was time to begin collecting formal evidence of law violations that would stand up in court.

The FDA made arrangements to borrow a truck from the Army, and in April, inspectors Fred Taylor and George Stanford drove out of Camp Gordon, Georgia, in a freshly repainted tractor-trailer rig. They rendezvoused a few days later at Charlotte with a third Government inspector, Everett Wright, who brought along a rented car to help in the crackdown operation. Hanson was out of it, much to his sorrow, for he'd been hurt tugging at a hefty sack of peanuts on a food-plant inspection.

Taylor and Stanford made their first buy in Claxton, Georgia, at the A. & M. Truck Terminal, Inc., on U.S. Routes 301 and 25, where Stanford had "done business" once before. Stanford bought three dozen bennies from an employee named C. E. Hoots and arranged to buy a 1000-tablet bottle a few days later. When he went back to pick it up, the FDA man was referred to another employee, Hugh Helmly, who said Hoots had been in a brawl the night before and was in hiding. Helmly found out from the fugitive where the benny tablets were cached. He sold Stanford the 1000, raising the price from the thirty-five dollars Hoots had quoted to forty dollars, FDA charges. In August, Stanford went back and bought nine dozen more from Helmly. In its current crackdown in the Southeast, FDA charged Hoots and Helmly with two violations each of the Federal drug law. Of the A. & M. Truck Terminal management, the agency said it had "no evidence that the corporation was aware or should have been aware of the acts of these two men."

Jake Bagwell was the next target. When the FDA men in the camouflaged Army truck got to the Charlotte gas station where he'd been employed, they learned Jake had been fired. Taylor called Bagwell's home and arranged a meeting at the bus station. Taylor and Stanford told Bagwell that Hanson had asked them to pick up a shipment of 1000 bennies for him.

"Jake couldn't quite place Hanson, but when I described him, he remembered and was satisfied it was all right," Taylor said.

Bagwell gave the FDA men a sample benny and promised to meet them at eight the next morning at King's Cottage Café, across West Trade Street from the Charlotte post office. When they met that next morning, in Bagwell's car outside the café, the peddler handed over 2000 bennies for seventy dollars. Taylor and Stanford went back to Jake Bagwell a few weeks later and made a second buy of 1000 tablets, paying thirty-five dollars. They also bought 101 sleeping pills for ten dollars, making two additional violations of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. The current Federal charges against Jake C. Bagwell, 236 Victoria Avenue, Charlotte, for three violations of Federal law state that "he acted recklessly and without due regard for the health or welfare of the customers in dispensing such drugs."

The manager of Thornton's Café, on U.S. Route 29, three miles east of Royston, Georgia, Frank Colley Ware, also faces charges on three counts of violating the drug statute. After two preliminary buys of a dozen and two dozen bennies respectively, inspectors Taylor and Stanford purchased for thirty dollars a 1000-tablet bottle of pills from Ware. There is no evidence, the FDA says, that Mrs. T. P. Thornton, owner and operator of the café, participated in the drug sales.

The three undercover men did not forget the Rock Café & Service Station, on U.S. Route 29 at Anderson, South Carolina, where Hanson first linked up with the benny circuit. Inspectors Taylor, Stanford and Wright made a buy apiece from the Rock's manager, W. Russell Dover, the Government charged in a criminal information just filed with the Federal court at Greenville, South Carolina. Waitress Helen Pisano was charged with illegally selling inspectors Taylor and Stanford a dozen bennies each, and waitress Lois Hames was alleged to have sold a dozen pep pills to inspector Wright.

Then inspector Wright assumed a different role—that of a playboy from Baltimore, who had the University of Maryland's benny trade wrapped up and was looking for a bigger and cheaper source of supply. A thirty-three-year-old decorated hero of World War II—he lost an eye in combat—Wright set out in a flashy two-tone car on the track of a truck driver who'd been reported to the FDA as a wholesale benny peddler. The driver—let's call him Jones because that's not his name—lived in a beach-resort town in a Southern state. When Wright made his first attempt to contact Jones, the driver's wife explained he wasn't home. "He's a Sunday-school teacher," she said, "and he's out working with the boys in his class, mowing the lawn and trimming the hedges at the church."

Wright found Jones supervising a group of teen-agers at work on the church grounds. He introduced himself and told the trucker he could use lots of bennies, and said he'd heard about Jones at a truck stop between Richmond and Washington. With some hesitation, the Sunday-school-teacher-truck-driver-drug-peddler agreed to see what he could do. The FDA man called Jones that night and was summoned to a meeting on a deserted beach road. They sat in the peddler's parked car.

"The fellow I get them from has them spotted up the beach," said Jones. "He's got ten thousand and it will cost you four hundred dollars."

Caught flat-footed because he didn't have that much money, the undercover agent stalled for time. Jones pressed Wright for the name of the man who'd sent him. While the argument went on, Wright glimpsed a sawed-off shotgun in the rear seat of Jones' car. The peddler finally agreed to meet Wright the next day and close the deal, but when they met, it was all off.

"If you can give us the name of the guy who sent you, then we can do business," Jones said. "The (Continued on Page 92)

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1. Contest open to any person in U. S. A. and Territories who owns 1950 or later model car, registered in his or her name, except employees and their immediate families of Plymouth Motor Corporation, Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, its advertising agencies, The Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., and Plymouth dealers.

2. Nothing to buy or solve! All entries must be signed or otherwise validated by a Plymouth dealer or his retail salesmen. Go to any Plymouth dealer. Take your title, owner's card or registration certificate—any proof of ownership. Fill out entry blank with your name, address, phone number, the make and year of your present car, with its motor or serial number. Place entry blank in the contest entry box.

3. Winners will be selected by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corp. by blindfold drawing. Top winner will be selected first—second winner, second, etc., in successive drawings. Decisions of judges final.

4. All entries become property of Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation. None will be returned. Plymouth and its advertising agencies will not enter into any correspondence with any contestant, except winners.

5. Contest opens at beginning of dealer's business day, January 17, 1956. Entries must be placed in contest entry box on or before close of dealer's business day, March 10, 1956.

6. Names and addresses of winners will be posted in Plymouth dealerships, and winners will also be notified by mail by May 10, 1956. Prizes will be awarded at Detroit, Mich.

7. Winner of second prize must complete trip by October 31, 1956. Total cost of trip for 2 not to exceed $5,000. Duration of trip not to exceed two weeks.

8. Contest subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

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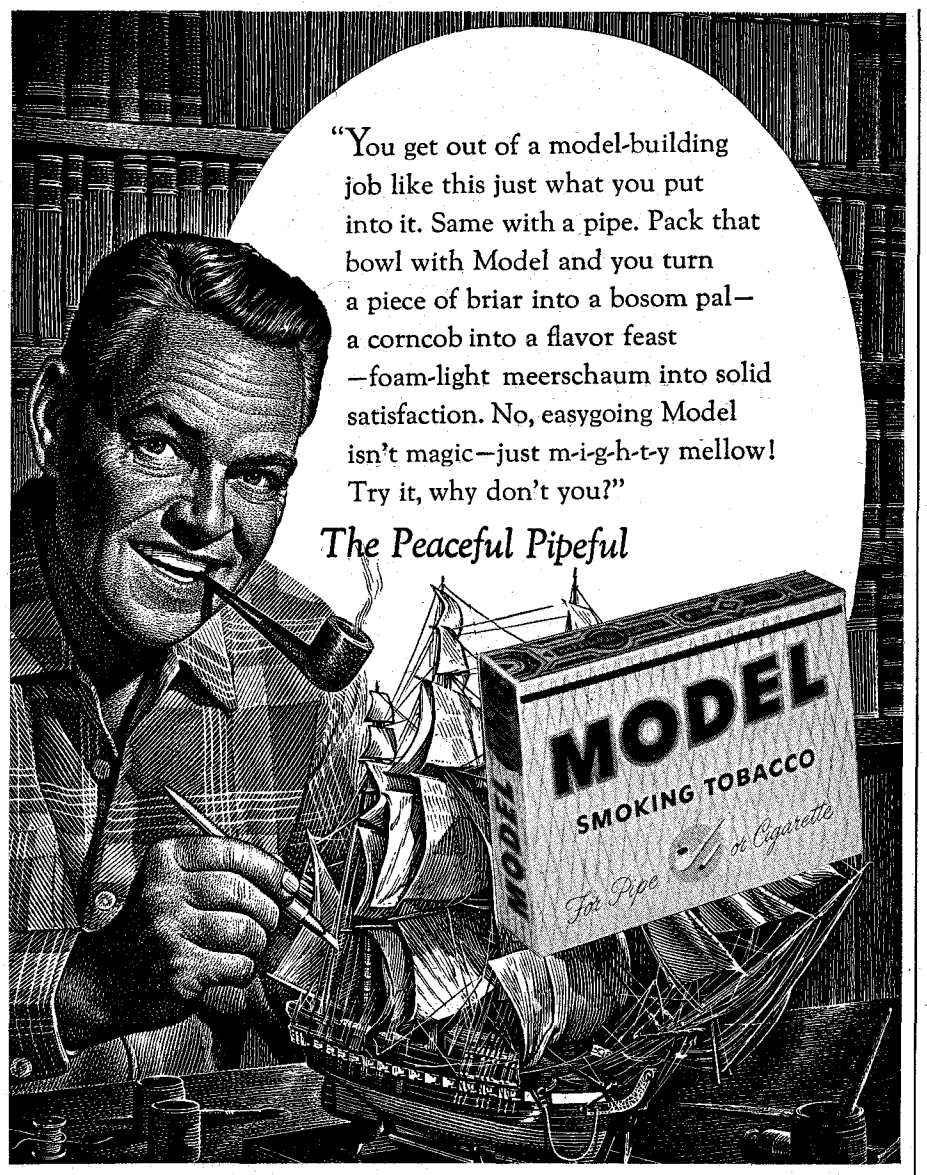
"You get out of a model-building job like this just what you put into it. Same with a pipe. Pack that bowl with Model and you turn a piece of briar into a bosom pal—a corncob into a flavor feast—foam-light meerschaum into solid satisfaction. No, easygoing Model isn't magic—just m-i-g-h-t-y mellow! Try it, why don't you?"
The Peaceful Pipeful
MODEL
SMOKING TOBACCO
For Pipe & Cigarette
Fold-down pouch opens wide for easy use—keeps tobacco fresh

AT LAST! A cough syrup that speeds relief into the "Danger Zone" to help

CLEAR UP COUGHS EVEN BRONCHIAL COUGHS!

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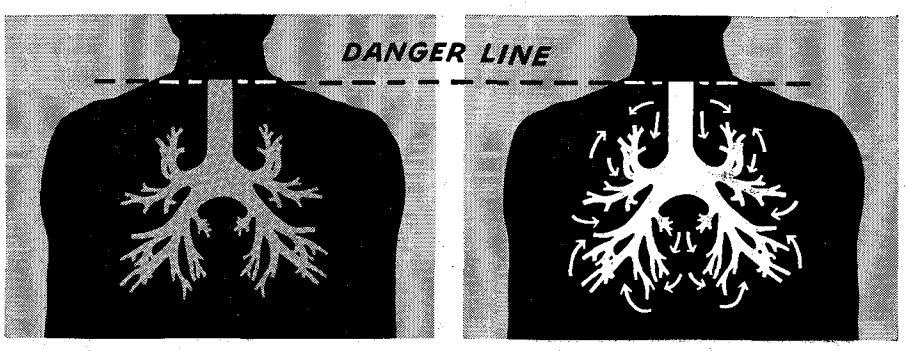

Ordinary cough syrups do not act below the "Danger Line" to effectively clear out clogged bronchial tubes. Serious illness may result.

Wonder action of Super Anahist Cough Syrup penetrates deep into the bronchial area, acting instantly to help clear out the clogged tubes.

New SUPER ANAHIST Cough Syrup with VITAMIN C does what no ordinary cough syrup can do:

1. It penetrates deep into the bronchial area to help break up worst congestion fast!
2. Relieves bacterial allergies of colds to relieve sniffles, sneezes as well as cough.
3. Loosens hard, clotted phlegm—and brings it up.
4. Relieves cough "tickle"—soothes throat lining fast!
5. Helps you get to sleep—without drugging.
6. Has no medicine taste—children love it!
7. Helps build back lowered resistance, with Vitamin C.

*Result:* You stop those severe coughing spasms—expel deep congestion—feel better and sleep better, too.

And on Cold Tablets, Nasal Spray or Chest Rub the name SUPER ANAHIST means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

(Continued from Page 90) supply is unlimited if you can give me the guy's name." Since Wright could never do so, he never made a buy and Jones is still at large. An informant later told the FDA that Wright had been spotted as a Federal agent.

Taylor, Stanford and Wright followed up on a Shelbyville, Kentucky, truck driver's complaint that his son, a fellow trucker, was obtaining bennies at Frank's Truck Stop, on U.S. Route 52, at Rural Hall, North Carolina, about twelve miles northwest of Winston-Salem. They made four buys of a dozen bennies each. As Taylor and Wright were driving to Washington at the end of the undercover assignment, they decided to make a fifth and larger buy at the Rural Hall stop to establish a clearer pattern of illegal traffic.

"We ate lunch, and when we finished, I paid the lunch check and asked Frank what kind of a price he'd give me on a hundred bennies," recalled Taylor. Frank denied handling the drug, even after Taylor pointed out he'd bought a dozen tablets only a week earlier.

"Go ask your wife," said the FDA man. "She fixed me a special bowl of chili the night I was in here, and we had quite a talk about chili and stews."

Frank's wife remembered the incident, and the truck-stop operator breathed a sigh of relief. "Boy, you really had me worried," he said. "I thought for sure you were a cop."

"I really laughed," said Taylor, "and then Frank sold me the hundred bennies for eight cents each."

"You'd sure make a good detective," Frank told the Federal agent. "You look just like one."

When the crackdown took place a few weeks ago, Frank S. Barr, an individual doing business as Frank's Truck Stop, and Barr's sister, Beulah Mae Barr, were arrested. Barr was charged with five violations of the drug law and his sister with one.

Not every trucker who buys a benny on the road gets the real thing. Stanford and Taylor paid fifty-five dollars at a Marietta, Georgia, truck stop for 1000 tablets that turned out to be five-grain aspirins.

Inspector Wright was assigned to follow through on Hanson's lead to the Horton Drug Company, North Wilkesboro, North Carolina. Posing again as a Baltimore playboy and using the names of several Winston-Salem truck drivers, he asked for 2000 bennies. After a whispered conference with the store's pharmacist, a clerk made the sale for fifty dollars. A few weeks later Wright went back for more. The pharmacist apologized for having only half a bottle in stock and, after a quick phone call, sent the FDA man to the People's Drugstore in Wilkesboro, a few miles away. (This was an independent store, not a member of the well-known Eastern chain which operates under the name of "Peoples Drug Stores, Inc. and Subsidiary Corporations.")

There the proprietor left the labels on two 1000-tablet bottles of Hance Bros. & White Company amphetamine-sulphate pills, manufactured in Philadelphia and perfect evidence for a Federal prosecution, in which proof of interstate traffic is required. A week later, Wright made another fifty-dollar purchase of 2000 bennies at People's Drugstore, Wilkesboro. There was no attempt at secrecy.

"Much obliged for the business," said the druggist.

"That's all right," said Wright. "I'll be back."

It was Federal arresting officers who went back to both stores. Horton Drug Company, North Wilkesboro, pharmacist William Donald Horton, a partner in the company, and Robert F. Shoemaker, an employee, were charged with responsibility in the illegal sale of 2000 bennies to inspector Wright at twenty-five dollars per 1000. People's Drugstore at Wilkesboro and its pharmacist-vice-president, John Palmer Horton, Jr., were charged in the illegal sales of the Hance Brothers pills, also at twenty-five dollars per 1000. Drugstores pay $1.80 per 1000 for this product. The two Hortons are brothers.

The FDA men collected evidence for many other arrests. Max Freedman, trading as Sun Cut Rate Drugs, 823 Marietta St., N.W., Atlanta, is accused of making two 100-tablet sales to FDA agents without prescriptions. Twenty-four proprietors or employees of twelve truck stops in the Carolinas, Georgia and Virginia were arrested and charged with violating the Federal drug law.

The owner and three waitresses at a truck stop in Fort Wayne, Indiana, were charged with making eight illegal benny sales to FDA men driving a borrowed tractor-trailer. Using the same big vehicle, Chicago inspectors caught the Waitkus Pharmacy, 303 E. 14th St., Chicago Heights, in the dragnet. Proprietor Adolph J. Waitkus was accused of making a 1000-tablet sale for fifty dollars—cost of the tablets to him, $1.80—and of selling 201 bennies to a Federal agent for ten dollars.

The benny trade had been booming in other states. The alert director of the Arkansas State Food and Drug Division, Harold Austin, called in the FDA to help crack down on benny sales in West Memphis. The Missouri State Bureau of Food and Drugs said it had reports of widespread benny sales at truck stops near Sikeston. FDA men in a rented truck rode the highways in a big triangle between West Memphis, Sikeston and Cairo, Illinois. They made dozens of buys at twelve truck stops on U.S. Routes 51 and 61 and the evidence was turned over to state authorities for whatever action they deemed appropriate.

The best way to follow some advice is at a safe distance.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

White slavery was uncovered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Earl's Truck Stop, West Memphis, at the same time the FDA and state food and drug officials were collecting evidence of illegal drug sales there. Federal Judge Thomas C. Trimble sentenced Earl T. Hulsey to three years' imprisonment when the truck-stop operator pleaded guilty to a charge of transporting a woman from Memphis, Tennessee, to West Memphis, Arkansas, for immoral purposes.

The FDA learned that Hulsey was obtaining his supply of bennies for weary truck drivers from a nearby veterinarian, Dr. H. B. Solar, 1308 East Broadway, West Memphis. Solar was fined $1250 and sentenced to a year in prison, but his prison sentence and half the fine were suspended when he agreed to leave the state.

Commenting on the considerable success of the truck-stop investigation, FDA Commissioner Larrick declared:

"The illegal sale of amphetamines is but one phase of our fight against improper distribution of dangerous drugs. We intend to pursue all such illegal practices by every means at our disposal. We are fortunate in having the full co-operation of the legitimate drug manufacturers and ethical retail pharmacists, as well as state and local enforcement agencies. Through our combined efforts, and by education of consumers and of users of motor vehicles, we hope to solve this problem. It is essential that everyone realize that amphetamines, like many other potent drugs, are truly beneficial when properly used, but capable of causing untold harm and suffering when misused."

THE END

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# The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 43)

said. "I am asking you simply as a matter of fact whether you made a mistake, whether you reached an erroneous conclusion. You can answer either yes or no, either you did or you didn't. Now did you reach an erroneous conclusion or did you not?"

"I did," Doctor Granby said, his lips quivering with anger.

"Is it possible to bring about a coronary thrombosis by drinking chocolate?"

"Certainly not. A coronary thrombosis is an occlusion of the coronary artery by a clot of blood, shutting off the circulation and resulting in death."

"As soon as you found that Mosher Higley was dead you knew that you were going to be called upon to sign a death certificate?"

"Naturally."

"And therefore you looked around for the cause of death, did you not?"

"Well, in the manner that I usually do."

"Do you want this jury to understand that you used your very best professional competency, skill, experience and judgment in determining the cause of death at that time?"

"Well, I am forced to admit that I overlooked the significance of the reddish tinge of the skin."

"Do you want this jury to understand that at that time in the exercise of your solemn professional duty you used less than your best skill and competence?"

"Well, I reached an incorrect conclusion and that speaks for itself."

"In other words, you didn't do your best? Is that right?"

"I did my best."

"You took into consideration all of the facts and circumstances?"

"Certainly."

"Then what did you mean by stating that you didn't take into consideration the redness of the skin?"

"Well, at the time I didn't consider that had anything to do with the cause of death."

"You noticed it?"

"Yes, I noticed it."

"You considered it in connection with the other facts in the case for the purpose of determining the cause of death?"

"Well, I considered it."

"And decided that it indicated a death by coronary thrombosis?"

"Definitely not. It was not an indication of death by coronary thrombosis, but was an indication of death by cyanide-of-potassium or carbon-monoxide poisoning. That is one of the indications."

"You noticed it at that time?"

"Yes."

"And at the time, that did not indicate to you the possibility of death by cyanide of potassium?"

"At the time, no."

"Why?"

"Because at that time I hadn't been advised of certain factors in the situation which later changed the entire aspect of the case."

"You changed your opinion at a later date, after you had been advised of those factors?"

"And after I had assisted in performing a post-mortem on the body after it had been exhumed."

"And at that time you took into consideration the significance of the redness of the skin?"

"I did."

"And that, as you have stated, was as a result of a history of the case which had subsequently been related to you and which appeared to be more significant?"

"In a way, yes."

"So that you changed your opinion as to the cause of death because of what someone had told you?"

Doctor Granby hesitated and looked somewhat helplessly at the district attorney. "I said that in view of the history of the case."

"So you changed your opinion as the result of hearsay evidence?"

"I didn't say that."

"You changed your opinion as to the significance of the redness of the skin because of hearsay evidence."

"Well, yes. If you want to put it that way."

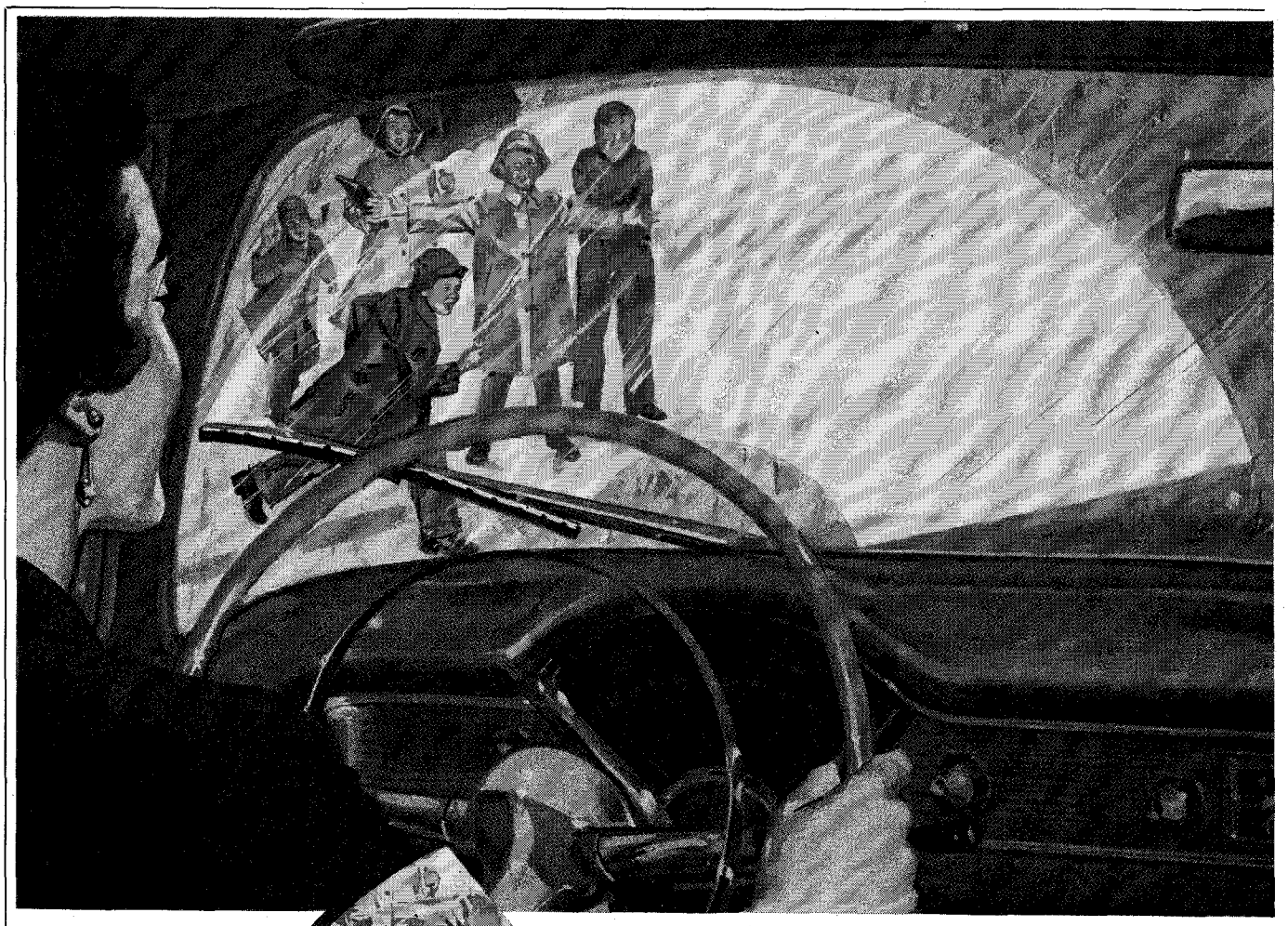
"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all, doctor."

"Just a minute," Hamilton Burger said. "I have some questions on redirect which perhaps I should have asked. I rather expected they would have been covered on cross-examination. . . . Doctor, why do you now say that Mosher Higley met his death as the result of cyanide of potassium?"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "That question is objected to. It is not proper redirect examination. It should have been asked on direct examination. It is quite clear what happened here. The district attorney failed to bring out a part of his case because he felt that while I was cross-examining the witness the facts could be brought out with more telling effect by the witness. Having taken that gamble, he is now bound by it."

"If I may explain, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "I——"

Judge Ashurst shook his head. "I think the situation speaks for itself, Mr. Prosecutor," he said. "I think there is no question that counsel for the defense is correct inso-

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far as his statement of the facts and of the rule of law is concerned. It is, of course, a general practice for attorneys to lay traps for opposing counsel so that certain facts which may be of considerable significance can be brought out on cross-examination to the confusion of the cross-examiner.

"However, the court is mindful of the fact that the examination of witnesses is entirely in the discretion of the court, and this is not a legal sparring match. This is an attempt to get at certain facts. The court is going to permit the witness to answer the question. And the court doesn't want any more legal gymnastics in this courtroom. . . . Now go ahead and answer the question, doctor."

Doctor Granby cleared his throat importantly and said, "I had originally concluded that the decedent probably died as the result of a coronary thrombosis. My post-mortem examination showed there was no coronary thrombosis. Furthermore, my post-mortem failed to disclose any cause of death. The body had been embalmed. It therefore seemed a logical medical assumption that there had been a cause of death which must have been destroyed by the injection of embalming fluid. Cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison, all traces of which are destroyed by the injection of embalming fluid. The redness of the blood is a further indication of death by cyanide of potassium. Therefore, taking all of these factors into consideration, it is now my considered medical opinion that the decedent met his death because of poisoning by cyanide of potassium."

"That's all," Hamilton Burger said. "You may cross-examine."

"In other words," Mason said, "the only reason that you now say the decedent died from poisoning by cyanide of potassium is that you can't find any other cause of death?"

"In a way, that is true."

"Are you familiar with the fact, doctor, that in a certain percentage of cases, the best pathologists in the country are unable to find a cause of death?"

"Yes, but I don't think the percentage is high."

"What is the percentage?"

"It is a variable."

"What are the percentage limits of fluctuation?"

"They depend on the skill of the pathologist."

"I am assuming that the autopsy surgeon has the highest skill. Even in that case, isn't there a certain percentage of cases where medical science is unable to find any cause of death?"

"Well—yes—a certain percentage."

"What is it?"

Doctor Granby shifted his position. "I don't know."

"You do know that in a significant number of cases pathologists are unable to find a cause of death at the time of post-mortem examination?"

"Yes."

"Then would you say that all of those cases were deaths due to cyanide of potassium?"

"Certainly not."

"Yet in this particular case, simply because you were unable to find the cause of death and because the body had been embalmed, you assumed the cause of death was some agency that must have been removed by the embalming fluid, and therefore you assumed that it was the injection of cyanide of potassium?"

"Well, that's rather an unfair way of putting it, but I'll answer that question in the affirmative."

"You have other cases where you have been unable to determine the cause of death before embalming?"

"Yes."

"Did you, in those cases, certify the cause of death was cyanide of potassium?"

"Don't be absurd! Certainly not!"

"Have you ever certified any one of those cases as having been caused by cyanide of potassium?"

"No."

"You have then certified in those cases that the cause of death was unknown?"

"A death certificate, Mr. Mason, has to recite some cause of death. It is a general practice among medical men to have a certain blanket category which is listed as the cause of death when it is impossible to determine absolutely what was the cause of death."

"In other words, when you can't find a cause of death you simply draw on your imagination. Is that right?"

"Well—you have to put down some cause of death."

"Exactly," Mason said. "So in those cases of yours where you weren't able to find the cause of death, you simply went ahead and filled in a cause of death anyway. Is that right?"

"In those cases, yes."

"So you deliberately falsify your death certificates?"

"I don't falsify it."

"It is incorrect?"

"I don't know."

"Yet you state in the certificate that you do know?"

## Winter Flowers

By Jane Morrison

Although the calendar denies
bouquets
Of garden bloom to the old
parlor, here
Summer is still remembered.
Yesterday's
Color and symmetry last through
the year
In jugs of earthenware, a
pewter pot,
A deep blue vase. Strawflowers
for gaiety,
Gold, tawny, rose and russet, in
a spot
Beside the bookshelves. Dried
ferns happily
Evocative of woodlands mingle
green
With sunny yarrow and pressed
maple leaves
Of gold and garnet, colors
echoed clean
And warm in cockscomb plumes.
Icicled eaves
Challenge the flame of
bittersweet, while frost
Makes window patterns, floral
and embossed.

"All doctors do."

"And you do?"

"Yes. Have it your own way."

"This case was a similar case to all of those others, except that in this case you have said it was a death by cyanide of potassium?"

"Well, this case is not exactly similar."

"Why isn't it similar?"

"Because there is evidence of the possibility of cyanide poisoning."

"What evidence?"

"The color of the skin, for one thing."

"But you noticed that color of the skin at the time you signed the death certificate attributing the cause as coronary thrombosis, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"All right, what else was there?"

"Well, of course," Doctor Granby blurted, "there is the confession of the defendant, her own admission——"

"Exactly," Mason said. "Because it has been reported to you that statements made by the defendant indicated death by cyanide-of-potassium poisoning, you have concluded that death must have been by cyanide of potassium."

"Well, that was one of the reasons."

"That's the only significant reason you can bring out at this time, isn't it, doctor?"

"That and the fact that there was no other cause of death visible."

"But you have just stated that in an appreciable percentage of deaths you haven't been able to find any cause of death."

"Well, yes."

"But your certificate didn't so state?"

"I gave a cause of death."

"Despite the fact you couldn't find the cause of death, you signed a certificate stating that death was due to a certain cause?"

"That is the generally accepted medical practice."

"That," Mason said, with a tone of finality, "is all."

Hamilton Burger whispered to his trial deputy. Apparently they were unhappy about the doctor's testimony, but didn't know exactly how to try to repair the damage.

"Any further questions?" Judge Ashurst asked.

Hamilton Burger shook his head. "No," he said, and his manner indicated that he realized his whispered conference had further weakened his case. "No further questions."

Hamilton Burger's next witness was Marilyn Bodfish, who, it turned out, was the day nurse who had been in charge of the case on the Saturday when Mosher Higley met his death. She testified that it was customary for the defendant, Nadine Farr, to take over at around noon on Saturday, giving the witness some time off; that on this particular Saturday it had been a sunny day and the witness had retired to a secluded place between the garage and a fence where there was a folding cot, and had been engaged in taking a sun bath when she had heard the emergency electric bell ringing in her bedroom, which was on top of the garage; that she had hastily donned some clothes and hurried to the house, finding Mosher Higley in convulsions and gasping for air; that there was some retching; that there was a broken cup on the floor; that some chocolate had been spilled on the floor and that some chocolate had been spilled on his nightgown; that she noticed that the chocolate on the floor was still warm.

"Did you notice anything else?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I noticed a certain odor."

"What odor?"

"An odor of bitter almonds."

"Do you know the significance of the odor of bitter almonds?"

"It is the odor of cyanide of potassium."

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly.

"When did you first appreciate the significance of that odor?" Mason asked.

"I noticed it as soon as I was bending over the patient. I ——"

"Answer my question," Mason interrupted. "When did you first appreciate the significance of that odor?"

"Oh, later on, when I heard that there was a possibility of cyanide poisoning."

"You were there in the room when Doctor Granby arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you at that time communicate to him the fact that you detected an odor of bitter almonds?"

"No, sir."

"Did Doctor Granby tell you that he detected an odor of bitter almonds?"

"No, sir. There was no discussion about it."

"Were you there when Doctor Granby signed the death certificate giving the cause of death as coronary thrombosis?"

"I was there when he announced that that was the cause of death."

"Did you at that time think the diagnosis was wrong?"


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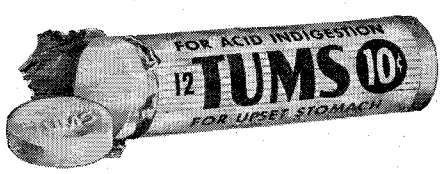


FOR THE TUMMY

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—AND YOU CAN'T BUY SAFER, SURER RELIEF


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"I——"

"Oh, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "this witness is not an expert medical witness. She is a nurse. She has had certain training. She can testify as to certain things. This question is not proper cross-examination."

"Certainly it is proper cross-examination," Mason said. "She is now testifying that at that time she noticed the odor of bitter almonds and that she knew the odor of bitter almonds was indicative of cyanide poisoning. It becomes important to know whether she pointed that out to the doctor, which she certainly would have done if she actually had noticed any significant odor, or whether she waited until the idea was put in her head by the police."

"Now that is an unfair statement," Hamilton Burger said. "There is no evidence that the idea was put in her head by the police."

"You let me go ahead with this cross-examination and I'll show that that's where the idea came from," Mason said.

"Now just a moment," Judge Ashurst said, "this colloquy between counsel borders on misconduct on both sides. The witness was asked a question. It is true that the witness did not qualify on direct examination as being able to give an opinion as to the cause of death, but this question relates to her conduct at the time. The objection is overruled."

"Did you point out to anyone at that time that you had detected the odor of bitter almonds?"

"No."

"Did you at that time, before you had talked with the police or the district attorney, have any idea that the odor of bitter almonds had any significance whatever?"

"No."

"Did you at that time think that the odor of bitter almonds was associated with cyanide?"

"Well—no, not at that time."

"It wasn't until afterward, when you were being questioned by the police, that they asked you if there wasn't something that you could possibly think of that would indicate the presence of cyanide, that you made that statement?"

"Not by the police—by the prosecutor."

"Oh, by Hamilton Burger himself," Mason said, bowing to the district attorney. "That was when the matter first came to your mind, is that right?"

"Well, that's the first time I reported it."

"That's the first time you appreciated the significance of what you had smelled?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Burger asked you if you hadn't noticed something that would be indicative of poisoning by cyanide?"

"Well, yes."

"And did Mr. Hamilton Burger further tell you that he understood the odor of bitter almonds was indicative of cyanide poisoning and ask you if you had detected that odor?"

"Yes."

"That was before you told him you had smelled bitter almonds?"

"That brought it to my mind."

"That was the first time that it was brought to your mind?"

"Yes."

"And then you thought you had remembered it?"

"Then I remembered that I had smelled it."

Mason smiled. "That's all," he said.

"That's all," Hamilton Burger snapped. "If the court please, the next witness is a hostile witness. However, it is necessary for us to call him. . . . Dr. Logbert P. Denair, will you come forward and be sworn?"

Doctor Denair came forward, was sworn and testified to his qualifications as a physician and surgeon, his practice in psychiatry, the fact that he was acquainted with the defendant.

"Now then, on or about the fifteenth day of September of this year, did the defendant consult you professionally?"

"Yes."

"Did you at that time decide she was suffering from severe feelings of guilt?"

"Objected to," Mason said; "objected to as calling for a privileged communication, as betraying the confidential relationship existing between a doctor and a patient."

Judge Ashurst thought for a minute; then said, "The objection is sustained."

"Did you at that time suggest to the defendant that it would be advantageous if you should give her a so-called truth-serum test?"

"Same objection," Mason said.

"Same ruling."

"Did you on or about the seventeenth of September administer a drug to the defendant?"

"I did."

"Was the object of that drug to overcome the so-called defense mechanism which would prevent a patient from disclosing facts which the patient might consider as damaging?"

"It was."

"Did you at that time have a tape recorder present?"

"I did."

"Did the patient at that time make a statement which was recorded on the tape recorder?"

"Now, if the court please," Mason said, "I object to that on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial; that it conclusively appears the patient was under the influence of drugs, so that anything that was stated at that time would be the figment of a drugged imagination; on the further ground that it calls for the betrayal of a confidential communication and on the further ground that if there is any confession or admission contained in that tape recording, there is no proper foundation laid, inasmuch as there has been no proof of the corpus delicti."

"Now then," Judge Ashurst said, "we're getting to the crux of the legal situation which, of course, the court has generally understood would arise during the course of this trial. I think that the argument should take place outside of the presence of the jury. However, the court will observe that the question as it is now asked does not call for an answer which would justify all of the objections that were taken. As I understand it, the prosecution intends to show that such a tape recording was made and then dismiss the doctor. It then wishes to produce the tape recording as an admission of the defendant and ask that it be played to the jury."

"That is correct, your honor," Hamilton Burger said.

"But," Mason said, "we're going to have to face all of these facts, and we may as well face them now."

"I think I will overrule the objections at this time until we have all of the preliminaries out of the way," Judge Ashurst ruled.

"Did you make such a tape recording?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I did."

"What was done with that tape recording?"

"It was placed in my safe."

"What happened to it after that?"

"It was turned over to the police by my nurse. The police served a search warrant on her and searched the office and took possession of the tape recording."

"I show you a spool of tape on which there is a notation in red pencil, presumably in your handwriting, stating, 'Interview with Nadine Farr, September seventeenth,' and ask you if that notation was made by you?"

"It was. Yes, sir."

"And it was made on the spool of tape recording on which the words of Nadine Farr were recorded?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly.

"Just a few questions, Doctor Denair," Mason said. "At the time that the tape recording was made, Nadine Farr was your patient?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were endeavoring to treat her?"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to treat her effectively you felt it was necessary to know certain facts which you felt could be brought out by question and answer under a so-called truth-serum test?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you administered this test as a part of your treatment as a psychiatrist and a physician and surgeon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now the defendant was under the influence of drugs at that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she know what she was doing?"

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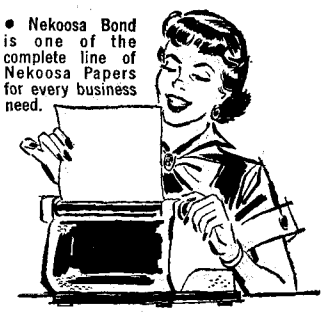


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"Well, there you get into a very peculiar psychological situation, Mr. Mason. A part of her mind knew that she was making a statement and answering questions. A part of her mind was drugged into such a degree of quiescence that there could be no resistance."

"In other words, her consciousness was impaired by drugs?"

"Yes."

"Her volition was impaired by drugs?"

"Yes."

"Those drugs were administered by you as a physician to a patient in the course of treatment?"

"Yes."

"And you asked those questions and received answers from her in the capacity of a physician diagnosing the condition of a patient and as a confidential communication?"

"Yes."

"You have given many such examinations?"

"Yes."

"What is the purpose of those examinations?"

"Well, you evaluate certain emotional conflicts because of answers which are received."

"Are those answers always intelligible?"

"Definitely not."

"Are they always correct?"

"Apparently not."

"Then there is a possibility that the answers which you received to your questions in this case are not correct?"

"There is always that possibility."

"You are familiar with the phenomenon known as talking in one's sleep?"

"Yes."

"Was the defendant's condition similar to that which produces sleep talking?"

"Very much. It was an artificially induced sleep talking."

"That is all," Mason said.

"Just a moment," Hamilton Burger said. "If the statements made by patients under a so-called truth-serum examination were incorrect, there wouldn't be any point in giving such an examination, doctor."

"I didn't say that the answers were incorrect. I said there was a possibility that they could be incorrect."

"Is that possibility sufficiently great so that it negatives the value of the test? In other words, were you taking this patient's money and taking her time for a treatment that was of no value?"

"Certainly not. One has to understand how to evaluate those answers. Sometimes even when the answers are incorrect the emotional status of the patient can be evaluated."

"So this test is of some value in your diagnosis?"

"Definitely."

"And by this test you expected to find out what was causing guilt feelings on the part of the defendant?"

"Objected to," Mason said, "as calling for a matter of treatment. It is the same question which was asked before and to which an objection was sustained. It seeks to pry into the relationship between the patient and the doctor. It also assumes a fact not in evidence."

"I think," Judge Ashurst ruled, "that you have now identified the tape recording, Mr. Prosecutor. I think that any further questions should be limited, except those questions generally as to the mental condition of the patient at the time it was made. I think the question before the court will now hinge upon an attempt to introduce that tape recording."

"I ask to have it introduced in evidence," Hamilton Burger said.

"I object," Mason said, "on the ground that it is a tape recording of a confidential communication between a physician and a patient. I object because it is a privileged communication. I object because it appears that the defendant was under the influence of drugs at the time the statement was made and that there's a distinct possibility that any statements contained in that tape recording are incorrect. I further object on the ground that it is not the best evidence and that no proper foundation has been laid. I further object on the ground that there has as yet been no proof of the corpus delicti, that there is no evidence that Mosher Higley died from other than natural causes, and that until there is some definite evidence indicating a criminal activity in connection with the death of Mosher Higley, there can be no evidence of any statements or admissions or confessions made by the defendant."

Judge Ashurst turned to the jury. "The jury will be excused," he said, "while this objection is considered by the court. During the time that the jury is excused you will not comment about the case or about the objection which is being argued before the court. You will not discuss the case or permit it to be discussed in your presence, nor will you form or express any opinion as to the guilt of the defendant until the matter is finally submitted to you. Now then, the jury will be excused and we will proceed with the arguments."

Hamilton Burger waited until the jury had left the courtroom, then said, "If the court please, I may state to the court outside of the presence of the jury, that on this tape recording there is a definite statement by the defendant, in a voice unmistakably her own, that she poisoned Mosher Higley. I realize that while we haven't definitely established that Mosher Higley died as a result of cyanide poisoning, I do feel that we have definitely established that he did not die as a result of any natural cause. Therefore there must have been some criminal agency. I think we have also raised a sufficient presumption that death was probably due to cyanide of potassium so that we can introduce this statement in evidence."

Judge Ashurst looked at Perry Mason. "I'd like to hear the position of the defendant on that."

Mason said, "This is a confidential communication. It was made under the influence of drugs. The witness would not have been permitted to take the stand and testify while in that drugged condition. Therefore she shouldn't be permitted to testify by means of a tape recorder.

"The rule in this state was originally established in the case of People versus Robinson, nineteen California forty, which was to the effect that words uttered by a defendant while not conscious of what he was saying could not constitute evidence of guilt and are inadmissible. This rule was held to exclude statements made by a defendant while asleep. That case, if the court please, was subsequently cited by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Chadwick versus United States, One-four-one Federal Two-two-five."

The judge smiled. "I was wondering why you asked the question about sleep talking, Mr. Mason. I see now that you had a firm objective in mind. The authority in question would seem to be conclusive." Judge Ashurst looked over at Hamilton Burger.

"Well, that whole doctrine is obsolete," Hamilton Burger said. "It was decided in People versus Rucker, eleven California Appellate Second, Six-oh-nine, fifty-four Pacific Second, Five-oh-eight, that any evidence tending to establish that a defendant was not in full possession of his faculties at the time he confessed guilt would not affect the admissibility of the confession, but would be evidence for the jury to consider in determining the weight to be given to the confession.

"I therefore insist that this confession can be heard by the jury. Counsel can then introduce all of the evidence he wants tending to show the mental condition of the defendant at the time the confession was made. The jury can consider that evidence for the purpose of determining whether or not the confession is true. However, if the court please, all of the physical facts show that the confession is true. The truth is apparent because it dovetails in with every physical fact. Under the law, any confession, no matter how it is obtained, can be admitted if there is corroborating evidence showing it to be true.

"I will, if the court please, read from Volume eight, California Jurisprudence, at Page One-ten: 'Inasmuch as the theory upon which involuntary confessions are excluded is their possible falsity, if the confession discloses incriminating facts which are shown to be true, the reason of the rule ceases to exist, and so much of the confession as discloses the fact and the fact disclosed are competent.' Now, then, if the court please, this rule was followed in the case of People versus Castello, One-nine-four California Five-nine-five, Two-two-nine Pacific, Eight-five-five, where it was stated that where physical facts and circumstances corroborate confessions of guilt, the reason of the rule which would otherwise exclude involuntary confessions to this extent ceases to exist.

"If the court please, we expect to show that this confession is completely corroborated by physical facts to such an extent that extrinsic evidence unmistakably stamps the confession with the mark of truth. In this case, as the court will note when it hears the tape recording, the defendant stated that she went to the gun room of Mosher Higley, that she cut open two shells and put shot from those shells in the bottle of poison and that she threw that bottle in the lake. Now we will show that this bottle of poison was recovered, that the two shotgun shells which had been pried open were recovered from the exact place behind the gun cabinet where the defendant said she had put them.

"And this," Hamilton Burger went on, "notwithstanding the fact that someone"—and here Hamilton Burger turned and bowed sardonically to Perry Mason—"had attempted to confuse the issues by planting another bottle filled with shot and a harmless sugar substitute out in the lake. And, if the court please, we expect to prove before this case is done that Perry Mason was seen going out to the lake and throwing an object into the lake at this exact place shortly before he hired some young boys to make an opportune recovery of this planted bottle of evidence."

Judge Ashurst frowned. "This is a very serious situation," he said. "I think that the court will permit you, as a part of this offer, to put on evidence in regard to the shotgun shells and the bottle of poison, Mr. District Attorney, and if the corroboration is as you indicate, the court will then take up the question of permitting the tape recording to be played to the jury permitting the evidence as to the bottle and in regard to the shotgun shells to be again introduced for the consideration of the jury."

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said. "I'll make that proof to the court right now. I'll produce these shotgun shells and state to the court, as an officer of the court, that these shells were found in the place described by the defendant in her confession."

Hamilton Burger motioned to his assistant and produced two shotgun shells, which were presented to the court.

Mason inspected the shotgun shells.

"These shells are sixteen-gauge shotgun shells stamped 'UMC Number Sixteen,'" Judge Ashurst said. "They have the wads pulled out. All of the shot has been dumped out from one shell and part of the shot from another."

"That is correct," Hamilton Burger said. "The shot just fills the vial and that vial contains tablets of cyanide of potassium."

"What about the other vial?" Judge Ashurst asked.

"That other vial," Hamilton Burger said, "contains a sugar substitute, a chemical sweetening tablet, and contains similar shot."

"Do you have those vials with you?"

"I have them both here," Hamilton Burger said. "One of them is marked Exhibit A for identification, and the other Exhibit B."

Burger produced the bottles.

Judge Ashurst looked accusingly at Perry Mason. "It is, of course, a most significant fact that two bottles were recovered from the place where the defendant mentioned she had thrown the bottle containing the poison. One of the bottles contains poison exactly as described by the defendant, and the other bottle contains a harmless chemical substitute. Is that correct, Mr. District Attorney?"

"That is correct," Hamilton Burger said, leering triumphantly at Perry Mason.

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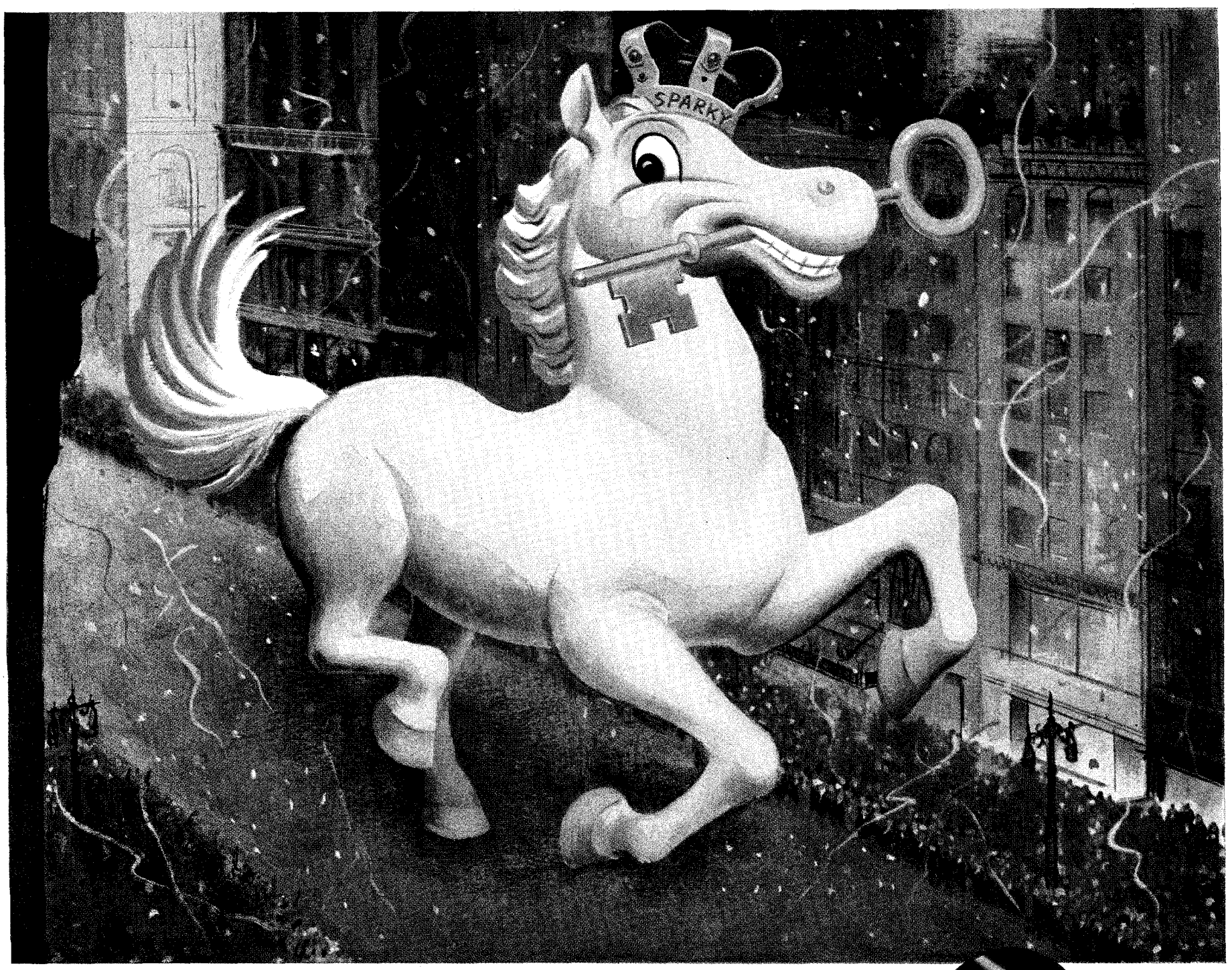


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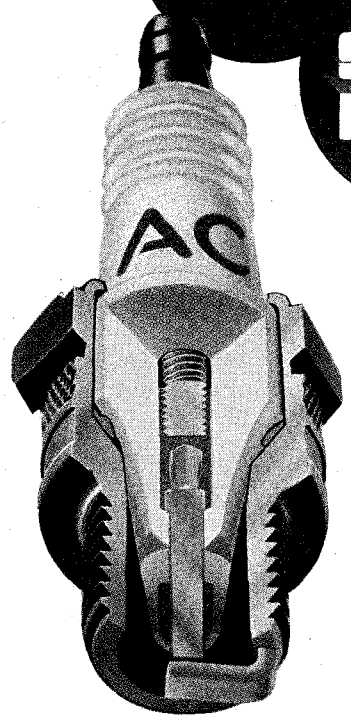


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# Florence (Continued from Page 32)

Florentine, would have reserved for the defilers of his city.

It would be foolish to pretend that all the wounds had healed by now, or that they ever could heal. There still are hollow teeth in the once-graceful waterfront, and the irreverently modern houses that mar the town's familiar face don't make it any easier to overlook the hurt that has been done. Still, the fantastic hoard of world-famed works of art which has established Florence as a must of the Grand Tour of Europe remains intact. In 1955, an estimated 360,000 foreign tourists, including some 115,000 Americans—as against 54,000 Americans in 1951—trudged through the palaces and churches, the Baptistery and the Duomo, the Pitti Gallery and the Uffizi.

But if all Florence is a work of art, why not step back for an appraising glimpse? Set in the mellow hills of Tuscany, with their black cypresses and silver olive groves, the town shows off its finely chiseled sky line with the definity and clearness of a cameo. Its cupolas and towers, red, buff and gleaming white, give it an animation of its own that seems to make the country doubly still. From where to see it best?

The closest to the perfect ringside seat I've found is the small balcony belonging to a modest fifth-floor flat outside Porta Romana. Nothing but Renaissance and medieval splendor here, and you have little trouble dreaming yourself back into the golden age when Florence was the navel of the Western world.

For a provincial city which, until relatively recent times, numbered no more than 0,000 souls, Florence has not done badly or itself. Founded by the Romans who opefully called the new colony *Florentia*—ne flourishing one—the little town first ose to prominence some 700 years ago and, or three glorious centuries, held mankind ellbound with the wonderful achievements of its people. Here, democratic ethods were applied when feudal bonds eld down the rest of Europe. Here, the alian language was brought to bloom by ante and Boccaccio. Here, Galileo, father modern science, propounded the heretiul belief that the sun is a central body ound which earth and planets move.

Here, Machiavelli—whatever you may ink of Machiavellian ethics—first hamered out the principles of modern statecraft. Here Amerigo Vespucci, navigator id explorer, provided a new name for a w world: America. Here, Brunelleschi id Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci and ichelangelo, along with a whole galaxy of adred spirits, produced the flowering of e Italian Renaissance.

here is no better spot, today, to let yourf in on this rendezvous of geniuses than nta Croce, Italy's Westminster Abbey, ere, in the cavernous simplicity of a anciscan church, the famous dead are ting in their graves. From Michelangelo Galileo, the roll call is impressively com-te. And though the Florentines let Dante in exile because they did not like his litics, they've since made up to him with arge, empty tomb in Santa Croce which es Italy's greatest poet at least a permaent address in his beloved Florence.

Before you journey back into the past, ore you start your pilgrimage of picture leries and churches, you might strike a re casual acquaintance with this city, ich, after all, is more than a museum. aimless stroll, of a warm Florence rning, along the quays and streets will e you a strong whiff of the old city's , inimitable, present flavor. Behold faces, all around you, that seem to have e off a fifteenth-century fresco—the with keen brown eyes, bold noses and strong chins, and the young girls all milk and honey, the prettiest in Italy. And listen, as you make your way along the crowded sidewalk, to the harsh Tuscan tongue, with its guttural sounds, so different from the soft music of Roman and Neapolitan speech.

There's no predicting how the fickle Arno will act when you're there—Mark Twain, who quipped that it would be a river if someone poured a little water into it, would have apologized had he stood on its banks in early spring, when it comes rushing down from the snow-covered hills. On Ponte Vecchio, the 1000-year-old bridge the Germans spared because, had they destroyed it, "there would have been an outcry round the world," the goldsmiths and silversmiths still ply their trade as they did when Benvenuto Cellini, swashbuckling master of their craft, was an apprentice here. Their dollhouse shops are two-story affairs, clinging with stiltlike legs to the stout understructure of the bridge, lining the sidewalks with their eager little faces.

Here, you'll collect some of the lesser souvenirs for which Florence is famed—silver spoons with enameled coats of arms, cameos, semiprecious jewelry. But then, a serious goldsmith like Signor Piccini, whose humble shop looks like the rest of them, may hold up to the light, for your enjoyment, a bracelet made of diamonds and sapphires, or a $3000 bird of paradise wearing an emerald for an eye.

At the New Market, a columned, covered square under whose vaulted ceiling the silk merchants used to display their bolts, you find yourself immersed in straw—straw slippers and straw belts, straw handbags, hats and baskets, even straw skirts and earrings made of straw: an ocean of red, green and yellow, sold at rickety stands which will, come evening, turn into pushcarts and be trundled off. And, past the stylish shops of Via Tornabuoni, you head toward another splash of color—flowers. Displayed for sale on the stone bench that runs along the base of Palazzo Strozzi—Florence's finest private palace—the lilies and carnations and mimosas seem to come bursting out of the soft, tawny stone, a daily miracle of spring.

The sunlit Piazza della Signoria is suddenly upon you as you round a corner, and you stand face to face with what, to me, will always be the world's most beautiful and most imposing structure: Palazzo Vecchio, Florence's old city hall, piled up, it seems, by giants out of rough-hewn blocks. Its square-cut tower, perched precariously on the extreme edge of the roof, remains a marvel both of harmony and balance. Look closely at the pavement as you cross the square—you'll find the modest plaque marking the spot where Fra Savonarola, the fearless monk who thundered against licentiousness in civic and ecclesiastic life, was hanged and burned in 1498.

Transparent shadows now close in on you. The narrow streets, with their stiff, honey-colored houses, are made still narrower by overhanging eaves which tolerate no more than a blue band of sky between them. What century is this? A slow procession of black-robed, black-hooded men follows a coffin—companions of the ancient benevolent society, Misericordia, they wear the ghostly uniform their brethren donned when hurriedly disposing of the dead during the plague of 1348. Stand still—your feet have carried you back to the medieval murk from which arose the jewel-feathered phoenix of the Renaissance.

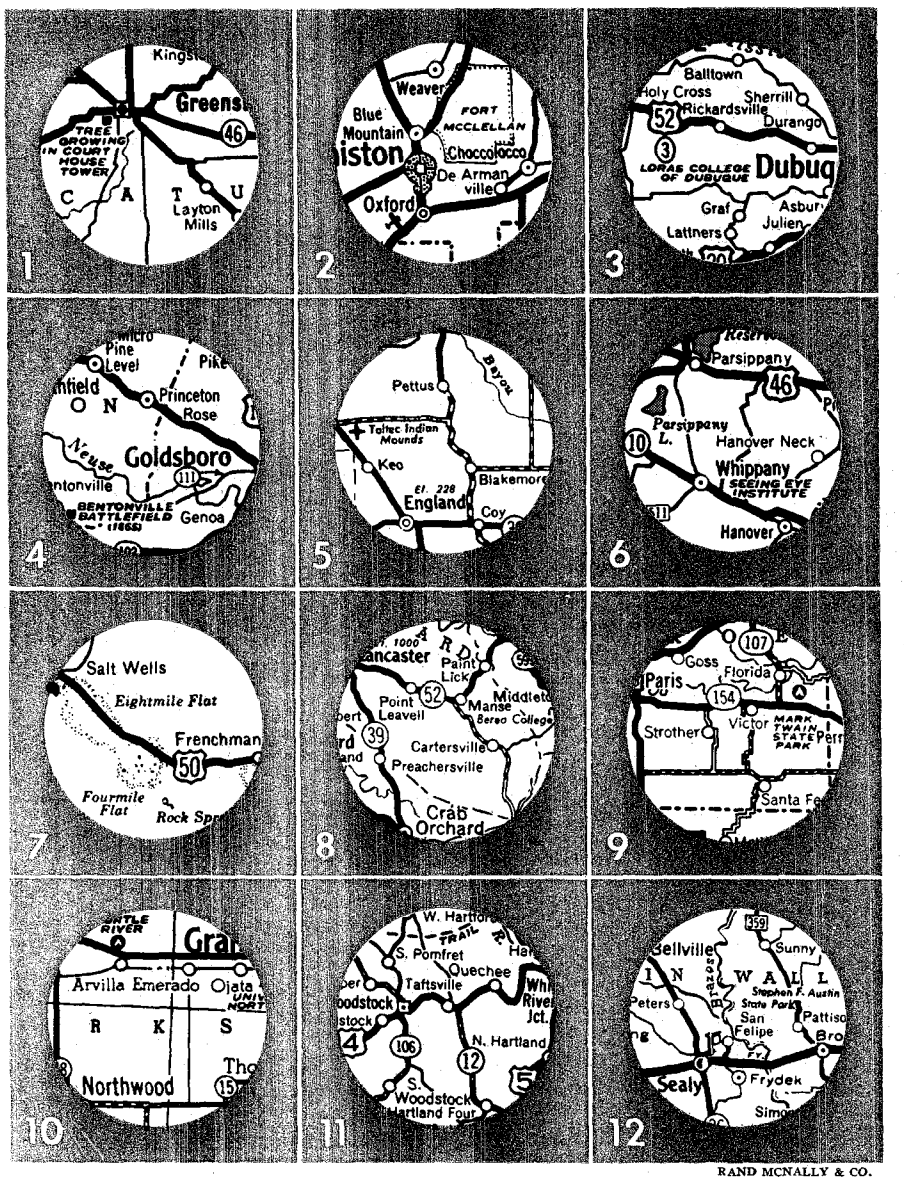
In the beginning there was wool. Florentine manufacturers, in the thirteenth century, first began making woolen cloth on a commercial scale. Buying up wool in places as remote as Spain and misty England, and marketing the product throughout Italy, the wool merchants built tidy fortunes. And their success begot a civic pride which bared its teeth at German potentates claiming, as Holy Roman emperors, command over Italy's city states.

Out of intrigues, conspiracies and bloody fights came the first Florentine republic of 1250. Based on the power of the "Arts"—the guilds of craftsmen, merchants and professionals which were the mainspring of the city's wealth—it was constructed along democratic lines. Before the century was gone, the classic Florence constitution had been passed: executive power rested with the Signoria, a body composed of the chosen representatives of the guilds whose term of office lasted—why should the Florentines trust anyone?—two months. During their tenure, the city fathers had to live and eat together, forgo all contact with their friends and relatives. It was a Spartan system, and it worked—up to a point.

In 1252, the young republic had begun to issue gold coins. Struck from pure, twenty-four-carat gold, these "florins" were snapped up wherever wool buyers and cloth merchants from Florence spent them. Copied and imitated, in less honest gold, by foreign governments—Britain and Holland use "florins" to this day—they soon became Europe's accepted medium of exchange, the key to every door, the yardstick of all wealth—in short, the United States dollar of the age.

The florins hatched. A visitor from out of town, the story goes, who saw the still-unfinished Duomo and its Campanile, observed in a loud voice that Florence must be crazy—no money in the world could ever buy the precious marble in which these huge constructions would be sheathed. Arrested on the spot, the poor wretch was taken before the city treasurer, who let him see his books and sent him on his way with the remark that, if they felt like it, the Florentines could cover their entire town with marble.

With florins and prosperity there came another offshoot of the textile trade: the Florence banker. Forerunners of the Rothschilds, these financiers used golden dice shrewdly in the great game of European power politics. Soon, they were bankers to the King of England and the King of Naples, and a whole slew of bishops, dukes, republics. Among the gilt-edged families which rose to fame in Florence were the Medici; rich bankers who themselves came out of nowhere, they had the rare good fortune of producing, through the years, a line of supermen. Protectors of the arts, friends of the common people, they gradually nudged their way to power. Florence, officially still a republic, became, in fact, a monarchy. (Continued on Page 102)

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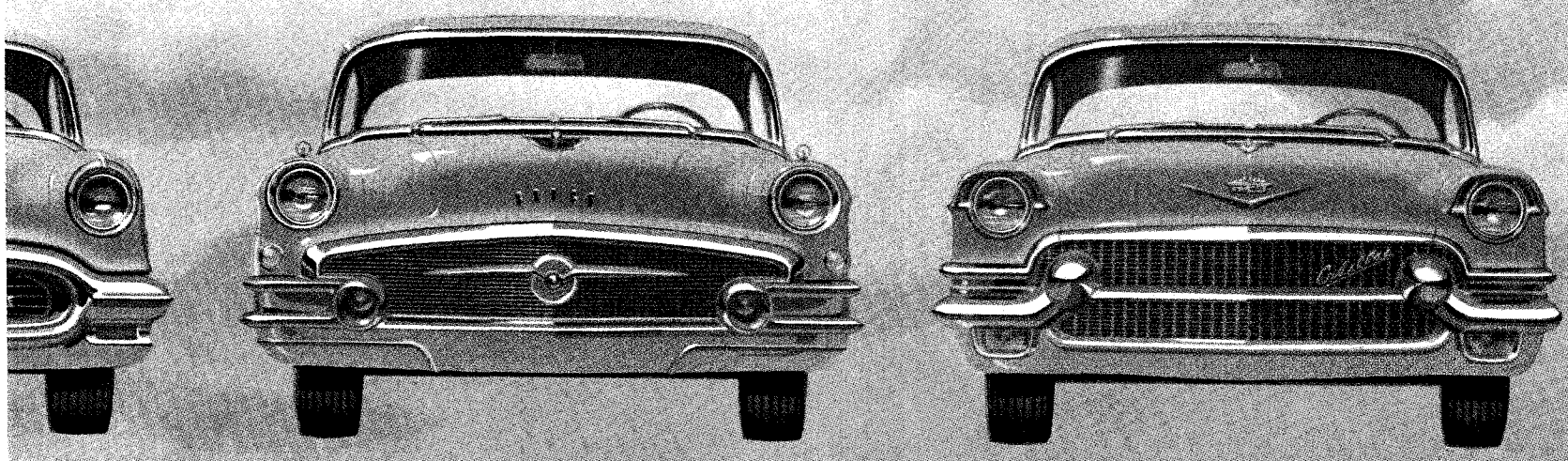

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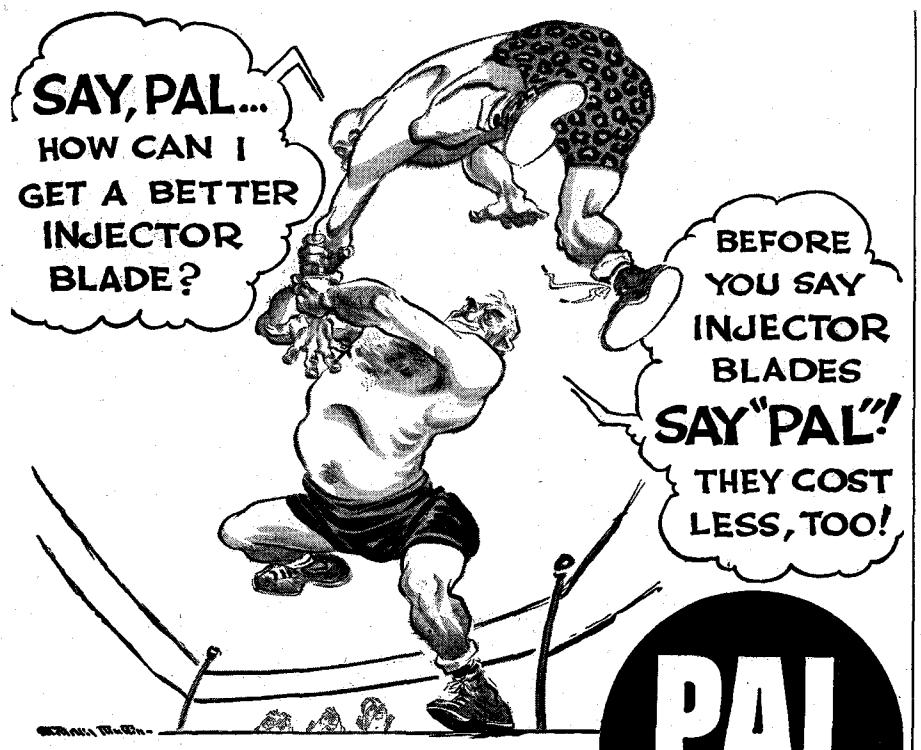
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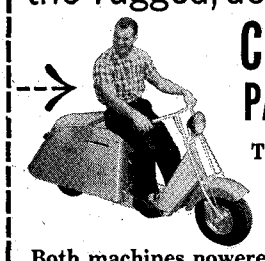

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## Correction

American Viscose Corporation wishes to correct an error which appeared in its September 24, 1955, advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The advertisement listed Gradwohl & Pitcher Bros. of Seattle, Washington, as a dealer for carpeting made of rayon fibers. Actually, Gradwohl & Pitcher Bros. throughout their 18 years in business have consistently refused to handle any synthetic fiber floor coverings because they specialize in the sale of only all-wool rugs and carpets.


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(Continued from Page 99)

Thus we see, in the second half of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo "the Magnificent" preside over the city's golden age. Conducting himself like an emperor, this brilliant statesman, poet, scholar, linguist, banker, drew to his court the greatest all-star cast of human talent assembled since the days of Periclean Athens, and never duplicated since. While special agents combed the world for ancient manuscripts and statues, villas and palaces went up all over Florence, sculptors and painters, woodcarvers and goldsmiths vied with one another, and poets, scientists, philosophers conversed around the richly laden table. Ladies and gentlemen decked themselves out in velvet and brocade, and life was one delightful flight of fancy.

You can still take this flight. Your best point of departure, I would say, is the 900-year-old Church of the Apostles, a rare example of almost pure, late Roman architecture. It was here that Filippo Brunelleschi, the master builder of the Renaissance, probed into the long-lost secrets with compass, triangle and measuring rod. Walk over, now, to Brunelleschi's own masterpiece, the Church of Santo Spirito, across the river. Compare its noble lines, its slender columns and its lofty arches with the thick, earthbound masses of his Roman pattern, and you will find that "Renaissance," to the sophisticated Florentines, meant far more than "rebirth." It was a new creative age, a bright new spirit crashing through the underbrush of ignorance and prejudice, and if it made good use of ancient forms, it did so in the sense of infinite refinement.

And like a richly illustrated textbook of what this age could do in stone, the works of Master Brunelleschi are scattered through the town: the floating cupola of the Duomo, an engineering feat which modern architects would be hard pressed to emulate; the graceful front of the Asylum of the Innocents, adorned with Della Robbia's ten famous, blue-and-white medallions of newborn infants; the Pazzi Chapel, a jewel of both elegance and purity; and San Lorenzo, the Medici's very own church, a fugue in gray and gold. Complete this circuit and you'll have the solid frame into which other images—the paintings and the sculptures and the palaces—will fit with gratifying ease.

Your time is precious, sure enough. The average tourist's stay in Florence, amounting to five days before the war, is down to two and a half days, and you may feel the urge to rush to the Uffizi and get it over with. Still, pictures were not really made to be displayed, like stamps in a collector's album, in huge and crowded galleries—a single painting in its native habitat will speak to you more forcefully than several hundred in a showcase. Go to the ancient monastery of San Marco, in the heart of town, and stand before the angels and madonnas, their garments done with paint of real lapis lazuli, created, for the monks' edification, by Fra Angelico. Climb up the stairs of the Palazzo Medici-Riccardi and watch the dazzling pageant painted on the chapel walls by Gozzoli; who could forget the three young Medici sisters perched coyly on white chargers? And, for a deeper glimpse, drop in at the Church of the Carmine, where the stupendous frescoes of Masaccio, begun in 1426, triumphantly proclaim the revolution without which neither Rembrandt nor Picasso would have been possible.

Thus fortified, you may well brave the avalanche of Raphaels and Botticellis in the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. And you may consummate the final step and come to grips with Michelangelo himself.

No other city in the world contains so vast and varied an array of statues by the stoop-shouldered, restless genius who, born in 1475 in a small village above Florence, was to bring Renaissance art to its ultimate fruition. Of the great marble works he left behind, none are more justly famous than those created for the tomb chamber of the Medici, his patrons. Two tender princelets—Lorenzo, grandson of the Magnificent, and his uncle, Giuliano—sit in deep marble niches, facing each other across the narrow room, while four nude figures—Day and Night, Dusk and Dawn—rest heavily on the sarcophagi beneath their feet. "No such grandeur and majesty have elsewhere been put into human shape," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of the helmeted Lorenzo, a handsome lad who dreams away in melancholy contemplation. Contrast this work, one of the master's most mature, with his much earlier, colossal David in the Accademia or with the deeply moving group of the descent from the cross in the Duomo, carved a few years before his death; and you have grasped the meaning of the Renaissance which placed Man in the center of the Universe—a noble creature moving toward his destiny in line with Nature's laws.

Which brings us to the end of our reverie. Lorenzo the Magnificent died, fittingly, in 1492—the year in which a Genoese named Christopher Columbus put a dramatic stop to Florence's golden hayride. Gold, pouring into Europe from America, would soon debase the florin which had propped up the town's prosperity. All over Europe, things were changing; new powers were now on the rise, and foreign armies once again invaded Italy. In 1530 a mighty host of German and Spanish troops laid siege to Florence. And though its citizens put up a spirited defense, with Michelangelo in person directing the construction of a hill side fort, the enemy at last entered the gates.

An epoch had come to an end—an epoch future generations would call the brightest flowering of Western culture. Still, life had to go on. The banking dynasties, quick to understand, withdrew from international finance and took to farming the good Tuscan soil. The Medici, even though none of them would ever match the stature of the great Lorenzo, were to maintain themselves in power. As dukes and later grand dukes, they mingled their good burgher blood with that of other dynasties—Catherine, great-granddaughter of Lorenzo, was queen of France—and reigned until their line gave out in 1737. And during Italy's unification the nascent nation paid Florence the huge compliment of making her from 1865 to 1870, its capital.

Today the city carries on, a living, growing organism, and no ghost town. While its 400,000 citizens dwell with just pride on the achievements of the golden age, they are too busy coping with their present problems to make the past more than a pastime. High up in the cyclopean palace where first the Arts and then the Medici held sway, sits their successor, Mayor Giorgio La Pira—a mild and smiling lay professor who leads a life of monkish poverty, giving most of his meager earnings to the poor. A Christian Democrat, La Pira ousted a communist machine from city hall in 1951. Since then, he's kept himself—and Florence—in the headlines with such capriccios as the turning over of a vacant villa to homeless families or the encouragement, with speeches, food and blankets, of workmen squatting in a factory that threatened to shut down for lack of orders. His annual Peace Congress—though it cannot compete with the biannual Florentine fashion show or the increasingly successful music festival in May—attracts an ever growing congregation of diplomats and savants from all over. And Florentines never quite sure whether to criticize or to applaud their leading citizen, admit that "Florence is better known today as Mayor La Pira's town than as Michelangelo's."

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What an obstinate, contrary, needle-witted breed, these Florentines! Art lovers to this day, they can spend endless hours arguing the merits of the functional new buildings along Por Santa Maria; and the town's first ultramodern villa is, at this moment, the object of a raging controversy. Theater companies look forward without cheer to the night of their Florence opening—the notices are almost certain to be murder. Nor is the sense of humor with which Florentines treat one another noted for its kindliness: jokes, whether practical or verbal, have fangs in them. Looking down their patrician noses at the more sentimental Romans, natives of Florence favor the direct approach. An amorous young man telling his Beatrice or Fiammetta her eyes are like the stars is asking for a rude reply. It was no doubt their urge to show their independence by damning everything and everyone in sight that, after World War II, contributed to the hothouse growth of communism here.

Brought up to marvel at the skills and the traditions of the Renaissance, the heirs of Michelangelo still put their inborn sense of color and proportions to good use. Craftsmen whose ancestors wrought miracles in stone, wood, gold and copper apply the secrets taught them by their fathers—what hands can make is made by hand in Florence.

As a result, Florence today is the last stronghold of the Arts. There are 5500 workshops in this city where men in smocks are merrily at work. Walk through the dingy back streets and look in on them. The cabinetmaker, scion of ingenious workmen who, in the golden age, conceived the kind of furniture that would be copied and recopied around the world, stoops piously over a walnut table leg. The stonecutter, next door, is busy with the curls of a small angel. A bookbinder cuts down a piece of vellum. A wood carver and his apprentice chisel away at what will be a baroque chandelier. Gilt picture frames, cameos, candlesticks, are shaping up under some earnest master's hand. And in the windows of the tidier shops you'll find the products which explain why tourists spend more shopping dollars here than in any other European city: ceramics, handmade lace, ladies' shoes, silk blouses and embroidered linen. One old firm, Lisio, recaptures Renaissance designs in hand-loomed damask and brocade—the fabric draping one of the delightful damsels in Botticelli's Spring is sold here by the yard.

"*Tutto è bello a Firenze*," say the Florentines—everything is beautiful in Florence.

Some ancient crafts, it's true, are being edged into a corner by the twentieth century. Leopoldo Menegatti, one of the last mosaicists of the old school, who labors in his tiny shop on Piazza Pitti, finds that few people can spare enough lire to make his jigsaw puzzles worth his while. Now fifty-six years old, he carries on a 135-year-old family enterprise. And, as a table top that takes five months to make sells for no more than $400, he understands why his young son prefers to be an engineer. What future is there in mosaics?

Fernando Montelatici, who owns a leather store on Via Guicciardini, is more cheerful. The grandson of an artisan employed by the grand dukes of Tuscany, he now commands thirty skilled workmen who, in the pocket factory behind his shop, make embossed, multicolored, gilded leather things—wallets and jewel boxes, brief cases and belts. As chairman of the Florence arts and crafts, he speaks with some authority: "The world wants what we make, and in the last two years our exports have grown by a third—Florence's leading client, the United States, last year bought nearly nine million dollars' worth of our goods!"

But if the Arts of Florence have survived, so have their ancient rivals, the aristocrats. Their palaces still stand, designed by the great builders of the Renaissance. And the astonishingly robust progeny of feudal lords, of wool merchants and bankers, still form the city's upper crust. Listen to the drumbeat in the roster of their names—Ricasoli and Serristori; Gondi, Capponi, Gherardesca; Corsini, Antinori, Bardi. Some, like the Barons of Ricasoli, have turned their minds to viniculture in the Chianti district, south of here, where they produce a heavenly red wine. Others, like Prince Corsini, go in for cattle breeding. One talented aristocrat, Marquis Emilio Pucci, is one of Italy's leading fashion designers—I found his showroom, in the thick-walled chapel of Palazzo Pucci, full of New York and Dallas, Texas, buyers, eagerly fingering his Capri shirts and beach suits.

For easygoing centuries, these gentry had moved back and forth between their palaces in town, their country homes and their ambitious villas in the hills surrounding Florence. As distances began to shrink, some of these villas became excess baggage—run down, with leaking roofs and unkempt gardens, they seemed to be awaiting the friendly hand of a true amateur who would restore them to their former life.

Nobody here remembers the name of the first Englishman to rent or buy a Florence villa, but the discerning fellow started something. From the beginning of the nineteenth century, Florence had been a magic name to Britons. Attracted by the sun, the smiles, the beauty, the echoes of the past and the low cost of living, they flocked to Florence to relax and study, write books and stay, perhaps, forever. A simple house on Piazza San Felice still bears a plaque recalling that "Elisabetta Barrett Browning . . . who with her verse forged a golden link between Italy and England," died here in 1861. And, in the gardens of the Church of Santa Croce, a marble relief immortalizes Florence Nightingale, the Lady With the Lamp, born here in 1820. No less a personage than Queen Victoria paid three long visits to this city, and whole platoons of marquesses and earls happily pitched their tents in Florence, bought paintings and antiques, sipped black *espresso* and intermarried with the local aristocracy.

Alas, the rising cost of living and British currency restrictions have all but liquidated what, by 1930, was said to be the largest British colony in continental Europe. No longer can you board at a *pensione* for five lire a day, and monthly salaries for a good cook have climbed to around fifty dollars!

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

Page 99

1. Indiana
2. Alabama
3. Iowa
4. North Carolina
5. Arkansas
6. New Jersey
7. Nevada
8. Kentucky
9. Missouri
10. North Dakota
11. Vermont
12. Texas

No more than twelve or fifteen Florence villas remain in British hands, and some 400 British residents—chipper old ladies, some of them, who used to travel down to Rome in their own dogcarts—have at their disposal two English churches, an imposing office of the Cunard Line, a Thomas Cooks, two British doctors, Doney's Café, the Adams real-estate agency, and one of the world's finest English libraries.

Americans were latecomers, comparatively speaking, but when they came and saw, they took to Florence almost with the rapture of their British cousins. Today, an oddly thrown-together community of some 500 United States citizens is at home here, ranging from wealthy villa owners to writers, painters and art professors. Several dozen Fulbright scholars, according to their inclinations, can drink their fill at the Academy of Arts or at the Laurenziana, the Medici's collection of rare manuscripts. I even met one young American who, in keeping with the ancient custom of apprenticeship, is studying the art of painting with Pietro Annigoni, the Florentine who recently broke into fame with his exquisite portrait of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II.

Sooner or later, if you have the proper introductions, you will be honored with a luncheon invitation by art critic Bernard Berenson—the grand old man of the American community, whose hillside villa, with its splendid avenue of cypresses, is one of the great showpieces of Florence. Now ninety years of age, "B.B." continues to hold court, and conversation, switching rapidly from English to Italian, French or German, may range from predynastic Egypt to his new thesis that good art must be "ineloquent." The villa, with its priceless art collection and its 50,000-volume library, will, on his death, become the property of Harvard University—and thus remain a sanctuary for contemplative young Americans abroad.

That, in one unpardonably hasty sweep, is Florence—a city that wants to be conquered stone by stone. Once you have tamed her haughty spirit and probed the recesses of her elusive soul, relax and act the Florentine in Florence. An unexpectedly delightful way of life is your reward. What more important project could you have for the slow noontime hour than to stop by Procacci's wine shop and savor a tiny truffle sandwich with your bitter-sweet vermouth? What better place is there to read your papers than a small table in the shade at Gilli's Café? Where in the world could you dissect so succulent a steak—and Florence serves the world's best charcoal-fire steaks—as at such typically Tuscan restaurants as Buca Lapi, Giovacchino's or Sostanza? What better wine is there with which to wash it down than ruby-red Chianti? What more delectable dessert than Tuscan pears served with a slab of Pecorino cheese?

In wintertime, when the last tourists have left and when a nasty wind comes brushing down the Arno, when churches and museums are too cold for comfort, Florence falls back on its resources, and suddenly becomes a cozy little backwoods town where men with upturned collars talk politics or soccer over lumps of pastry and where the girls prefer to stand up in the streetcar, as sitting down might crush their coats.

But even hibernating in this city has its points. Wait for the overwhelming beauty of a Florence spring, and join, on the first sunny Sunday, the gay parade of men, women and children moving under a canopy of toy balloons and looking over their Firenze as if to make quite sure that she is still, as Emperor Charles V put it 400 years ago, "fit to be shown and seen only on holidays."

THE END

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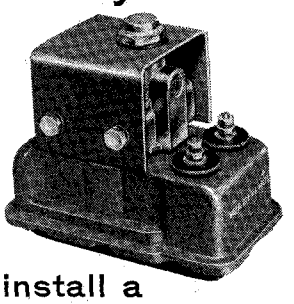

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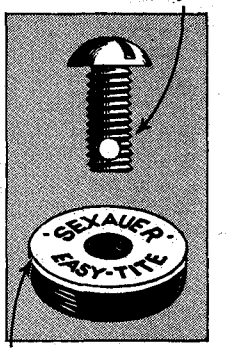


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# Caught in the Act (Continued from Page 31)

money. She owned a village shop called Sandra's Exclusives, where, for the price of a good secondhand car, you could drape yourself in some madman's creation, secure in the certain knowledge that you would not see the duplicate anywhere in the world. She was the guiding hand of the Junior League, an eight-handicap golfer, took her regular turn at the Red Cross Blood Bank and was chairman of the Multnomah Heights Beautification Committee.

If it seemed to Horace that at times Sandra seemed to be racing her engine, it was probably, he told himself, just the forties running out on him. Or was that it? Or was it that Betsy, whom he loved and cherished in spite of her fondness for building bridges out of bobby pins, joined nothing but her church and the P.T.A., and subscribed to the now-decadent notion that a woman's job was being a woman?

He put the aspirin in his pocket and sat down at the drugstore counter for a cup of coffee. He spooned in sugar and took Jerry's letter out of his pocket. He had read it through, but now, out of his store of experience as Jerry's father, read it again, looking for things unsaid.

"I'm winding things up down here," Jerry said. "I sold the last two houses, and now there's just the question of disposing of two home sites and the tools. I should be up home the end of the week. The weather has really been something. Very little wind, the clamming is good, and my handicap is down to six. I'll talk to you about the beach house when I get home. I put a new foundation under the porch and the painters are working now. The place is in fine shape and several people want to rent it, but we can talk that over. I'll knock this off and get busy. See you soon, I hope. Love to mother and Susan."

Horace folded the letter and put it back in his pocket. He sipped his coffee. Not a word about Blackstone and Gibbons, Investments. Not a word about his perpetual-motion fiancée. *Are you sure, Jerry? Or has the thing snowballed on you with no way of stopping it?*

After Korea, with the current do-it-yourself craze full-blown, Jerry had gone down to the beach, had bought eight lots, and on the theory that people would want a beach house who couldn't afford a high price tag, built two do-it-yourself homes. The foundation, heating, plumbing, electricity, roof and exteriors were finished. A man who could saw a board without taking off his thumb could finish the interiors himself, and save as much as three or four thousand dollars. His two houses sold immediately, and he built two more. He was in business and was negotiating for acreage with an eye to a little beach village of do-it-yourself homes when Sandra Blackstone's father rented the Kirby home for the summer.

There went the old ball game, Horace told himself. He knew that Jerry found no overwhelming charm in David Blackstone's Dun & Bradstreet rating, but you had to admit that all that loot took the business of living out of the blood-sweat-and-tears class. And if Sandra Blackstone, when at the beach and not working at her multitudinous activities, didn't look like a beautiful package, express prepaid, she at least looked like one express collect.

Well, Jerry would make a fine young executive for Blackstone and Gibbons. Horace paid for his coffee and his aspirin. He wondered whether the sermon on Sunday had been prophetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Fortified with the aspirin, Horace drove home, pulled his car into the garage and went into the house. He heard the vacuum cleaner wheezing away upstairs and the hurrying, chattering, frantic sounds which he knew to be the preamble to a guest. Sighing, he ascended the stairway. Halfway up he was hit in the face with an armful of sheets thrown down the stairs by Betsy, who followed the sheets with several bath towels.

"Oh, it's you," she said.

Horace scraped off the sheets and towels. "It's me, all right," Horace said. "Who's coming?"

"You'd never in the world guess."

The vacuum cleaner growled to a stop. "Oh, gosh!" Susan said. "Mother, the vacuum stopped."

From long experience, Horace said, "You probably pulled out the plug."

"I certainly did not ——" Susan said. "Oh!" The vacuum cleaner started.

"Horace," Betsy said, "you just have to run to the store. I have a list. It's down on the kitchen table. And don't get frozen fryers, and take the bottles back. They're on the back porch. And see if you can find some hand towels at Craig's. Ours are all at the laundry."

"Mind telling me ——" Horace began.

"And hurry. Put those sheets and towels down the laundry chute. . . . Susan!" The vacuum stopped. "When you finish up there, go down these stairs." Betsy fluttered on up the stairs. "Oh, if she'd only written!"

Well, he knew that much. It was a woman, as he should have known. Betsy wouldn't be doing a streamlined housecleaning job for a man. He went into the kitchen and picked up the list.

At the supermarket he got himself in a traffic jam involving women who drove the carts as if they were tanks. He knocked down a display of baby food and was engaged in repairing the damage when Molly O'Brien bent down to lend a hand.

Horace grinned ruefully. "I put out my hand," he said, "and she turned right in front of me, officer."

"Tell it to the judge, me lad, and I'll not be havin' any of your lip either." Molly's eyes crinkled when she smiled and her one dimple put a pretty dent in her cheek.

They rebuilt the stack of baby food and stood up. Horace looked down at her. She was a small thing, as full of the devil as a ten-year-old boy. She was five when the O'Briens moved in next door and was as cute as a twenty-dollar doll. At twelve she was all legs and arms and flying pigtails and she cast no more shadow than a broomstick. About the time Jerry left for Korea she was sixteen, and a number of things started to happen. The shadow changed from the broomstick version, and the change was a startling thing to behold. Now she was twenty and as tasty as a banana split. *Jerry*, Horace thought, *how blind can a man be?*

"What do you hear from Jerry?" Molly said.

"He thinks he'll be home the end of the week."

"And when's the wedding?"

"I don't know," Horace said. "I always thought a wedding was a relatively simple affair, but, then, I'm just a man and haven't been consulted."

"Imagine Jerry getting married," Molly said. She looked at the baby food as if she were trying to memorize the labels.

"Yeah, imagine," Horace said. "You know, sometimes I wish ——" He stopped. *It's not your business, Cooper. Who gets the nervous tremors over the girl next door? Or the boy next door, for that matter. Still, it would have been nice* —— "Betsy will scalp me if I don't get these groceries home in a hurry. She was racing her engine and, from the smoke, is getting ready for a minor duchess, at least."

When Horace staggered into the house with a box of groceries, he could still hear Betsy and Susan fluttering away upstairs.

He again ascended the stairway. Betsy was at her dressing table, waving her hands in the air.

"Got everything," Horace said.

"Hurry into your shower and put on your new gray flannel; it's just back from the cleaners. Oh, I wish my nails would dry. Honestly, everything happens at once."

"What's going on?" Horace said. "I come home, get hit with an armload of sheets, an order for groceries and new hand towels. Could you simmer down long enough to let me in on the secret?"

"Gwen's coming."

"Gwen?" Horace said. "Who's Gwen?"

"Gwendoline Baker. You remember her."

Horace frowned, thinking back. "Nope, sorry."

"Oh, Horace, I've told you about her a million times. I was her big sister at Alpha Chi in college—the one whose father was a big stockholder in those cosmetic firms in England and France. . . . Horace, you have to get into the shower."

"I still don't remember."

"That's because you never listen. Don't you remember me telling you about their house being a replica of his old home in Scotland? Turrets, swimming pool, stables, tennis courts, a fireplace in each bedroom and an aviary ——"

"What's an aviary?"

"Where they kept the birds."

"Oh, certainly; the birds."

"I used to visit her all the time, weekends. It was a fabulous place."

"Sorry we don't have any turrets," Horace said, grinning. "When's she getting here and how long is she staying?"

"Heavens, I don't know. She called and said she's dying to see me. She's in business in San Francisco, and if you don't hurry and get your shower you won't be dressed when she gets here, and I made reservations at the country club for eight o'clock."

Horace thought of the eighty pounds of groceries he had just lugged into the house. "What's with that list of groceries, then?"

"I told you everything happens at once. Jerry called; he's on his way here and he asked Sandra for dinner, but I just simply can't put on a dinner tonight."

"I see."

"And, Horace," Betsy said, "I've sort of implied, in my letters to her, that we live a bit differently than we do."

"Live differently? How?"

"Well, I mentioned things like not being able to get any decent help these days, and how our butler left us and ——"

"Butler!"

"So I got Mrs. Carnahan and her niece to come in for a few days. I mean, it isn't much, just a cook and a girl, but at least she won't know that I do every single thing in this house. She'd never in the world understand."

"Aren't you taking this thing a little big?"

"Take your shower," Betsy said.

"Just one more thing. What does Gwen's husband do—stock banks with money?"

"She isn't married," Betsy said; "and don't ask me why, because I don't know."

"I know," Horace said. "She probably couldn't find anyone with turrets and an aviary." He pulled at his necktie. "When's Jerry getting in?"

"Any minute. He called from downtown. He was getting a haircut."

Horace got into the shower and tried out his voice. After he considered himself surgically clean, which should satisfy, he decided, even a woman who had lived with turrets, he recklessly turned on the cold water, instantly regretted his impulse and turned it off.

When he stepped out of the shower he heard screaming. He did not go to the phone and call the police. Gwendoline, he knew, had arrived. The screaming subsided into hysterical chattering. Horace took two aspirins and climbed into his clothes. He selected a tie and knotted it with more than usual care. *Go along with it, Cooper. There's nothing else you can do.*

He took a last look in the mirror and went downstairs. Betsy and Gwendoline were on the couch, jabbering at each other glib as two pedlars.

"Oh, here you are, Horace," Betsy said. "Gwen, here's my Horace."

Gwen stood up and came toward him. She was slender, not quite gaunt, with high cheekbones. She wore a beautifully tailored suit and there was an inch-wide streak of gray bisecting her hair. She looked Horace over carefully.

"So this is Horace," Gwen said.

Somehow he got the impression that Gwen was wondering whether her sorority sister couldn't have done a bit better. What did she expect, Gregory Peck? He grinned fatuously. "Well, well. Betsy's told me a lot about you."

Gwen patted him on the cheek. "Why, Betsy, I think he's an old dear."

Heading the list of all the things that Horace would rather not be was "an old dear." Offhand, he could think of nine other descriptive phrases he would have preferred, beginning with "knucklehead."

Betsy smiled at him fondly. "He's an old sweetie." (Continued on Page 1(

"Stop me if you've heard this one!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# For 1956 GM GENERAL MOTORS presents the world's easiest and safest steering system

## 'ERFECTED BY YEARS OF RESEARCH AND 'ESTING AT THE GM PROVING GROUNDS!

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iis revolutionary new steering system *automatically matches steering power to your iving needs!* When you need MORE power for turning or parking, you get it. hen you need LESS power at highway speed, you get just the right amount. In ort, it combines the reassuring *"road feel" and stability* of manual steering with *re maneuvering ease* than any other power steering!

EW *Safety* Power Steering by Saginaw is standard on all 1956 Cadillacs, Buick admasters and Supers, and Oldsmobile Ninety-Eights; optional on all other 1956 icks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs at *a price too low to pass up!* (Linkage type is tional on all 1956 Chevrolets.) Be sure to get a demonstration before you buy *any* w car! Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Michigan.

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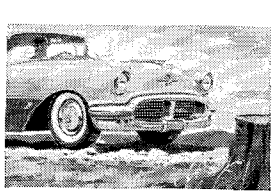

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**RELAXING NEW RESPONSE!**
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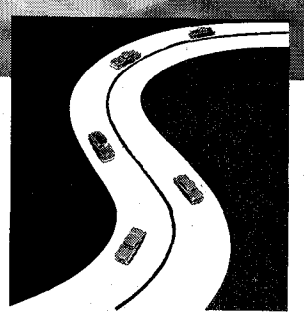

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by Saginaw

THE SAFETY FIRST STEERING SYSTEM

THAT'S THE LAST WORD IN EASE!

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(Continued from Page 104) Horace peered at his wife. This was a new one. Old sweetie indeed.

"I," Gwen said, "could do with a drink."

Horace could do with a drink himself. "Martinis O.K.?"

"Tell cook we won't be eating here tonight," Betsy said.

"Tell who?" Horace said.

Betsy gave him a warning look. "Mrs. Carnahan, of course."

"Oh, of course." Horace went into the kitchen. Mrs. Carnahan was sitting in the breakfast nook, a cup of coffee in front of her. "Hello, Mrs. Carnahan," Horace said.

"Crazy business," Mrs. Carnahan said. "I'm supposed to cook, but there's no cooking. So what am I doing here? All of you going out, Mrs. Cooper says."

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe it," Horace said. He stirred up a pitcher of Martinis and took it into the front room.

"Oh, Gwen," Betsy was saying, "they're just beautiful and fabulously expensive. I've just drooled over them up at Sandra's shop."

Horace served the drinks. "What's beautiful and expensive?"

"Gwenline clothes," Betsy said. "I thought I told you. You wouldn't appreciate it, darling, but when you buy a Gwenline—well ——" Apparently when you bought a Gwenline you were speechless.

"They've done very well," Gwen said. "We grossed half a million last year and should do nine per cent better this year if my forecast is anywhere near right, and I think it is."

*And I'll bet it is*, Horace thought. Half a million gross. Maybe he was in the wrong business.

"That's why I'm up here," Gwen said. "A swing around to get some of these people on the ball. They haven't yet realized that you don't handle Gwenlines the way you do house dresses. I'm taking them out of several spots, and I want to talk to Blacky's daughter about some expansion."

"Whose daughter?" Horace said.

"Blacky," Gwen said. "Dave Blackstone."

*Blacky*, Horace thought. It was pure heresy, not far removed from calling the Queen of England "Liz."

"You know David Blackstone?"

"Blacky?" Gwen said. "Heavens, Blacky used to take me to dancing school, and once proposed in an oblique sort of way. He told me that I could do worse than marry him. When I asked him how much worse it was possible to do, he was quite huffy."

*I don't think I like this dame*, Horace thought. "You know, of course, that Sandra's engaged to our son, Jerry," he said.

"And that's another thing I want to talk to her about. There's no reason to let her shop go when she gets married. I have plans for the girl which don't include marriage; but, then, that's incidental."

*I know I don't like this dame.* Horace gulped his Martini and wondered where he had put the aspirin.

The door opened and Jerry and Sandra burst in. Jerry looked great, Horace thought. Tanned and rugged and as full of energy as a diesel engine. He kissed Betsy, grabbed Horace's hand and punched him on the shoulder.

Horace winced and said, "Take it easy, you big horse; I need that shoulder." He looked fondly at his son, hoping he didn't show how he felt.

Betsy introduced Gwen, and Sandra shrieked, "Gwen! How perfectly marvelous to see you!"

Gwen patted the couch beside her. "Sit down, Sandra; I want to talk to you."

Horace looked at Sandra and Gwen. Sandra was a blonde, lovely and lean and race-horse nervous. *And no wonder*, Horace thought. *She does more running than Nashua.*

"First of all," Gwen said, "I've set up a meeting in San Francisco for the eighteenth. Now here's what I want ——"

Susan came downstairs, dressed for a dinner date. She was her mother's child—glowing and rattlebrained and as sweet as a chocolate sundae. *I'm glad David Blackstone doesn't have a son*, Horace thought. *I hope she marries a truck driver. I might even buy him the truck.*

Susan kissed her brother and mussed his hair. "How's the beach?"

"Fine. You're looking fairly sharp," Jerry said. It was high praise.

"I'm a living doll," Susan said modestly. "Everyone says so."

"Oh, brother!" Jerry said.

Betsy pried Sandra and Gwen apart long enough to introduce Susan. Gwen looked Susan up and down. She pursed her lips. "Child, you really should do something about that hair. I'll style it for you tomorrow."

Susan looked Gwen over. "Sorry, Miss Baker. I'm busy tomorrow."

"I'll take you down to Ivan," Sandra said. "He'll give you an entire new personality just with hair styling."

"But I don't want a new personality," Susan said. "I like mine just the way it is."

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Incident at High Chair

By Hal Chadwick

Our clothes were a mess—
not a clean spot remained!
Oh, brother, I wish you
had seen us!
The food I was feeding to
Junior was strained—
And so were relations
between us!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

A horn honked outside. "There's Joe. Have fun, everybody." She went out the door.

She took the decision easy, Horace decided. Six, three, and one even. Betsy pointed at the Martini pitcher.

"I'll bear a hand," Jerry said.

Jerry and Horace went out to the kitchen. Molly O'Brien was sitting at the table with Mrs. Carnahan, who was peering at playing cards arranged face up on the table.

"Hi, muscles," she said. "I'm having my fortune told, and don't laugh. Mrs. Carnahan says I'm going to marry someone tall, dark and handsome, so that leaves you out."

Mrs. Carnahan shook her head. "There's trouble in the cards," she said darkly.

Molly pointed at the queen of spades. "That's me. A regular *femme fatale*. And there's the king—right beside me. Shows up every time. Mrs. Carnahan says that means men are mad for me."

She was talking wildly, with the determined cheerfulness of a losing politician, and it was a sad sight to behold. "If any man isn't," Horace said, "I'll personally underwrite the cost of having his brains unscrambled."

"Now that's the talk I like to hear," Molly said. "I wish you were twenty years younger, Mr. Cooper." She stood up. "Or I wish I weren't a clean-living, All-American, girl-next-door type. . . . Thanks for the rundown on my future, Mrs. Carnahan. . . . I'll dance at your wedding, Jerry."

"We're going up to the club for dinner. Like to go?" Horace said.

Molly patted Horace's arm. "Thanks for the try. I'm going up later for a swim. Maybe I'll get a cramp and drown." She opened the kitchen door and was gone.

Jerry put some ice in the pitcher. Horace tilted the gin bottle. Jerry picked up the bottle of vermouth and stared at it.

"You trying to memorize that label?" Horace said.

"You know," Jerry said, "I haven't seen Molly for over a year." He poured in the vermouth. "Funny." He picked up the pitcher and swirled the Martinis, then walked into the front room.

"What kind of trouble would you say was in those cards, Mrs. Carnahan?" Horace asked.

"Courtin' trouble, Mr. Cooper; courtin' trouble."

"I hope you're right," Horace said. He followed his son.

"We have it all figured," Sandra was saying to Jerry. "Fly to San Francisco on the seventeenth, three days with Gwen there, fly to Los Angeles. Gwen can get away on the twenty-third. I can spend two days with her going through the plant down there, see Gregory Patterson ——"

"Who's Gregory Patterson?"

"The designer, Jerry," Sandra said. "And if things work out, Gwen says I can take over the Seattle shop, and she's making a deal in Vancouver. Canada is booming and they'd go wild over Gwenlines."

"I'm supposed to start at your dad's office on the fifteenth," Jerry said.

Sandra waved a hand. "Pooh! I'll talk to dad."

Two little bunches of muscle jumped in Jerry's cheeks. He lighted a cigarette. The cover of his lighter snapped viciously when he closed it.

"I think," Betsy said, "that we'd better get started for the club."

At the club, Horace and Jerry went into the men's bar. They stared at their reflections in the mirror. "Did you happen to notice," Jerry said, "how much Sandra resembles Gwen?"

"In an audible sort of way," Horace said.

"Add another twenty years to Sandra," Jerry said, "and there's Gwen."

"You were going to tell me about the beach house," Horace said.

"Like I said, the painters are finished. You do what you want, dad, but I kind of hate to see it rented, although who knows when I'll see it again?"

"San Francisco on the eighteenth, Los Angeles on the twenty-third, Seattle, Vancouver. You'll be busy."

"I still have an option on that beach acreage," Jerry said, "but, then, it's a peanut operation compared to Blackstone and Gibbons."

"Uh-huh," Horace said. *Don't be obvious, Cooper. Don't say that you'll at least own the peanut.*

"It's a great opportunity," Jerry said.

"Yeah," Horace said. "Great."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic."

"You getting this great opportunity because of your sterling worth?" Horace said.

Jerry's face turned red. "O.K.," he said. "O.K."

They went back to the ladies. Eventually they were served dinner. Mr. and Mrs. David Blackstone graced the dining room with their presence.

Gwen screamed, "Blacky!"

The Blackstones came to their table. "Well, Horace," the Earl of Multnomah Heights said, "nice to see you. We must get together for lunch."

"Certainly," Horace said. "Any time."

Betsy, much emboldened, said, "Doris, won't you and Blacky join us?"

*Doris and Blacky*, Horace thought. The Coopers were living it up these days.

"You go ahead, Betsy," Doris said. "You're nearly through. We'll join you later, though."

The dinner staggered on. Through the floor-to-ceiling windows looking over the swimming pool, Horace could make out a slim figure diving off the one-meter board. The lights were not on, but Horace guessed that it was Molly.

He nudged his son. "See Molly went for that swim."

Jerry peered into the darkness. "Sure it's Molly?"

Horace nodded.

Jerry leaned his elbows on the table. The feminine conversation was getting into overdrive. Jerry excused himself and left the table.

Horace kept an eye on the pool. The slim figure was back on the one-meter board. Another figure hopped up on the board. The two figures merged. Horace left the table and went into the men's bar. He spoke briefly to the bartender, who pointed to a door leading into a back room.

Everyone agreed that it was the most disgraceful thing that had happened at the club since the night Pete Callahan pushed Eloise Manners into the pool at the Fall Festival.

Someone turned on the outside lights. Suddenly the entire pool and surrounding area were illuminated. Standing on the springboard were Jerry Cooper and Molly O'Brien. She was engaged in getting Jerry's suit wet, but he didn't seem to notice, since he was currently engaged in smearing Molly's lipstick.

Everyone, including the personnel of the club, was as stunned as a man hit in the head with a wild pitch. Jerry pulled himself away from Molly, blinked into the glare, took a step and fell ungracefully into the pool. The lights went off.

Back home, the crisis reached the acute stage. Betsy filled a handkerchief with salt water. "It's not so much that there they were, hugging and kissing. They had to make a production out of it. Those things just don't happen in Multnomah Heights."

The O'Briens came over and got into the act. Tim O'Brien seemed quietly amused and tried valiantly not to show it. Edith O'Brien, Molly's mother, tore a handkerchief to pieces.

Susan came home, digested the news, shrieked and went to the telephone. The news would be all over town in five minutes, if it wasn't already. Horace went into the kitchen for some aspirin and then went out on the front porch, where Molly and Jerry were riding out the storm.

"I sat there and looked from Sandra to Gwen and thinking twenty years ahead," Jerry said. "And then something seemed to snap."

"Tell the truth," Molly said. "You've always been wild about me, and you know it. You wouldn't have married that frozen-faced sack of money."

"Modest, isn't she?" Horace said.

"Oh, I'll make an honest woman of her," Jerry said.

"Darned tooting you will," Molly said.

"We'll go back to the beach. Maybe in twenty years people will forget and we can come back for a short visit."

"I wonder," Molly said, "who turned on the lights?"

"Can't imagine," Horace said. He went back inside.

"Somehow," Betsy was saying. "I feel a bit relieved. I was getting a bit weary of the Blackstones."

"Ten minutes ago you were bawling," Horace said.

"I was just hysterical," Betsy said smugly. "Probably with joy. I wonder who turned on the lights?"

"I can't imagine," Horace said.

"Well," Betsy said, "I'd like to kiss whoever it was."

"Then come here," Horace said. He grinned. "If I do say so myself, I thought the timing was perfect." THE E

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# When you wake up one of the nicest things about tomorrow will be fresh raisin bread

at your baker's and food store

It's something to look forward to:
Raisin bread toasted for breakfast and drippy
with butter . . . aah! And raisin bread
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mid-week dinners! And—lucky for you—*tonight* your
baker's baking fresh raisin bread (and probably
raisin cookies, rolls 'n cakes 'n pies!). Get at least a
couple of loaves when you shop. And ask when there'll be raisin bread
*again*. Costs a few cents more than regular bread.
But you won't care—not really—when you stop
to remember what bakers know—

*raisins spring a taste surprise*

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California Raisin Advisory Board, Fresno, Calif.

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# Suicide Ship

(Continued from Page 35)

out when he has to." But he was just being childish, sticking his tongue out at teacher behind her back. *The place to say it and stick to it was in the other office,* he thought; *I'm just clicking my teeth here.* And he saw the knowledge of this in Murphy's face, which helped none at all.

Murphy said, "The old man's going to bring you back here. Right here. This'll be your office." He paused. "If you don't queer it."

He wondered if together they had planned it this way—first the reprimand, then the reward. He supposed that this was what they called diplomacy—business diplomacy.

"Nancy," Murphy said, "will like that. After a year in the desert, a chance to get back to civilization." He spread his hands and smiled.

"And you?" Mark said.

"I get the new factory," Murphy said. And the smile broadened. "I'll take care of the seat, boy. After we're in production. We'll discover it then." He pushed himself away from his desk. "I'll buy you lunch. I'll even buy you a drink. We'll take our time." And he studied Mark's face for a moment. Then, "It's a pleasant life here, boy. Keep that in mind."

Nancy was waiting at the factory field. She wore a new hat and a new light coat, and her eyes were bright and shining. She turned around for him.

"Like it?"

"Wonderful." And he meant it.

"Think the Gila monsters will like it? And the jack rabbits?"

"If they don't," Mark said, "they're stupider than I thought they were."

She took his arm. "Come on. That poor man's waiting with his flying machine." And then, "Did they pat you on the back?"

"In a manner of speaking. They held out a carrot in front of my nose."

She stopped, still holding his arm, looking up into his face. "Transfer back here? Is that it?"

"It was discussed."

"There are times," she said, "when I could shake you." She was smiling, with her lips and with her eyes. "The strong, silent pose."

"You've got it almost right," Mark said. *Silent,* he thought; *just silent. Not strong.*

"No more desert," Nancy said. "No more sagebrush and dirt, and dust blowing through the cracks." She paused. "I'm proud of you, darling. You should be proud of yourself."

"I'm a ring-tailed wonder," Mark said. "Half wolf and half cougar, with a little rattlesnake thrown in."

Here, sitting in the middle of the desert, were the buildings, low and ugly and hot. And around them, enclosing them like a trap, was the high fence topped with barbed wire, and the guards patrolling ceaselessly. And in the center, at the core, the heart and cause of it all, was the ship, slim and sleek and deadly, built to carry guns and rockets and invisible eyes, and one man to operate all of it, higher and faster, beyond the reach of sight, beyond the touch of sound.

In a sense, it was his own, the ship, although many minds and many hands had had a part in its conception. But he had lived with it and worked with it and suffered its problems, and it was a part of him, and its successes would be, in a way, his successes, and its failures his failures, and here was where the hurt began.

Benny, who was the foreman, said, "She's all buttoned up."

"Yes," Mark said.

"I'll never fly in her, thank God, but we built her right so she wouldn't fall on us," he said.

He smiled faintly at that.

"And now those hammerheads at Muroc"—to Benny all other mechanics and all engineers were hammerheads—"will start playing around with her, probably teach her bad tricks."

"You sound like a proud father," Mark said. "Are you passing out cigars?" He had meant to make it light, but it didn't come out that way.

Benny looked at him. "I might, at that." He paused. "Man doesn't end up with much, except a few jobs he's done that he's proud of." He paused again. "I might even get drunk." He walked away.

*I shouldn't have come down here,* Mark thought. *I should have stayed in my office, like a good little executive, doing things you can't be maudlin about.* He was still looking at the ship, and he told himself that it was merely a collection of metal and plastic and rubber, however cunningly contrived, a piece of merchandise like any other, ordered, designed, built and paid for, neither more nor less than promised. That was the way Mr. Gordon looked at it, and Murphy.

Benny looked at it differently, which was probably one of the reasons that Benny's desk was in the shop and not in one of the front offices.

He turned away and walked out through the small single door, past the guard. The sun was bright and heavy. He hesitated for only a moment, thinking of the things he should be doing in his own office. And then, driven by a compulsion against which there was no defense, he turned the other way, toward the Air Force building. Like a skater, he thought, who couldn't keep away from the spot where the ice was thin.

Colonel Armstrong was short and sturdy, with close-cropped gray hair and a senior pilot's wings above the pocket of his shirt. He was smoking a pipe. "You've got a beef?"

"No," Mark said. "Not this time." He sat down.

"For a wonder," the colonel said. He leaned back in his chair. "I hear you're going back to the factory."

"So they tell me." And then, "How did you know?"

"Word gets around. General Clarke and your man Gordon are old pals; hunting pals. And the general's in Los Angeles now."

"I didn't know that." Not that it made any difference, he thought. He said, "You're staying with the project?"

The colonel nodded. "I go to Muroc for the testing. Then I go to the new factory. You know about that?"

"Yes," Mark said. He thought of Murphy, who knew, who had always known, what he wanted, and how to get it. Unlike himself. He said, "Who'll do the tests at Muroc?"

"Some comparative youngster." The colonel shrugged. "I won't, if that's what you mean. I'm too old for that kind of shenanigan." He waved his hand. "Too old and too conservative now. The tiger blood's all dried up, what there was of it." He was silent for a moment, and he seemed to be studying Mark's face. "What do you care who does it? Your job's done. You built what we ordered to be built. We take it from there."

"Yes," Mark said.

"I could give you three or four names," the colonel said. "It'll be one of them. But the names wouldn't mean anything to you. They're just kids in uniform, doing what they're told to do."

"Just kids I never heard of," Mark said. He was close, too close, to the thin ice now, and it was going to break and he knew it, but it didn't really seem to make much difference. "Your ejection seat's no good," he said. He heard the words come out, and he supposed that he wouldn't have stopped them if he could. *Benny and I,* he thought, *sentimentalists together.* "And if anything happens, and your kid with the tiger blood has to get out, he won't be able to." It was done now, and he felt a sort of relief.

The colonel made no move in his chair. "Is that what you came in here to tell me?"

"I suppose so."

"After they'd told you not to."

"How did you know that?"

The colonel tamped his pipe. "You had to work yourself up to it." He paused. "You're probably not much of a poker player either."

"No, I'm not." He stood up. "There are a lot of things I'm not."

The colonel said, "It's axiomatic that every new ship costs a life; it's part of the price we pay because we have to hurry, because the aircraft in being are already outmoded by the aircraft in development, and the aircraft in development will be outmoded soon, too soon, by the ones that are on the drafting boards or in some engineer's mind. And so we have to go ahead and iron out the troubles on the way or we'd never get anything in the air."

It was, in essence, he thought, what Mr. Gordon had said, and Murphy. But he wouldn't accept it; he couldn't accept it. "You're a pilot," he said, "and I don't think you believe that either."

"In the service," the colonel said, "we call it insubordination—disobeying orders."

"Call it," Mark said, "whatever you damn please."

The colonel watched him silently as he walked out. And then, slowly, thoughtfully, the colonel reached for his telephone.

The sun was still hot and bright, but it no longer seemed quite so heavy. He walked back, between the low, ugly buildings, to his own office, which was unlike those at the main plant. There was no carpeting, no paneling, no deep leather furniture, and in place of a sofa a drafting table stood against one wall, its tip covered by dusty oilcloth.

Grace, who was his secretary, sat at her own small desk. She was long and angular with tight gray hair and a sharp nose and eyes that sometimes, disconcertingly, saw too deep. She watched him sit down and pick up a paper from the pile in his basket and look at it as if from a great distance. He picked up a pencil, and then set it down again and leaned back in his chair and stared at the far wall.

The colonel had told him, he thought. Not in so many words, of course, not right out, saying, "You're a damned fool." But the implication had been plain. And the colonel, being the colonel, would pass the information along. And General Clarke was now in Los Angeles—he remembered that it hadn't seemed important at the time—probably already talking with Mr. Gordon, who was his hunting pal. *What did you expect?* he asked himself. *You knew what you were doing. Nobody twisted your arm.*

Grace said, "It's none of my business but when you reach that point you might just as well go home."

He came back out of his thoughts, and he looked at her and found, even, that she could smile. "Does it show that much?"

"Like a false nose." And then, "You're tired. You can't carry the whole world around on your back indefinitely."

He considered it. "I just got rid of part of it, gave it away." He pushed back his chair and stood up. "If a call comes from Los Angeles ——" (*And it will,* he thought. *They won't waste any time.*) "—— you can get me at the house."

He came in through the kitchen door, which was screen and kept closed. They had laughed about that once, at the first over a year ago. Nancy had said, "It saves the dirt. This way we don't get the lumps. Better, much better." He thought about this now, he didn't know why. He could hear her, in the bedroom, humming softly. He walked down the little hall and stood there watching her.

She was in shorts and a halter, tan and smooth and rounded; young-looking, he thought. And without looking up, she knew that it was he and that he was there. She had a suitcase on the bed.

She said, "You wouldn't think we'd accumulate things at a place like this, but we have. And there aren't going to be enough suitcases ——" She looked up, smiling. "You're home early."

"Grace threw me out. She said I was just paper-shuffling." He tried to make light. "There's no getting around it, I don't run that office. I may run the project, Grace ——"

(Continued on Page

"You sure this guide knows his way around these parts?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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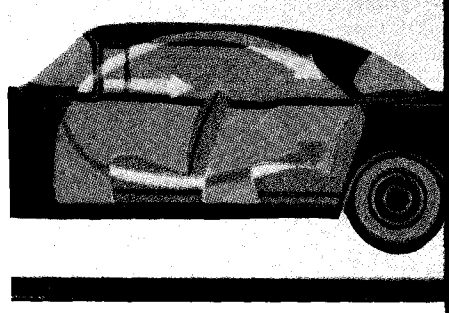
# Harrison announces new air conditioning at far lower cost for four great GM cars!



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(Continued from Page 108)

"Hey." She said it softly, and she stood there for a moment or two in silence, watching his face, his eyes. And then, slowly, she pushed the suitcase aside and sat down on the bed and patted the space beside her. "Come here, and sit down, and tell. You've been up to something."

"I have," Mark said, "for a fact."

She sat motionless while he talked, listening without comment, showing nothing, no change at all in her face. "So I'd been warned," he said at last, "told to be a good little boy, told that that was how it was done in the upper circles." He spread his hands. "But I don't listen very well."

Nancy asked him, "Are you glad you did it?"

"No," he said. "I'm not glad. I'm sorry as hell I did it. That's a nice office Murphy has, and a nice job; I would have liked them both, and so would you."

"But you'd do it again?" Nancy said. And then, "Don't wriggle. Just answer me."

"Yes," he said. "I'd probably do it again, which doesn't make me very smart, does it?"

She stood up slowly. "I'll get you a beer. I'll get us both a beer." And she shook her head. "Don't come with me. I'm going to cry or break something, and I don't know which."

He heard her footsteps going down the hallway. They slowed. They stopped. They returned. She stood in the doorway, watching him silently. She said, "This is a silly thing to say. It isn't going to help, but I don't know anything that will help and I'm not sure I'd be able to say it, and mean it, if I did. I'm not brave, or gallant; I loathe brave, gallant women." She made no move, and nothing in her face changed, except that two tears appeared and rolled slowly down the sides of her nose. "But I'm proud of you," she said.

It was then that the phone rang. And they listened to it, looking at each other. Mark got up from the bed. He touched her arm as he walked past, squeezed it gently, but that was all. He went on, into the kitchen to the phone stand.

It was Murphy. "All right," Murphy said, and in his voice there was the reflection of the cold, angry eyes. "Come on in. Now. Straight to the old man's office. We'll all be there, waiting." The phone went dead.

He hung up slowly. Nancy said, "Have you time for that beer?"

"We'll take time."

"Good," she said. And the phone rang again.

He picked it up, spoke his name into it. The colonel's voice said, "I imagine you've been summoned too." The voice was neither friendly nor unfriendly. "I'm flying in. If you want to come with me ——"

"Why not?" Mark said.

"I'll pick you up," said the colonel.

They left the desert, climbed over the mountains, slid down over the foothills, brown and soft-looking; and the valley opened up in all of its breadth and they were almost there. The colonel was at the controls, a cigar in his teeth and his cap pushed back, looking, in this his natural setting, younger than Mark had ever seen him.

He said, "You know General Clarke?"

"No."

"You've seen pictures of him?"

"Yes."

"He's a good man to get along with."

"Is he?"

"Like your man Gordon, from what I hear."

They began their approach. "You called him," Mark said.

"Of course."

"And what are you going to do about it? The seat, I mean?"

The colonel could spare a moment from the runway ahead. "You still interested?"

"Yes, damn it," Mark said, "I'm still interested. Until they jerk me out of it, it's still my project."

"Your baby," the colonel said. And then, "Yes." He set the ship down without a jar, let it roll, unchecked, on the oil-stained concrete. "About the seat, I wouldn't know. I imagine that's what we're going to find out. That and other things."

"You and I have had a lot of fights in one year," Mark said. "Now you're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Here we are," the colonel said. "Let's not sit talking, wasting time."

Mr. Gordon was behind his big desk. General Clarke had the sofa to himself. Murphy was in one of the deep leather chairs. He stood up when they came in, and he just looked at Mark, and shook hands with the colonel and then sat down again.

To the colonel the general said, "Sit over here, Fred. We won't disperse our forces." He looked at Mr. Gordon. "It's your show, Tom. We'll sit and listen for a while." And then, "We've got a big stake in this. And I've seen plenty of dirty linen before."

"All right," Mr. Gordon said, and his eyes studied Mark dispassionately. "Tell us about the seat."

He told them, and they listened. And when he was done, he sat there, quiet, strangely enough no longer nervous, no longer even angry. He thought of Nancy, who loathed brave, gallant women—and he wondered that he should remember this now; this and the two tears rolling down the sides of her nose.

Mr. Gordon said, "You think that's what might happen—that the pilot can't get out."

"You can't be sure," Murphy said, lest there be any misunderstanding that this was the way out.

"No," Mark said. "I know it's what can happen. I had it tested to find out." *I've already dug my grave*, he thought, *and now I'm pulling the dirt down on top of the coffin.* But still he went on, "It is—it was my project—my baby, if you like. And I wanted it right, all of it."

Murphy said, "I suppose you tested the guns too? You didn't take the Air Force's word for it that they'd shoot?"

Mark looked at the colonel. The colonel seemed to be enjoying himself like a man at a bearbaiting. "We tested the guns," Mark said. "We tested the rockets too. And the radar."

General Clarke said mildly, "Secret equipment."

"The whole project's secret," Mark said. And then, "You wanted an aircraft, and you've got it—almost. You fix the seat and you do have it. But fix it before one of your uniformed kids gets himself in trouble and can't get out."

The general said, "Are you a pilot?"

"No."

The general looked at Mr. Gordon. "You are, Tom. Or you were. How do you feel about it?"

Mr. Gordon said nothing.

Murphy said, "I think it's a question of responsibility, general, and of contractual obligation."

"Responsibility," Mark said, and it was almost a roar. "Contractual obligation." He was thinking in this moment of Benny, down in the shop, looking at him and saying that a man didn't end with much except a few jobs done that he was proud of. "You're talking about my airplane."

"Are we?" Murphy said, in his cold, angry voice. "I wasn't aware of it. I was under the impression ——"

Mr. Gordon said, "Be quiet, both of you." He looked at the general, and something in his face had changed; suddenly he looked old and tired. "I think we made a mistake. I should have called you, of course, and told you about that seat and damn the results."

"You should," said the general.

"Instead," Mr. Gordon said, "I split hairs and played it tricky, and you found out about it anyway." He shook his head. "Some uniformed kid ——" He stopped there. "No, it's more than that—a matter of pride."

In the silence, the general said quietly, "We already knew about the seat. We've known for some time. We ran our own tests. The seat's being changed. The new one is exactly the same size as the old, interchangeable, so we didn't bother to tell you about it." He paused. "We've been waiting for you to tell us."

"Speaking of trickery," Murphy said, but no one seemed to be listening.

The general said, "Colonel Armstrong has been with the project from its beginning. He's going on with it, to the new factory in Texas. I asked him for recommendations on personnel, although technically it's none of our business. He told me that he thought Wayne was a good man. He's worked with him for over a year, and he told me that he'd fight if he thought something ought to be done for the good of the aircraft." He paused again, and there was the faintest lift to his mouth. "I think he's right. What do you think, Tom?"

With the sun almost set, there was a chill on the desert, and the shadows were purple and deep. The colonel set the ship down, let it lose speed and then turned it toward the hangar. His cigar was only a stub in his teeth, and his cap was pushed well back on his head.

He said, "I think somebody's waiting for you."

"I see her," Mark said. She was wearing the new light coat, and no hat, and even in the dusk her hair was shining and bright. He fumbled with the door latch, having trouble with it, and the colonel reached across the seat and opened the door for him, and he stumbled and almost fell in his eagerness. The light coat and the bright hair came toward him swiftly, running.

Behind him, over the sound of the plane engine, he heard the colonel's voice lifted in a great shout, "Tell her she'll like Texas."

"I will," Nancy said, and she was smiling, with her lips and with her eyes, her face brilliant and happy. "Anywhere. Anywhere at all."

THE END

## Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Most great men owe their success to a woman—who didn't interfere.

Child psychology is what parents use in letting their boys and girls have their own way.

You've reached middle age when the only clothes that fit you are your newest.

When a girl becomes playful, she probably means business.

You can learn many things from children. How much patience you have, for instance.

When young people make history, they're apt to be taking a history exam.

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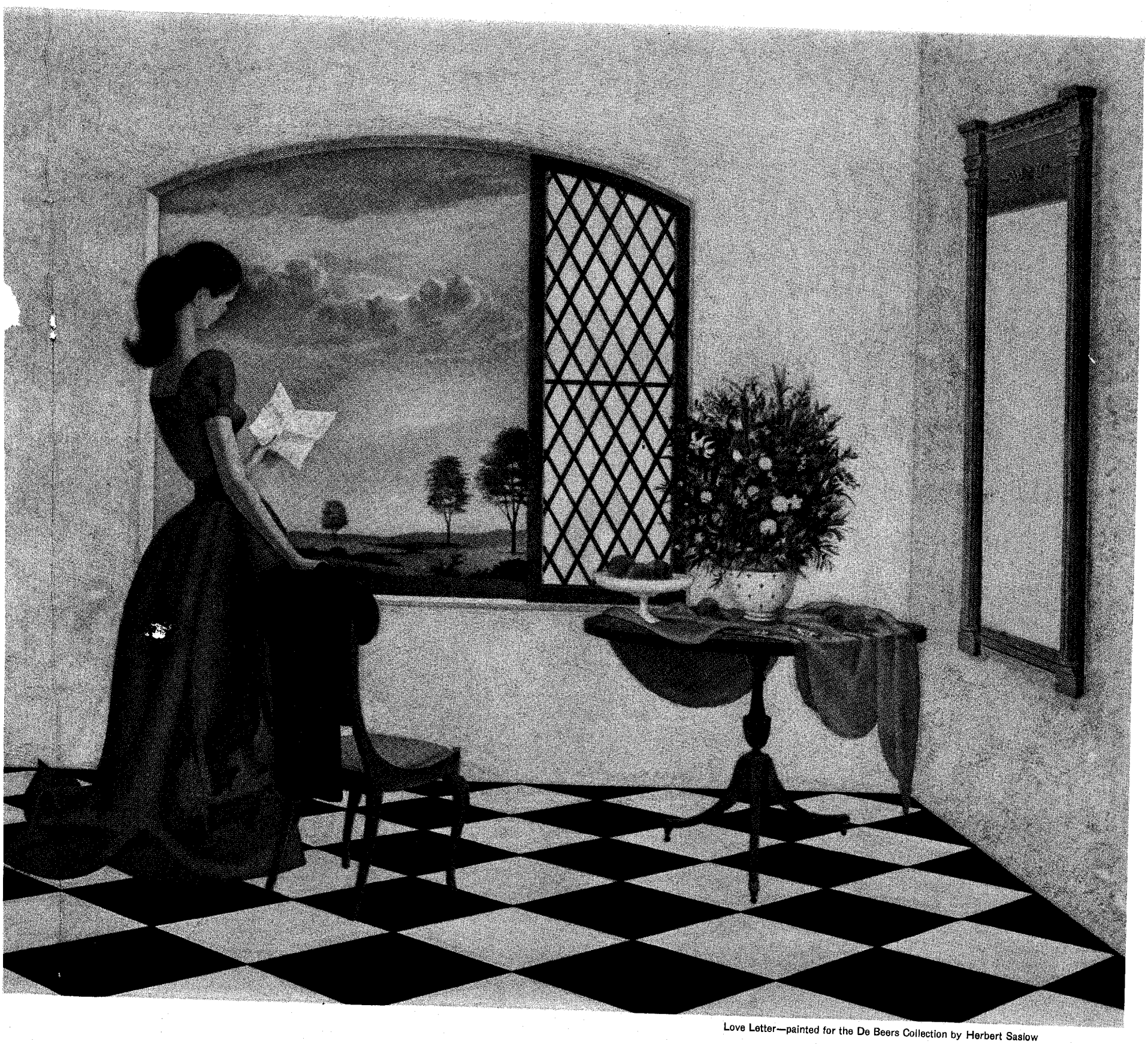
## Time for dreaming

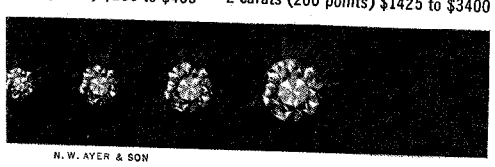
The daybreak of love comes sweetly, spreading its radiance across the landscape of life, lighting two hearts with eloquence and fond imaginings. For those who love, this hour of dreams may be revisited always, for it's treasured fresh and clear in the sunrise glow of her engagement diamond. While other dawns bring other joys and mingled sadness, this ever-shining gem recalls their first faith . . . endlessly.



Love Letter—painted for the De Beers Collection by Herbert Saslow

In October, 1955, jewelers throughout the country were asked for the prices of their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in the weights indicated. The result is a range of prices, varying according to the qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Add Federal tax. Exact weights shown are infrequent.

…t (25 points) $90 to $225 — 1 carat (100 points) $545 to $1175
…t (50 points) $200 to $455 — 2 carats (200 points) $1425 to $3400



N. W. AYER & SON

*Remember, color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Extended payments can usually be arranged.*

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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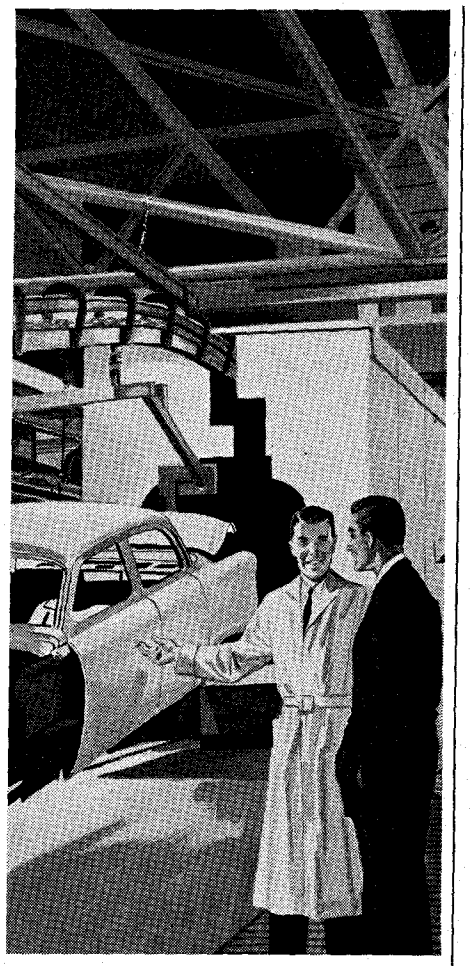

New-model feature year after year ...BONDERITE under the paint

Bodies on most '56 automobiles have Bonderite under the paint. It's a feature that car makers have used year after year after year.

The reason is simple. Bonderite, the corrosion resistant paint base made by Parker, adds durability to the paint job and makes it look better longer.

A Bonderite-treated car will give you more satisfaction as you drive it, help you get top dollar when you trade. It's worth-while to make sure you get appearance protection when you buy a new automobile. Ask the salesman, "Is this car Bonderized?"

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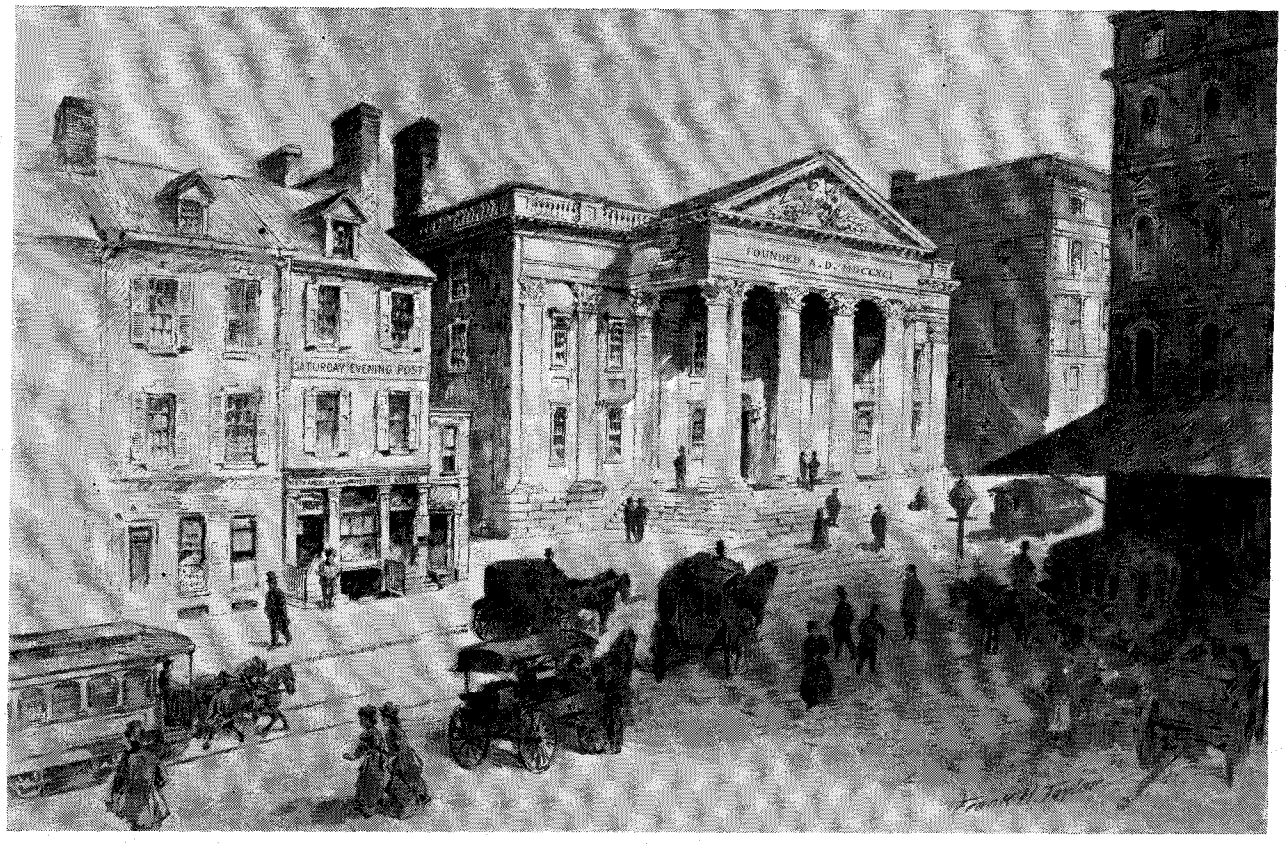
# Keeping Posted

## Tall Buildings From Little Ones Grow

One day Harry A. Batten, chairman of the board of the N. W. Ayer advertising agency in Philadelphia, came upon the ancient print reproduced below, and being impressed by the titanic quarters then occupied by The Saturday Evening Post, he gave the print to Editor Ben Hibbs, who was happy to hang it in today's rather larger quarters.

The Post, in an 1848 issue, proudly announced moving into that building (on Third Street), and it said, as so does the print, that on the bottom floor was the newspaper office of the North American and United States Gazette. Two blocks from this spot are Independence Hall and Square, and across the square, covering a whole block, today looms the eleven-story Curtis Publishing Company building. What's more, out in suburban Sharon Hill stands the vast new Curtis printing plant. Growth is one of our enduring habits.

The little old building in the picture has vanished, one of those newfangled gas stations being there now; and pretty soon the gas station will depart. Across many blocks in this area buildings are coming down to make way for a gracious new park—Independence Mall. But that columned structure in the picture will be preserved, with other historic ones nearby; originally the Girard Bank, and now used by the Board of City Trusts, it bears a plaque saying it's the nation's oldest existing bank building—built in 1798.




## Footnotes About an Interesting Cover

For the central figure in this week's cover painting Stanley Meltzoff reproduced a Jean Antoine Houdon bust of Benjamin Franklin which is in New York's Metropolitan Museum, and around it he has grouped some Franklin-iana which you'll want to know about.

Those squarish spectacles near the bust were worn by Franklin and are now in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. However, as this marvelously creative man grew older, he felt the need of bifocal glasses; so he just sat down and invented them. These he made round, which is why many early portraits show him wearing round ones.

The cup near the glasses is part of a set of Franklin's porcelainware, also in the Institute; and that plate is a type called Franklin Maxim Plates, popular in the early years of the republic. The plate counsels, "Make hay while the sun shines," a quote from Franklin's famed Poor Richard's Almanack—see copy of it under the cup. As this aphorism is in Cervantes' Don Quixote, maybe the Almanack reprinted it from there, and maybe Cervantes read it in the earlier Proverbes collected by John Heywood. This gets us back to 1546, which is far enough.

Franklin once wrote in a letter that the flag of the newly declared republic was going to have red, white and blue stripes with a union of white stars on blue. Some people thus deduce that he favored and perhaps designed such a flag; so you see a bit of it on the cover.

But Franklin Institute's expert on Frankliniana, Maj. Thomas Coulson, says that there is no real proof of this and he considers the flag letter an unsolved mystery.

The inkwell on the cover was used by Franklin and is now in the Pennsylvania Historical Society collection. But the quill isn't. The cover painter, who lives in Fair Haven, New Jersey, says it was donated by a modern Jersey goose.

As you know, Franklin invented a fine stove. It featured a baffle arrangement to consume part of the gases and capture extra heat before the smoke took off up the chimney. He called it the Pennsylvania Fireplace, but happy users of it immortalized it as the Franklin Stove. Some years later he came up with an improved heater with an urnlike air-warming top which there isn't space to describe technically. Meltzoff has painted a small model of the improved stove from drawings in ancient books of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. And atop the model he has reproduced an old engraving of the first stove, circa 1740.

Above the bust in the painting are old cards once used to incite virtue in school children with examples from the lives of exemplary people. The upper card shows Franklin's lightning rod taking care of some lightning; behind it is a glimpse of young Franklin, on his first day in Philadelphia, eating three-penny rolls; and below you see the young printer industriously printing. And for good measure, Meltzoff has put on the table a ball of twine and a key. With this equipment plus a kite and a thunderstorm, a brilliant mind could prove that lightning is decidedly electrical, as the founder of this magazine did.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

**"The Colossal Mayor of Kansas City"**

*H. Roe Bartle refused to run for office until convinced it was his duty as a citizen. But now that he's the mayor, just watch that fat man go!*

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